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TWO NUMBERS AND COLOURED SUPPLEMENT } TENPENCE.

THE CAMPAIGN IN ASIA.

THE Czar Alexander is reported to have said, on beholding from the northern forts the ruins of his beautiful Sebastopol, that those ruins had made peace impossible. If the statement be true, and if the sentiment it conveys be translated into plain language, it means that the hour has passed when the ruler of Russia might have been induced to listen to reason; and that, his city having been destroyed, he can be swayed by no arguments higher than those ignoble ones which have their source in wounded pride, and the desire of vengeance. If this be the state of the Imperial mind, peace, we are afraid, is yet far distant, and may possibly not be assured even on the day when Cronstadt shall lie as low as Sebastopol, and a victorious British fleet shall be thundering at the arsenals and Admiralty of St. Petersburg. If we could imagine that the Emperor, finding the world against him, and knowing that inevitable defeat and disgrace were before him, if he persisted in braving the opinions and the justice of mankind, were anxious for an opportunity to retire with comparative credit from a false and untenable position, we might see in the surrender of Kars that salvo to his self-love which might prepare the way for satisfactory negotiation. But there is nothing in his character, or in that of his nation, to justify such a calculation; and, on their part, the Allies have not done sufficient to convey the salutary lesson of their invincibility. They have not put forth their whole strength as they might have done. They have but goaded the wild beast, whom it ought to have been

their object to have disabled; and have been cutting away at a serpent's tail when they ought to have been aiming at its head, or striking at its heart.

The British people will not undervalue the importance to Russia of the surrender of Kars. That event lifts the fortunes of the Emperor from the slough of despond into which the miscalculating ambition of his late father had sunk them, and will inflame the spirits and exasperate the ferocity of his whole nation. It is for the Allies to be prepared to confront this new danger, and to awaken to the full knowledge of the fact, that not in the Crimea and in the Baltic alone is the fight in which they are engaged to be fought out. Hitherto, whatever may be said for the French, it must be confessed that the British have been deficient in generalship. We have neither had first-rate sailors nor soldiers in command: If our Admirals had been equal to their duty, they have been thwarted, insulted, and rendered worse than useless by the pettifogging interference of pragmatic martinets at home; whilst our Generals—whatever may have been the advantages or disadvantages of the system under which they were nominated—have either not shown a capacity for great command, or they have been overshadowed by the superiority of their allies both in military experience and in the force at their disposal. Our brave soldiers and our gallant subalterns have vindicated in every respect the ancient renown of their country and their race; but we have had no General, except in Asia. If there be one name which stands out more prominently and more gloriously than that of any other Englishman in the war, it is that of General Williams.

The British people, who were not slow to admit the ability and to honour the courage of the brave Gortschakoff at Sebastopol, have not been less ready to recognise the eminent genius, the consummate skill, the unflinching heroism, of General Williams and the true-hearted comrades who fought with him at Kars, and defeated for a whole season by their resistance the utmost available strength, and all the plans, of the Russians. Hard terms have been imposed upon them by their conquerors—conquerors who would not have conquered if the noble garrison had had bread to eat and water to drink but for a few days longer; but they will carry with them into their captivity the homage of all Europe; and, we venture to add, the respect even of the Russians. To have lost even for a time the services of such a General and of such an army is indeed a calamity. It would be bad taste as well as bad policy to underrate it. The triumph of Russia may not be wounding to the self-love, but it is damaging to the interests, of England.

It is for the British Government to turn the disaster to proper account. The past cannot be recalled, but it can throw a light upon, and serve as a guide or a beacon to, the future. The Asiatic campaign is one that particularly interests this country. It is of far more importance to us than it is to our ally, and has been neglected and mismanaged too long. France has no great Indian empire at stake as we have, and Asia Minor is not on the high road to any of its possessions. Between the outer limits of Asia Minor and the borders of Hindostan, as well as in Hindostan itself, are tribes, populations, and states, that yield nothing to love, but everything to fear—that have no allegiance for any ruler, no respect



MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT (JENNY LIND), AT EXETER-HALL.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



for any neighbour that is not physically superior to themselves. We cannot afford to let these populations believe that we are inferior in fair fight to the Russians, or that we can be outgeneralled, outmanœuvred, or defeated by them. We owe India a victory in Asia. We owe it a campaign that shall make amends to our fame for the temporary check we have received at Kars—a check which we would not have experienced if during the last summer we had known how to make use of such a soldier as Omer Pacha, and had been guiltless of the folly of detaining him in the Crimea, where he was of no service, and got nothing for his loss of time but snubs, discouragement, and bitterness of heart. If, in consequence of our dilatoriness, or want of skill and foresight, the army of Omer Pacha—as, unfortunately, is but too probable—should be caught in a trap by General Mouravieff, and taken prisoners *en masse*, it will take a very splendid and final victory on our part before we can expect to recover the *prestige* which we have lost.

Surely Marshal Pelissier and the Sardinians are sufficient to drive the Russians from the Crimea? Let them have the danger and the glory of the achievement; and let England open the next campaign with a great fleet in the Baltic and a great army in Asia. If Russia has her point of honour, so also has England. Inkerman was a mistake, but it was a victory. We cannot always expect such fruit from such trees. We have no right to go on calculating that our blunders will somehow or other be turned at the last moment into successes; or that we can fight a desperate and cunning enemy without adequate preparations on every possible side. Turkey herself is not so deeply involved as Great Britain is in the result of the next campaign in Asia. The winter may prevent General Mouravieff from turning his triumph to immediate account. If fortune so far favours us, it is for the Government of this country to take care that the spring shall not find him in as good a position as that in which he now stands.

JENNY LIND AT EXETER HALL.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT—or to call her by that which must ever be her artistic name, Jenny Lind—appeared a second time at Exeter Hall on Monday evening, in Mendelssohn's "Elijah." She was again received with enthusiasm by a vast assemblage, and again justified that enthusiasm by a performance of incomparable grandeur and beauty.

At this time of day it is the idlest thing imaginable to expatiate on the merits of a work respecting which the opinion of the world is so completely and decidedly fixed. "Elijah," of all the emanations of genius in the highest branch of the musical art, stands second to the "Messiah" alone, not only in intrinsic excellence, but in the affections of the people of England, for whom, in truth, it was produced, and to whom it is now almost as well known as the "Messiah" itself. To attempt to analyse its construction, to criticise its style, to eulogise its numberless beauties, is merely to ring useless changes on what has been said a thousand times before—to indulge in repetitions which every one who thinks about music at all must feel to be stale and impertinent. This sort of tediousness we do not wish to bestow upon our musical readers. Nor can a detailed description even of the performance of a work, which has been heard numberless times in every corner of the kingdom, afford room for any novelty of remark. To estimate the strength and quality of the orchestra and chorus—to name the principal performers, who, with their merits, are generally familiar to the public—is, for the most part, to exhaust the subject; for from these data any intelligent reader can arrive at a distinct understanding of the result. It is only when new performers appear, or when known performers appear in parts in which the public have not heard them before, that there is any real occasion for descriptive or critical details.

On the present occasion the great novelty was the illustrious *prima donna*, though she was not altogether a novelty, even in the performance of this very oratorio. It was in it that she made her last public appearance, before she left this country six years ago, and the impression she then produced is still fresh in the minds of many who heard her. The general characteristics of her style as an oratorio singer, which we gathered from her previous performance in "The Creation," and attempted to describe in our last week's impression, were still more strongly marked in her performance of Monday last; the differences being such as arose from the great dissimilarity between the two works. In the "Elijah" there was not room for the brilliant displays of voice and execution which were afforded by the "Creation;" but there was a greater scope for her powers of dramatic and impassioned expression; while, in the one as well as the other, she was enabled to show the exquisite purity of her style, her faithful adherence to the composer's text, and her matchless gift of enchanting and moving the heart by that divine simplicity which, though seemingly artless, is in truth the consummation of art. Nothing could be more beautiful and pathetic than her performance of the scene in which she represented the Widow of Zarephtha, whose child is restored to life through the prayer of the prophet. Her mournful, imploring cry, "Help me, man of God, my son is sick!" her agitated phrases, so full of anxious suspense; and her burst of joy and thankfulness when she sees the miracle wrought, were the very language of the heart, and went to the heart of every one present. In the great air, "Hear ye, Israel,"—the most sublime passage in the oratorio, in which an angel proclaims to the people the will of the Lord—she rose to a height of sustained grandeur which has never been reached or even approached by any other performer. It was the very perfection of vocal power and deep dramatic feeling. Among the most beautiful things in this oratorio are the concerted pieces—trios and quartets—supposed to be the voices of angels, and full of divine purity and beauty. In all of these Jenny Lind took part (though this is not always done by the principal singer), and gave them a new charm. This was especially the case with the trio, "Lift their eyes," for three female voices, which was encored with enthusiasm.

The principal character in this Oratorio, in a dramatic point of view, is the Prophet himself. It is of immense difficulty, demanding the powers of a great actor as well as singer; and, consequently, seldom has an adequate representative. Since Staudigl first sang it at Birmingham, in 1846, those who have been most successful in it have been Formès and Weiss. If so young a performer as Mr. Hamilton Braham fell short of the requisite power, this was not to be wondered at. His efforts, however, had great merit. He had studied the part most carefully, and was particularly happy in the recitatives, delivering them with a clearness, propriety, and force of elocution which reminded us of the illustrious veteran his father.

The other parts of the performance demand no further remark. Everybody knows how admirably Miss Dolby and Mr. Lockett acquitted themselves in this oratorio, and they never sang better or with greater success, than on this occasion. The choruses and orchestral accompaniments, under the able control of Mr. Benedict's bâton, were effectively executed, and the whole performance gave unmingled satisfaction.

THE AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their second concert before Christmas at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening. Notwithstanding the counter attraction of Jenny Lind at Exeter-hall, the audience was crowded and fashionable as usual. Mozart's beautiful symphony in E flat was played with a precision and steadiness worthy of a professional band. The novel feature of the evening was Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto in F minor, played by the amateur young lady so well known in our musical circles under the name of "Angelina," for her extraordinary powers as a composer and performer, as well as for her amiable qualities and elegant accomplishments. An amateur choir of male and female voices, conducted by Mr. Leslie, sang several madrigals and part-songs in an admirable manner. One of them, "The Wreath," by Benedict, had an effect peculiarly charming. The whole concert was excellent, and (as it deserved) most warmly applauded.

ERRATUM.—In the Musical Review the week before last, for "W. H. Birch, raham, Birch," read "W. H. Birch, Amersham, Bucks."

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

(From our Artist and Special Correspondent.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 1, 1855.

I HAVE used my best endeavours during the week to house myself, but was unsuccessful; in two more days must elapse before that desirable end is attained. In the mean while, we have had tremendous weather, and last night the south-east wind blew a gale and knocked down the tent. The discomfort and wet are dreadful, and, notwithstanding the newly-made roads, there is much difficulty in going about; but this winter has lost its terrors for soldiers; there are really no hardships for them now. The Russians seem to have left the north, with the exception of those who man the batteries, and who render the town of Sebastopol too hot for any one. It is supposed that the evacuation of the Crimea is imminent, and that there are very few men left behind here at present. There are still large watchfires in the direction of Mackenzie's Farm, but these are thought to be for the most part blinds. The army is in capital health.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—ANOTHER TURKISH VICTORY.

We are still without particulars relating to the fall of Kers. The *Invalide Russe* announces that it surrendered to General Mouravieff on the 26th of November; and that the Muchir Wassif Pacha, eight other Pashas, General Williams, and the entire garrison, are prisoners of war. The park of artillery at Kars when it surrendered numbered 120 field pieces, and a few heavy siege guns. The garrison is believed to have been about 16,000 strong. The defiles between Kars and Erzeroum had been held by the Russians, so that the corps of relief that left Erzeroum for Kars was unable to advance. It was said, too, that all the horses within the city of Kars had been eaten.

The Turkish army of operation counts 40,000 men; but the transport service is difficult on account of the season. The table ground of Armenia is covered with snow. It is rumoured that important dislocations of troops in the Crimea are about to be made. Three thousand troops of the Egyptian Contingent have embarked for Asia.

The letters from Constantinople received by the steamer, which arrived at Marseilles on Wednesday, announce that Omer Pacha had fought another battle, and taken the fortified town of Khoni, situated behind the river Zskeni-Khal, five and a half leagues from Kutais. He found there 12,000 peltries. Omer Pacha is said to have marched to the banks of the Rion or Phasis, and to be preparing to attack Kutais.

THE SWEDISH ALLIANCE.—A BALTIC CAMPAIGN.

The *Moniteur* of Thursday contains a copy of the treaty just contracted between the Allied Powers and Sweden. The latter Power engages not to cede to, nor to exchange with, Russia either territory, pasturage, fishing, or other privileges. The Allied Powers, in return, will defend Sweden against Russia.

The *Borsenhalle* states that the treaty concedes to France and England the privilege of establishing dépôts and hospitals on Swedi-h territory. In return, the Western Powers undertake to maintain the integrity of Sweden against Russia, should the latter treat the conduct of the Swedes as a breach of neutrality, and declare war.

It is believed that a treaty of offensive alliance has also been contracted, but if so its provisions will not be made public until the time for active co-operation in the spring.

Great arrangements are making in the Baltic ports on English account for victualling and providing the fleet next spring.

Contracts have also been made in Sweden for the French fleet, and, it is reported, also for an accompanying army.

The *Siecle* anticipates a future campaign in the Baltic provinces, and after having enumerated the forces possessed by Russia in these regions, which it values at 200,000 men, thus marshals the armies which the Allies, in conjunction with Sweden and Denmark, could dispose of if necessary:—

Admitting that Sweden were to furnish 70,000 men and Denmark 30,000, the Western Powers would have to furnish 100,000 men, or 70,000 French and 30,000 English. France could even increase her contingent if the military organisation of our neighbour were not to permit them to complete theirs, for our country possesses a military strength really formidable. Thus is constituted the French army:—Infantry of the line, 328 battalions; light infantry (rifles), 30 ditto; artillery, 248 companies; siege train, 20 ditto; engineers, 54 ditto; sappers, 11 ditto—cavalry, 373 squadrons; gendarmes and firemen of Paris, 119 squadrons or companies; veterans of all arms, 17 companies. It is not a question here of an improvised force. At the advent of the Government of the 2nd December, the army was composed of 327 battalions of infantry, 313 squadrons of cavalry, and 240 companies of artillery. It has thus only been augmented by 30 battalions of infantry and 60 squadrons of cavalry. Without any offence, we may say that this great army has been organised under the constitutional régime, and had found in Algeria the traditions of victory. "I like to hear the roar of cannon in Algeria," said Louis Philippe; "Europe does not hear it." Europe has since heard this African cannon, and friends and enemies know that it fires well. A great expedition to the Baltic is therefore not impossible. England will pay her alliance in vessels, and our soldiers will find at Cronstadt another Malakoff.

RUSSIAN MACHINATIONS IN NORWAY.

The *Constitutionnel* of Monday contains an article in which the insidious machinations of Russia, tending to obtain a firm footing in Norway, are revealed at length. This subject has long since attracted the attention of those of our statesmen who entertain a wakeful jealousy of the encroaching policy of Russia, and who recognise the strength and influence that would accrue to its maritime power by the possession of a portion of the Norwegian coast. These considerations are repeated by the French official organ, which says:—"The position of Russia as a maritime power would be considerably changed by the acquisition of a Norwegian port. Her ships, now enchained for six months of the year in a prison of ice, would then obtain a continual liberty of action. In place of crews composed of a number of peasants, who may make excellent soldiers but are useless as sailors, Russia would extend her sceptre over a population essentially maritime, composed of hardy and skilful navigators, whose existence depends on the fisheries of the coast. Finmark contains 50,000 inhabitants, the male portion of which would supply valuable reinforcements to the Russian fleets. It would, moreover, be easy for the Czar to transplant whole tribes of Russian subjects from the interior of the empire to those vast and thinly-populated regions. The abundance of fish is such that a population twofold as great as the present one would find ample resources. By the second generation the Russian fleet would be able to draw from that spot crews as skilful, robust, and more sober than any other seamen in the world. It is impossible to dissimulate the danger which the formation of a similar navy at the very doors of Europe would offer. The Russian propositions for the acquisition of Finmark fell to the ground in 1847, after considerable negotiations. A former treaty established that the frontier inhabitants of the two countries might take their troops of reindeer to graze in either country. This treaty was denounced in 1852 by Russia, under the pretext that a power acquired over a province by conquest was not bound to recognise former treaties, and a military cordon was drawn by Russia along the frontier, to prevent the Norwegian Laplanders from driving their flocks on Russian territory. Necessity has, however, forced the latter to infringe on the new regulations, and to baffle the Russian authorities. This is all required by Russia to form a pretext for some future rupture with Norway, and to force that country, under the fear of an invasion, to cede the territory coveted by Russia. At some convenient moment a Menschikoff would be dispatched to Stockholm, and if he is unsuccessful in his mission, Russian troops will pass the frontier, and possess themselves of a 'material guarantee.' The trick is well known." The article concludes by entreating the people of Norway and Sweden to raise once more the standard of Gustavus Adolphus, and to imitate the noble example offered by Sardinia.

THE RUSSIANS IN THE PACIFIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

I SEND you a few lines relative to the proceedings of our squadron in these seas during the last summer. There are two points which may, perhaps, be interesting to the geographer, about which we are now in a position to offer some certain data. You are aware that the island of Saghalien and the strait separating it from Manchuria have never been thoroughly surveyed. La Perouse, Broughton, and Krusenstern, have each contributed their quota of information to the general stock, but neither of them satisfactorily settled the question of the insular or peninsular character of this *incognita terra*. La Perouse was at first of the old opinion—that opposite the mouth of the great river Amûr was the Strait of Tchoka, dividing the island into two parts: the southern part he supposed to be joined to the island of Gezo; the northern to be an island of itself, or connected with a chain of islands running in a north-east direction towards Kamchatka. In this, however, he found his error, for, on ascending north, up the Strait of Tartary, he discovered that the eastern

land gradually converged towards the main; and, having ascended as far north as lat. 51 deg. 30 min., on receiving accounts from the Gbiliak tribes which occupy the seaboard on the Tartary side that there was no passage for any large ship, and being, moreover, afraid of detention by southerly winds, he made up his mind that the island of Saghalien was connected with the main land by a narrow and shoal belt of sand, over which it was barely possible at certain tides to drag the shallops and smaller boats of the Indians who inhabit the contiguous coast. Broughton advanced nine miles further north than La Perouse, but, finding the channel closed on all sides by low dunes, or sandhills, he also concluded that there was no passage at all through the Gulf of Tartary into the Gulf of Saghalien and the Ochotsk Sea. Krusenstern's survey was confined to the north-eastern side of the island; he, however, discovered that the great channel of the Amûr River was to the north, and thus confirmed the idea of La Perouse as to the non-existence of any southern passage.

From various premises we are now of opinion that the only practicable entrance into the great cess-gulf of the Amûr is from the southward. We certainly have not yet arrived at positive demonstration, but, short of that, there can be little doubt on the subject. It is clear that the narrowness between the main land and the island have been gradually formed by the subsidence of detritus brought down by the great river. It is probable, from the character of the northern part of the island, as well as from *a priori* reasoning, that there did formerly exist a channel into the broad waters of the Ochotsk Sea, dividing the island into two portions. This having been gradually choked, the strait has disappeared; and, after the lapse of years, the main channel, north and south, has well nigh disappeared also. Yet that there does still exist a deep though contracted passage is nearly demonstrable; at any rate, we are tolerably sure that the Russian frigate *Pallas*, 50, and probably the *Aurora*, have escaped into the intricacies of the Amûr, through this passage, and are now riding in comparative safety beyond our reach.

We were engaged at the northern entrance of the river (where we encountered the *Ochotsk* brig) for several days; and the result of the survey was that no practicable passage existed in that direction, not even for small ships, much less for those of any considerable draught.

The second fact to which I wish to call your notice is the existence of the considerable and commodious port of Aian, or Jan, on the north-western side of the Ochotsk Sea. This port is the great dépôt for the Russian and American Fur Company (lat. 56 25 30, long. 138 25 E.), and is far preferable as an anchorage to that of the town of Ochotsk. It is a pretty place, containing about 300 inhabitants, a Governor, and an agent of the company. It has a Greek church, and is visited twice a year by the Archbishop of Eastern Siberia. We found the town deserted. The guns (such as they were) had disappeared, and the stores were empty, excepting a ubiquitous American trader, who had established a little independent godown of his own. The Company's agent, however, returned to the town during our stay, and proved to be a very good fellow, speaking English with facility. The harbour of Aian is difficult to recognise from seaward, but may be known by a very deep bay to the northward and eastward, and by some extraordinary pinnacle rocks at the eastern entrance. There is a dangerous reef on the western side of the outward harbour.

It was at this harbour that we were joined by her Majesty's ship *Barraqueta*, who had captured a Bremen brig (*Greta*), conveying 270 Russian sailors, remnant of the crew of the *Diana*, to Petropolski.

Except this and the destruction of the *Ochotsk* we have done nothing towards the capture of the Russians in these seas. Hereby certainly hangs a tale, but not for my pen; you will hear of it elsewhere.

We are about to sail again for the north.

Nagasaki, Sept. 29, 1855.

S. B., H.M.S. *Sibylle*.

AMERICA.

The steam-ship *Canada*, which left New York on the 4th inst., arrived at Liverpool on Sunday last. Congress assembled on the 3rd inst., and adjourned after four hours of ineffectual attempts to elect a Speaker. The majority of votes was in favour of Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, a Democrat; Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, a Free-Soil Know-Nothing, being second. Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, Democrat and Know-Nothing, was third; and Mr. Banks, jun., of Massachusetts, a Democrat and Know-Nothing, fourth. The President's Message was, therefore, not read.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*, referring to the English and American question, says:—"Despatches by the *Atlantic* represent our affairs with England as unchanged since the departure of the *Canada*. Mr. Buchanan says that Lord Clarendon and the British Cabinet are endeavouring to patch up a reply to our Government's communication in reference to the violation of our neutrality laws by British agents, in order, if possible, not to wound our sensitiveness, and at the same time to shield Mr. Crampton."

On the subject of the tariff a Washington letter in the *Herald* says:—

The Secretary of the Treasury has become converted to the theories of the manufacturers of wool, and will recommend the admission of the raw materials free of duty, including chemicals and dyestuffs in the same category. He does not propose to touch iron, but the backers of this movement in Congress intend to incorporate, if they can, upon the modification, a provision allowing of railroad iron to be bonded for five years.

The Governor of South Carolina, in his message to the Legislature, recommends that the law be so modified as to permit coloured seamen, the subjects of foreign nations, to remain on board their vessels, to be allowed to land whenever the duties of the vessel require it, upon their receiving a written permission to that effect from the mayor of the port; and that while on land they be subjected to the ordinary restrictions applied to the native coloured population.

A telegraphic despatch from San Louis reports the occurrence of a collision in Kansas between the Pro and Anti Slavery party. The despatch says:—

We have accounts from Independence to-day stating that three armed Free States-men had attempted to drive Mr. Coleman, a Pro-slavery settler from his claim near Hickory Point. Mr. Coleman killed one of his assailants, when a mob gathered, who drove him and other settlers off, and then burnt down their houses. The ringleader in this affair was arrested by Marshal Jones and taken to Leecompton. Governor Shannon has called out the militia. Many citizens from Independence, Weston, and St. Joseph's, have gone to offer their services to the Governor to restore order. The people of Lawrence are in arms, and have five pieces of artillery. A number of houses have been burnt in Douglas county, and several families driven to Missouri for refuge. The "law and order" people of the territory are rallying in large numbers to assist the sheriff in the execution of the laws. Sixteen houses were burnt at Hickory Point, and several of its citizens were missing.

Captain Little, of the American brig *Loango*, writes on the 12th of November from Antigua to the *New York Herald*, complaining that a few days after his arrival at the island he was boarded by the Superintendent of Police, who informed the cook that he had come on board to release him from slavery; notwithstanding the cook's protestations that he was a free man he was taken ashore. He also endeavoured to persuade the crew to leave the vessel.

Another section of upwards of 100 miles of the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway has been opened for traffic from Montreal to Brockville, at the head of the St. Lawrence.

Another steam frigate for the United States' navy had been launched at the navy-yard.

Advices from Central America state that General Corral, after his entry into Grenada, was arrested on a charge of treason, tried by court-martial, and shot. General Valle had reinforced Grenada with 140 men. The President of Costa Rica had issued a proclamation warning filibusters against invading the Republic.

The steam-ship *Star of the West* and *George Law* had arrived at New York with mails of the 5th ult. The transit across the Isthmus of Panama occupied only twenty-seven hours. Her Majesty's ships *Arrow* and *Esperanza* were at San Juan de Nicaragua. An explosion had occurred in a distillery at San Francisco, by which a number of persons were seriously injured. The port had been visited by a very heavy gale. The Indians were as troublesome as ever. Owing to the want of rain the miners had not been very busy. Her Majesty's ship *President* was in the port. Business was light and money stringent. A banking firm, largely connected with Russian trade, had failed. The bank was agent to the Russian Government. The liabilities were estimated at 250,000 dol.

WILLS.—The will of Major-General James Bucknall Estcourt, who died in the Crimea in June, has been proved in London under £16,000. Also the wills of Rear-Admiral James Prevost, and Stephen Remnant Chapman, Captain and Brevet-Major 20th Regiment, Sebastopol, £3000. Alexander Lumsdale, Commander, R.N., £25,000. Joseph Topliss, auctioneer, £20,000. James Young, M.D., of Wells, Norfolk, £2000. Thomas Temple Silver, of Woodbridge, ironmonger, £35,000. Stephen Winckworth Silver, of Cornhill and Carshaltou, clothier and outfitter, £120,000.

Some very stormy weather has been experienced on the west coast of Wales, accompanied with heavy fogs at intervals, and from numerous pieces of wreck washed ashore it is feared that several vessels have been lost.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

MR. MACAULAY'S anxiously-expected continuation of his "History of England" has at length appeared. Before entering into any criticism of a work which, whether critics praise or caviat at it, will take its place among the English classics, let us narrate, as one of the greatest literary incidents of the time, the extraordinary bustle and "pothor" which it seems to have created in the book-selling trade. We learn from a daily contemporary that:—

The public have called for some 30,000 copies—or, to put it plainly, 60,000 volumes—of a work of which previously they had not beheld a single page. Its fortunate publishers, we learn, have been embarrassed to meet this unusual demand. Their arrangements have been unprecedented. A chamber of considerable dimensions has been set apart for the packing of so many thousand volumes at a time, and several other rooms have been cleared to receive these in relays. We are unable to state the extraordinary number of carts, men, and horses required for the simultaneous delivery of so many volumes, but which have tested to the utmost the narrow capacity of Fater-noster-row. These are the material incidents of the appearance of this coveted work; but its expected issue has suspended other literary ventures; it has disturbed all publishing and bookselling arrangements, and devoured for a time the promise of authorship.

After all, how small a business that of bookselling must be when the sale of thirty thousand copies of a work causes such an unusual bustle, and puts the magnates of the publishing trade to their wits to supply the portentous demand! Even the daily contemporary which tells us the circumstance as a wonder of the age, transcends the feat every day, and publishes each morning a work far more extraordinary in its character, if not quite as bulky. Sixty or seventy thousand copies of the *Times* with a double supplement, make nearly as much printed matter as the thirty thousand copies of Macaulay's "History," and are issued diurnally, as a matter of course, without exciting the astonishment of any one, or creating confusion in any department of trade or business. The issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for the current week is a thing even more remarkable. With its two Christmas Supplements, it will comprise no less than four hundred thousand sheets, and two hundred thousand half-sheets; or HALF A MILLION sheets in all. What is the circulation of any book compared to this? And how small a thing is the bookselling business as compared with that of the principal journals of the metropolis!

But enough on this point. Mr. Macaulay commences his third volume with the proclamation of William and Mary, in 1689, and concludes his fourth with the signature of the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697. The two goodly volumes of 1500 pages and upwards comprise a period of not quite nine years. At this rate when will Mr. Macaulay complete the History, which he promised to bring down to a period within the remembrance of men still living? Never. The work will remain a fragment—a colossal one, it is true, but still a fragment,—and not a work of art; an attempt to do a great thing, resulting in a failure, from the miscalculation of the means to the end. To accomplish the task which Mr. Macaulay set himself, upon the scale in which he has hitherto wrought upon it, would, if he carried down his history to the French Revolution of 1789 (a period of ninety-two years from the Peace of Ryswick) demand no less than twenty-two volumes, in addition to the two which he has just published. "Art is long and life is short." Had Mr. Macaulay thirty working years yet before him, and if he were the fortunate possessor of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, for the whole of that time, he could scarcely accomplish the mighty labour. We may be positively certain, therefore, unless he have large stores in reserve—unless he have already completed a dozen or so of volumes, that the great work will stop short of its promised fulfilment; and that a History of England, worthy of the name yet remains to be written. Gibbon still sits upon the imperial throne of history—unapproached if not unapproachable—and Macaulay, who challenged him in his seat, and aspired to rival him in power, and majesty, and in completeness, must be contented to rank beneath him.

And yet Mr. Macaulay has ability equal to the task. He has a ready pen, an admirable style, a picturesque and glowing imagination, a creative power sufficient to revivify the dry bones of the past, and marshal them, like beings of flesh and blood, in solemn and gorgeous pageant, for the delight and instruction of living men; and he has the comprehensive mind and philosophic judgment to draw from history the lessons it ought to teach, and to mould the future by the errors, as well as by the virtues, of the past. But all these gifts have been rendered of less avail than they might have been, by one pervading fault—that of diffuseness. The temptation of a picturesque incident is too great for Mr. Macaulay to resist. The steady flow of History is continually impeded that he may toy as he goes with a flower or with a ruin by the wayside, that he may show how great a master of composition he is, and that, if he so willed it, he might be greater as poet and novelist, than he chooses to be as historian. But such is the charm of these interpolations, that the reader scarcely wishes them absent, though he has often to go back for pages to catch up the abandoned clue of the narrative, and to know where he was, before the tricky enchanter led him from the broad highway into the flowery gardens, the branching avenues, and the perpetual mazes, that border the road, far away from the stations and landmarks of true history, to the more beautiful but less satisfactory regions of pure romance. And this is not the only fault which has led Mr. Macaulay to extend his book beyond the limits he allotted for it, and beyond the limits of a lifetime to carry to completion. He enters too largely into minutiae, and is often as prolix as a contemporary reporter, describing in a daily or weekly newspaper the events of his own time. At the very outset of his third volume we meet the following passage, which exemplifies the fault we mean:—

† Garter King-at-arms, after making proclamation under the window of Whitehall, rode in state along the Strand to Temple Bar. He was followed by the Maces of the two Houses, by the two Speakers, Halifax and Povey, and by a long train of coaches filled with noblemen and gentlemen. The magistrates of the City threw open their gates and joined the procession. Four regiments of militia lined the way up Ludgate-hill, round St. Paul's Cathedral, and along Cheapside. The streets, the balconies, and the very house-tops were crowded with gazers. All the steeples from the Abbey to the Tower sent forth a joyous din. The proclamation was repeated, with sound of trumpet, in front of the Royal Exchange, amidst the shouts of the citizens.

In the evening every window from Whitehall to Piccadilly was lighted up. The state rooms of the palace were thrown open, and were filled by a gorgeous company of courtiers desirous to kiss the hand of the King and Queen.

The passage might serve as a model for a description of the visit

of the Emperor Napoleon or of the King of Sardinia to London in the year 1855, and might have appeared, with the necessary changes of name and incident, in the *Spectator* or the *Leader* of three weeks ago.

Let us, however, be thankful for what we have received, and are still likely to receive, from this great and brilliant writer. We are so pleased to have his companionship through the reigns of James II. and William and Mary, and anticipate so much delight and instruction from his pen, when we meet him, as we trust we soon shall, in the reign of Queen Anne; that we feel a disappointment when we know that we cannot reasonably expect to have the guidance of his picturesque intellect and sound judgment in the days of the Georges; and that his work must remain like the Cathedral of Cologne, unfinished and unfinishable.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LADY HOTHAM.

JANE SEYMOUR, Lady Hotham, of Fimborough Hall, Suffolk, and Hereford House, Old Brompton, was the daughter and coheir of the late Francis Colman, Esq., of Hillersdon, co. Devon, who died in 1820, leaving three daughters only, and who was the last male representative of the ancient Devonshire families of Gornhay in Tiverton and Hillersdon in Collumpton. Lady Hotham was twice married. Her first husband, whom she wedded in 1800, was Roger Pettitward, Esq., of Great Fimborough, Suffolk. After his demise she became, on the 25th of June, 1835, the second wife of Admiral Sir William Hotham, G.C.B., who was nephew of the famous Admiral Lord Hotham, and who died the 31st Mar., 1848. Lady Hotham was for many years a very constant resident at Brighton, and was well known and esteemed in the fashionable circles there for her hospitality, her kind disposition, and her agreeable manners. Her ladyship died at Western House, her marine residence at Brighton, on the 30th ult., in the 80th year of her age: she had no issue by either marriage. Lady Hotham was the elder sister of the late Lady De Trafford, to whose daughter, Mrs. Riddell, of Felton Park, some of Lady Hotham's property has been left—the greater part going, it is said, to an Irish gentleman named Shiel.

COLONEL SIBTHORP.

COLONEL CHARLES DE LAET WALDO SIBTHORP, of Canwick Hall, Lincolnshire, and Potterells, Herts, the worthy though somewhat eccentric M.P. for Lincoln, was descended from an ancient family, settled upwards of a century and a half at Canwick. Robertus de Sibthorp possessed the manor of Sibthorp, Notts, in the time of the Conqueror, and the family continued to reside in Nottinghamshire, where they held various manors, until the middle of the seventeenth century, when they removed to Lincolnshire. Many scions of the house have, from time to time, represented the city of Lincoln in Parliament. The Colonel's father, the late Humphry Waldo-Sibthorp, sat for that city during several years at the commencement of the present century. The Colonel was the second son of Col. Humphry Waldo-Sibthorp by his wife Susannah, eldest daughter of Richard Ellison, Esq., of Thorne, Yorkshire, and Sudbrooke Holme, Lincolnshire. He was born in February, 1783. In his earlier life he served for many years in the British Army—first in the Scots Greys, and afterwards in the 4th Dragoon Guards. In 1822 he succeeded to the extensive family estates on the death of his eldest brother, Col. Coningsby Waldo-Sibthorp, M.P., and he, a few years ago, inherited the mansion and lands of Potterells, Herts, formerly belonging to the Coningsby family from whom he derived. He was first elected on the high Tory interest for Lincoln in 1826, and, with the exception of the brief Parliament of 1832, chosen under the excitement consequent upon the passing of the Reform Bill, he continued to represent the place to the day of his death. The Colonel's influence was great among the registered electors, but it did not extend so far as to be able often to secure the second seat for a Tory friend, the predilections of the constituency being rather personal towards himself than based on political grounds. Colonel Sibthorp married, in 1813, Maria, the third daughter and coheir of the late Ponsonby Tottenham, Esq., of Rose Garland, co. Wexford, M.P. for Fethard, grandson of the well-known and popular "Tottenham in his Boots," and first cousin of Charles, first Marquess of Ely. By this lady Colonel Sibthorp leaves issue four sons, the eldest of whom, Major Gervase Tottenham Waldo-Sibthorp, succeeds to the estates: he is married to Louisa, third daughter of Robert Craicott (now Amcotts), Esq., of Hackthorn, Lincolnshire, and has two sons. Colonel Sibthorp's brother, the Rev. Richard Waldo-Sibthorp, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, became a Roman Catholic some few years since, but soon afterwards returned to the Church of England. Col. Sibthorp was for many years a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Lincoln, and also held the Colonelcy of the South Lincolnshire Militia, in which he took great interest: it was a command that had belonged to many of his family. A high and unbending Tory, Colonel Sibthorp firmly opposed in all their stages Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Abolition of Jewish Disabilities, and was one of the minority of fifty-three who censured Free-trade, when Lord Derby was in office, in November, 1852. The Colonel was also strenuously persevering in the expression of his distaste of the Crystal Palace and such like exhibitions. He was indefatigable in his attention to his Parliamentary duties. His manner of giving vent to his extreme Tory opinions in the House was so quaintly and humorously violent, and so good-humouredly withal, that he was ever listened to by every side with much more of gratification than of anger. The honesty and consistency of his political conduct were unquestionable, and were fully allowed by his bitterest opponents. He was indeed generally loved and respected, and it was with no small sentiment of public regret that the news came of the gallant Colonel's demise. He died on the 14th inst., at his town residence, 48, Eaton-square.

JOHN COWLING, ESQ.

THIS learned, laborious, and successful barrister expired on the 13th inst., at his house in Albemarle-street. His death was sudden, arising, it is supposed, from some spasmodic affection of the heart. Mr. Cowling was in his fifty-fourth year. He was born in Lancashire, and was the only son of a physician there. He became at Cambridge Senior Wrangler in 1824, and he was a Fellow of St. John's College until his marriage some ten years ago. He also held a judicial office in the University. Mr. Cowling was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple on the 9th of November, 1827; he went the Northern Circuit, where he soon obtained a large practice. Mr. Cowling's knowledge of the common law was as extensive and profound as, and perhaps more so than, that of any other lawyer of his time. He stood at the very head of that peculiar branch of his profession which is composed of the erudite counsel of the outer bar, who, being complete masters of jurisprudence, strengthen and support, when points of law arise in a case, the arguments of the leading and more showy advocates of the inner bar. Mr. Cowling's professional occupation and emolument must latterly have been very great. In politics he was a Conservative, and on the last Parliamentary vacancy in the University of Cambridge he announced himself as a candidate, and would have received powerful support, but he withdrew in favour of Mr. Wigram. Had Mr. Cowling lived he would, no doubt before long, have been made a Judge; and, indeed, it was more than once remarked and regretted that he was not already chosen for the appointment.

THE LATE COLONEL COBBE, C.B.—A tablet has recently been erected in the church of Donabate, in the county of Dublin, to the memory of the late lamented Colonel Cobbe, C.B., of the 4th Regt., King's Own. The Colonel did of wounds received in the attack on the Redan on the 18th of June; and his services were honourably recorded in the despatches of Lord Raglan and General Simpson. No man, we believe, was ever more respected by his men or beloved by his brother officers, who have also erected a monument, recording their regret for his loss, on Cathcart's Hill, where he lies buried close by his old friend Sir John Campbell. The Colonel belonged to a family who have eminently distinguished themselves in the military service of their country. His father was Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbe, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, and was actively employed by the Marquis of Hastings in important duties as a Provincial Governor; and his uncle, the representative of the family, who resides at the family seat, Newbridge House, near Donabate, originally built by his ancestor, Archbishop Cobbe, is himself a surviving veteran, who served under Wellington in India in the old 19th Dragoons, and fought at Assaye and Seringapatam, and now in his old age superintends his estate, an active magistrate, and a model of Irish landlords. The Colonel leaves three surviving brothers—Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Cobbe, of the 2nd West York Militia, formerly a Captain in the 3rd Buffs; Francis Hastings, Lieutenant of Artillery, Honourable East India Company; and Alexander Hugh Cobbe, Captain 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, now quartered in the North of India.

ERRATUM.—In the notice of the late Captain Gilmor it should have been stated that his youngest daughter, the wife of Captain C. H. Thomas, died without issue at Cawnpore, India, in August, 1844.

COUNTRY NEWS.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—A number of gentlemen, says the *Glasgow Herald*, deeming that Sir Colin Campbell might appropriately be elected for Glasgow in the event of a dissolution, wrote on the subject to the gallant General, who replied as follows:—"I am most deeply sensible of the high honour contemplated. At the same time I would add that, as from the age of fifteen I have devoted my best energies to the profession of a soldier, I have had no time to give to the consideration of those subjects in which the prosperity of so great a commercial city as Glasgow is concerned. I therefore feel that I could not do justice to the position which I might obtain through the good opinion of the electors, and I therefore purpose, as long as it pleases the Almighty to give me health and strength, to persevere in a profession to which I am ardently attached and devoted. Under these circumstances, I beg respectfully to decline the honour proposed."

THE INCORPORATION OF BRIGHTON.—A banquet to celebrate this event took place on Monday night at the Royal Pavilion, and passed off with great éclat. The Mayor, Mr. Hallett, entertained on the occasion about 150 guests, among whom were included the Duke of Richmond, Lord A. Hervey, Sir Henry Shiffner, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir James Duke, Mr. Laurence Peel, Mr. Leo Schenker, Professor Creasey, Alderman Wire, Mr. Charles Pearson, &c. The dinner was very sumptuously provided, and was served in the fine dining hall of the Pavilion, which was gallantly decorated with the flags of the Allied Powers. The "Health of Mr. Hallett, Mayor of Brighton," was proposed by Mr. Laurence Peel in highly complimentary terms, which were cordially echoed by the company. Lord A. Hervey acknowledged the toast of "The Borough Representatives," and Colonel Faucett, the late Mayor, that of "The Aldermen and Council," with which his name was associated.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—It appears from the provincial newspapers that a proposal to close the shops and to keep holiday from Saturday night, the 22nd, till the morning of Wednesday, the 26th inst., has been very generally acceded to. By this arrangement hard-worked employes will secure (including the Sunday) three days' holiday for visiting their friends at Christmas.

AN ADVENTURE IN A SUBURB OF LEEDS.—Chapel-town is one of the most pleasant suburbs of Leeds; but the road after nightfall, owing to the insufficiency of the lamps, is dangerous and solitary. A little after six o'clock on Friday evening last Mr. Theodore Armistead was proceeding homewards to his residence in Cowper-street. On the road between the barracks and Cowper-street a recess in the path occurs, and whilst passing this recess he was seized from behind by three or four men, who knocked him down and kicked him severely over the head and upper part of his body. He was speedily insensible; and when he recovered, which he imagines to be about twenty minutes after the attack, he found he had been robbed of his silver watch, a gold Albert guard, and some pence.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THE DUTIES ON FRENCH WINES, SPIRITS, &c.—A society has been formed in the Potteries called the "Anglo-French Free-Trade Association." The title of the association will in some measure explain its objects, the most prominent of which is to enforce upon the attention of Government the necessity of removing the duties on French wines, spirits, &c., in order to induce the French authorities to remit, or extensively modify, the existing restriction on English earthenware. If these objects can be accomplished it is likely to give a considerable impetus to the staple trade of the immediate locality, and will, no doubt, considerably benefit the wine growers of France.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

RISE OF RENTS IN SCOTLAND.—Most of the farms on the estate of Lord Panmure having just run out of lease, farmers have come forward and taken new leases at greatly-increased rentals. All the other farms of Scotland, the leases of which are running out, are being retaken at rents in some cases nearly double the figures formerly paid. The wages of farm labourers have also advanced.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—A farmer named Guscott, who resided in the neighbourhood of Exeter, was apprehended a few days ago at Plymouth, on a charge of stealing a number of sheep from his neighbour. While in custody he made an attempt on his life by cutting his throat and stabbing himself in the side, but the injuries were not fatal. While on his way to Exeter for examination before the magistrates, and when between the Starcross and St. Thomas's stations of the South Devon Railway, he suddenly broke away from the constable, and had nearly succeeded in jumping out of the window of the railway carriage, but was fortunately caught by the legs, and held securely until the train arrived at St. Thomas's station, whence he was conveyed to the Devon County Gaol.

A FAMILY POISONED.—On Sunday last a whole family in the village of Billesdon, about nine miles east of Leicester, were poisoned by the pudding partaken of at dinner. The family consisted of the father, who is a widower, named Partridge, his mother, aged seventy-nine, and his two children. The pudding, which was baked under the meat, was made by the old lady. Shortly after dinner the whole family were taken ill, and the old woman died in the course of the afternoon. It is feared that a little boy of five years will also lose his life. Hopes are entertained that the three other persons will recover. It is uncertain whether the poisoning is the result of accident or intention. Arsenic was found in the pudding which had been left. A canister of arsenic was also found at the house of the old woman who had been accustomed to give the neighbours portions to kill rats.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT RUGELEY.—An inquest, extending over Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, was held at Rugeley, last week, on the body of a gentleman named John Parsons Cook, at Rugeley, who died suddenly on the morning of the 21st ult. Mr. Cook, who had resided at Lutterworth, was a racing and betting man, and the owner of the horse Polestar. This horse he had entered for two of the stakes at the late Shrewsbury races, on the 13th and 14th of November, when the horse won. While at Shrewsbury, after the race, Mr. Cook was taken suddenly ill. He was subsequently removed to Rugeley, where he had been staying before the races, and where he died in five days after his return. A post-mortem examination of the body was made on the 26th of November, by direction of Mr. Stephens, of London, the stepfather of the deceased, the stomach and intestines being sent to Dr. Taylor, Professor of Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at Guy's Hospital, London, at the same time for analysis. On the following Thursday evening an inquest on the body was commenced, at the Talbot Arms Hotel, before Mr. W. Ward, coroner, when the jury, having viewed the body, immediately adjourned until Wednesday week. From the evidence adduced it appeared that the deceased, immediately before the fatal illness, had been in the company of Mr. W. Palmer, surgeon, of Rugeley, and that the latter had given pills, broth, &c., to the deceased, which caused him to vomit excessively. Dr. Taylor said:—"My belief is that he died from tetanus, and that tetanus was caused by medicine given to him shortly before his death." He proceeded to say that all the symptoms tended to show that a dose of strychnine had been administered. Taking into account the whole of the symptoms, he had not the slightest hesitation in saying that the deceased had died from the effects of strychnine contained in the pills which appeared to have been given the deceased by Mr. Palmer. [About this stage of the inquiry Mr. Palmer was sent for, but the reply was that he was confined to his bed.] It was then proved that Mr. Palmer had purchased six grains of strychnine from a chemist; that on the evening after the race Mr. Palmer had pressed the deceased to drink something out of a glass, purporting to be grog, which caused the deceased to exclaim, "There's something in it—it burns my throat awfully!" or words to that effect; that he soon afterwards became sick, and expressed the belief that he had been "dosed." Other witnesses who were examined showed that various betting and bill transactions had passed between Mr. Palmer and the deceased; and that after the death of the deceased's betting-book was missed. The verdict of the jury was—"That the deceased died of poison wilfully administered to him by William Palmer." The coroner immediately made out his warrant for the commitment of Mr. Palmer to the county gaol at Stafford for trial for the wilful murder of Mr. Cook. Mr. J. H. Hutton (chief constable) forthwith proceeded to Mr. Palmer's house and arrested him, but on account of his ill health it was not considered safe to remove him that night. The police officers were then stationed in his bed-room to guard the accused, and a strict examination of every article in the house was made. A local paper says:—"The proceedings connected with the above inquiry have naturally led the minds of many persons to revert to the cases of several individuals, some of them relatives of Mr. Palmer, who had died somewhat suddenly, and under circumstances of grave suspicion, the accused having effected large assurances on their lives, and in one or two instances not very long previously to their decease. An investigation is now taking place with respect to some of these cases, and it is very probable that the bodies of one or more persons, relatives of the accused, will be exhumed, in order that a chemical analysis may be made of the intestines."

THE NORTH AMERICAN MAIL-PACKETS FOR 1856.—The weekly mail service to and from North America by the British contract packets will be resumed on the 1st of January next. Commencing with the packet to be dispatched from Liverpool to Boston on Saturday, the 5th of January, these packets will sail from Liverpool, as formerly, every Saturday throughout the year, proceeding alternately to New York and Boston, and calling on the voyage to the latter place at the port of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The United States' mail-packets will sail every Wednesday, alternately from Liverpool and from Southampton, proceeding on each occasion to New York. In exception to the above rule, and to enable the contractors to rearrange the service, the mails of Wednesday, the 9th of January, will be conveyed from Liverpool by a British packet, and the mails of Saturday, the 12th of January, will be conveyed from Liverpool by a United States' packet.

The Persian Ambassador, Seif-ouf-Mouk-Miri-Pindj-Abbas Kouli-Khan, arrived at St. Petersburg on the 9th inst., and was received with all the honours due to his rank.



DESTRUCTION OF RUSSIAN STORES AT GHEISK, IN THE SEA OF AZOFF.

DESTRUCTION OF RUSSIAN STORES AT GHEISK.

IN our last week's Supplement we gave the official despatches relating to this brilliant affair, from which it appeared that Captain Osborn had succeeded in burning a large quantity of valuable Russian stores in the Sea of Azoff, in spite of the resistance of a large body of Russian troops. The above Engraving of the transaction is from a sketch by an officer who was present, and who accompanied it with the following letter:—

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

"Sea of Azoff, Nov. 17th, 1855.

"On the 5th Nov. the attack was made on the town of Gheisk and adjoining country by the boats of H.M.S. *Vesuvius*, *Ardent*, *Weser*, *Curlew*, *Recruit*, and

other small gun-boats. Of the three divisions of boats represented in the engraving, the left landed four miles from the town on the extreme left, and worked to the right, burning as they went the immense stores of corn and forage which were collected for the use of the army. They at length formed a junction with the centre division, which also worked along to the right, driving back the Russian troops opposed to them. From the rapidity with which they shifted their ground the main body of the enemy were unable to save any of their stores, the whole of which were destroyed.

"The right attack was made on the right of the storeyard. On being attacked by a large body of cavalry and infantry, which advanced upon them from the road above, they immediately gained possession of the storeyard, which they kept for three hours and a half, under the fire of the enemy, by which time they had destroyed the large collection of stores there—consisting of boats, planks, spars, timber, tar, &c.—and embarked in the boats at the same time as the other parties.

The casualties of the landing parties amounted to seven wounded. There were altogether nearly 200 men landed. The force of the enemy is estimated at 3000 men."

Captain Osborn, in his despatch, says, "I despair of being able to convey to you any idea of the extraordinary quantity of corn, rye, hay, wood, and other supplies, so necessary for the existence of Russian armies, both in the Caucasus and the Crimea, which it has been our good fortune to destroy. That these vast stores should have been collected here, so close to the sea, whilst we were still in the neighbourhood, is only to be accounted for by their supposing that they could not be reached by us." Here we see the great advantage of our having a flotilla of gun-boats for important services of that kind.

As regards the number of men engaged on both sides, Captain Osborn gives a higher estimate of the Russian forces than that of our Correspondent. The latter

rates them at 3000, whereas Captain Osborn says, "During these proceedings we never had more than 200 men engaged; the enemy had, from the concurrent testimony of Lieutenants Ross and Strode, and my own observation, from 3000 to 4000 men in Gheisk alone."

PETROWSKA AND POPROVA.

THESE two Sketches represent the Tartar villages of Petroweka and Poprova, a few miles from Kinburn, to which the Allies made a grand reconnaissance a few days ago. On that occasion the Russian soldiers, who had been there an hour previous, did not think proper to wait for the arrival of the enemy. The troops of the Czar seem to be always impressed with the importance of the axiom that "discretion is the better part of valour." They never dream of doing anything of a daring or chivalrous nature.



VILLAGE OF PETROWSKA, SEVEN MILES FROM FORT KINBURN.



VILLAGE OF POPROVA, FOURTEEN MILES FROM FORT KINBURN.

BIRMINGHAM POULTRY SHOW.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



NO. 1. PIGEONS.—THE SILVER CUP, MR. HARRISON WEIR, LYNTHURST-ROAD, PECKHAM (BEARDS, OWLS, TURBITS, FANTAILS).
 NO. 2. SEBRIGHT BANTAM.—FIRST PRIZE, MR. EDWARD HEWITT, SPARK BROOK, BIRMINGHAM.
 NO. 3. SPANISH FOWLS.—SILVER CUP, J. S. HENRY, ESQ., WOODLANDS, CRUMPSHALL, MANCHESTER.

NO. 4. SILVER POLISH FOWLS.—SILVER CUP AND GOLD MEDAL, THE REV. RICHARD GREENHALL, GRAPPENHALL, CHESHIRE.
 NO. 5. DORKING FOWLS.—SILVER CUP, MR. H. D. DAVIES, SPRING-GROVE-HOUSE, HOUNSLOW, MIDDLESEX.
 NO. 6. COCHIN-CHINA.—SILVER CUP, MR. HENRY DONNE, OSWESTRY.

THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND COUNTIES CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.

THE Seventh Annual Exhibition of this Society took place in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, last week. The entries of cattle were not so numerous as in 1854; but deficiency of numbers was, according to the opinion of the best judges, more than counterbalanced by decided superiority of quality. A finer show of Herefords and Devons was seldom or never witnessed, and even disappointed competitors in this class seemed content with the decision of the judges. There were some fine specimens of shorthorns; but those, with the exception of the heifer which earned the chief prize at the exhibition, were the Devon oxen, or steers, several of which exhibited beautiful as well as useful points of breeding and feeding. That belonging to Prince Albert, and which in the 9th class obtained the first prize, was greatly admired. The exhibition of sheep was more numerous than last year, and considered, as regarded quality, to be greatly in advance of all previous shows. The Leicesters and Cotswolds were extremely good, but the Shropshire downs, in the eyes of agriculturists and breeders, were the most deserving of notice.

The Poultry Show exceeded in numbers and beauty all former exhibitions in the midland counties, if not in the kingdom. There were no fewer than 1800 pens of every description. We have selected our illustrations from this portion of the exhibition; and have engraved upon the next page several of the Prize Pigeons and Fowls, with one of the beautiful Silver Cups, all which were manufactured by Messrs. Mapplebeck and Low.

We subjoin a few notes on the Exhibition:—

The Golden-pencilled Hamburgs came first on the prize list. In this class the improvement was very striking indeed; white ear-lobes, hitherto almost the exception, were this year the almost unvarying rule. The same eulogy is equally applicable to all the various sub-varieties of Hamburgs, if, perhaps, we limit the remark somewhat as to the golden-spangled birds. The Poland family mustered very strongly, and were of most excellent quality, showing general improvement, as in the Black Polands with white crests. The Golden and the Silver Spangled Polands were very good. In the sub-varieties were buffs, whites, yellows, greys, laced, lead-coloured, and some entirely black ones, even in the crests. The Spanish were exceedingly good. The Dorkings were wonderfully improved. The competition, therefore, quite outstripped any that have preceded it. The White Dorkings were also equally improved. The Cochins were much superior to those of last year, proper attention being now bestowed by breeders rather on conformation than capriciously-coveted colour. The Bramahs and Malays are evidently declining in public estimation. The Game have never been equalled.

In the Turkeys were some unusually good birds, and some purely-bred Wild American ones. The Geese were also very good. In this class were some very interesting specimens of the Swan Goose, and also of the Canadian. The contest for the "Sebright Bantam Cup" was unprecedented, forty-seven pens competing; and not less than nine of these had previously been winners of the like silver trophies elsewhere. The rivalry in the Golden-laced was by far the most closely disputed; the Cup being, however, finally awarded to the Silver-laced, as being the more unique and difficult to obtain. The Ducks, both Aylesbury and also Rouens, were capital. The Pigeons were unrivalled—the beau-ideal of excellence being easily recognised in almost every kind, but especially in the "toy," or fancy varieties.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 23.—4th Sunday in Advent. James II. abdicated, 1688.
MONDAY, 24.—Christmas Eve.
TUESDAY, 25.—CHRISTMAS-DAY. Nativity of our Saviour.
WEDNESDAY, 26.—St. Stephen. John Wilkes died, 1797.
THURSDAY, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
FRIDAY, 28.—Innocents. Innocent died, 1834.
SATURDAY, 29.—John Wycliffe died, 1384.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 29, 1855.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 39	2 41	2 26	2 47	3 13	2 29	3 48
4 2	4 26	4 13	4 34	5 00	4 16	5 35
6 2	6 26	6 13	6 34	7 00	6 16	7 35

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

We stated in a portion of our last week's impression that Austria had proposed for the consideration of the Allied Powers the bases of a pacification, and that the Allies had expressed themselves so far willing to meet the views of Austria as, without ceasing hostilities, to negotiate on the terms proposed. We set forth succinctly the "points" which Austria had drawn up, and which England and France had severally considered to be not unreasonable. These were—that the Euxine should be declared a commercial sea, from which all ships of war should be excluded; that Russia should neither rebuild Sebastopol nor construct any other fortress in the Crimea, or in any part of the littoral of the Black Sea; that the Danube should be opened up to the commerce of the world; and that a slip of Russian territory on its banks sufficient to guarantee that "object" should be restored to Turkey; that Russia should renounce all claim to a Protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sultan; and that she should not construct or reconstruct on the Aland Islands any fortress whatsoever. It has been stated in some journals that Austria proposed, in addition to these terms, that Moldavia and Wallachia should be erected into independent States, under the protection of Europe, in the same manner as Switzerland and the Hanse Towns; but we believe the statement to be incorrect. Obviously the Powers who undertake to preserve the integrity of the Turkish Empire would stultify themselves, as well as do injury to their unlucky protégée, if, without giving Turkey an equivalent, they consented to deprive her of one inch of territory, or one iota of her rights and privileges. It is believed that diplomatists high in the confidence of the Czar, to whom these terms were non-officially submitted, declared their own private opinion to be strong against them, and that they expressed themselves convinced that Russia

would not accede to them. But officially the progress of events has not gone so far as to elicit from the Russian Government any reply to the proposition which Austria has made; and no positive answer to the despatches of which Count Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador to St. Petersburg, is the bearer, have been, or can be received for at least ten or fifteen days. The general belief, from all that has already transpired in the diplomatic and official circles of London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, is that the Czar will not accept the terms which Austria has offered for his consideration, and that the adverse opinion expressed by the Russians, in Vienna and elsewhere, is but an anticipation of that which will in due course arrive from St. Petersburg. However that may be, the course of the Allies is clear and straightforward:—To abate no jot of what justice demands, to listen to reason, but not to revenge, and to strain every nerve to take by force from the foe of Europe what his own friends cannot persuade him to yield to justice or to necessity. The Czar may be encouraged to prolong the contest by the success of General Mouravieff at Kars—but that event will by no means discourage the Allies. On the contrary, it will but nerve them, and Great Britain more especially, to renewed and more vigorous exertions. To balance in some degree, though by no means to atone for, the mistake that has been committed in leaving General Williams unsupported in Asia, favourable intelligence has been received from the far north of Europe to prove that our diplomacy has not lost sight of the extent of Russian intrigue in that quarter, nor been incompetent to defeat it. A glance at the map of Europe will show that Russia has pushed her north-western frontier far into Norway, and has actually approached within fifty miles of the Atlantic, and of the deep firds and secure anchorages of the Norwegian coast. Russia has been in treaty with Norway for the Bay of Varanger, which never freezes in the coldest winter, which is forty miles long, and which could safely harbour the largest fleets in the world. A treaty—the first result apparently of the auspicious visit of General Canrobert to the Court of Stockholm—has just been concluded between Great Britain and France on the one side, and the United Kingdoms of Norway and Sweden on the other, by which the latter bind themselves not to cede or grant to Russia, under any pretext whatsoever, any portion of territory; and by which the former undertake to guarantee the present boundaries and possessions of Norway and Sweden, including not only the mainland of those kingdoms, but all their outlying islands and dependencies, what and where soever. England and France will be true to their bond, and Norway and Sweden, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of Europe, will be equally loyal. Thus is Russian ambition frustrated—and thus will she be prevented from securing to herself a position on the Atlantic where she might be a dangerous neighbour to Scotland and to Ireland. The result is a valuable one, and none the less so because negotiation and not the sword has secured it.

It is with no affected regret that we observe an individual, so distinguished by fortune, and so capable of making the best use of his advantages, as is the Prince Consort, permitting himself to be drawn into a false position, both as regards the highest personage in the kingdom, and as regards the nation. It will be in the recollection of our readers that this journal has never joined in the cry which from time to time has been elsewhere raised to the detriment of his Royal Highness. Believing that the Prince's conduct has been honourable and straightforward, and that certain actions which were complained of were in part misrepresented and in other part defensible, we deemed it unworthy of those who should be leaders and teachers to avail themselves of narrow prejudices, or the generalities of vague incrimination. And as frankly as heretofore we have recorded our protest in behalf of the Prince Consort must we express our unhesitating opinion that the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards has been ill advised by those who have induced him to petition the Sovereign that the act of justice done in October, 1854, may be reconsidered.

We describe that act as one of justice. But even were it otherwise, and had the Guards real cause to complain of the new arrangement as too favourable to the Line, the interference of the Prince Consort would have been ill-judged. There is no disrespect in saying what everybody in the world knows—namely, that the splendid appointment to the head of the Grenadiers was given to the Prince, not because he was a soldier, or even because he understood military matters, but because he was one whom the Sovereign—and no small part of the nation—"delighted to honour." Had Michael Cassio been Prince Consort, *Iago's* estimate of his military capabilities would have equally sufficed. This fact involves no blame to the Prince. It is the custom—a bad one, no doubt, but a recognised one—to allot such appointments to the favoured of fortune rather than "where War's grim favourites ride." But such gifts demand a certain amount of tact and consideration in the recipient, and it might reasonably be expected that the Royal Colonel of Grenadiers would enjoy his honours and emoluments, without availing himself of a fortuitous position to attempt to influence the system into which he found himself so adopted. We desire to say nothing of previous allegations bearing upon this matter. The Prince has now come forward and affixed his signature to a memorial requesting the Queen to make certain alterations in the regulations of the army. Were such alterations the most evidently just and right changes that could be made, it was not for Prince Albert to press them upon the Sovereign. We may be charged with indelicacy in saying that a husband so situated ought not to be the petitioner to his wife, but the indelicacy is in the conduct of those who have recommended the Prince to place himself in so objectionable a position. A just reform might safely have been left to the discernment of the Crown and the good sense of the military authorities; but it assuredly argues a weak case when an extraordinary exercise of influence is thought necessary.

But the course taken by his Royal Highness becomes still more indefensible when it is seen that the alterations which he demands are unjust and unpopular. Few people out of the Army understand with exactitude the complications which have grown up in a system in which the traditions of ancient jobbing and favouritism have had to effect a compromise with the necessities of having some real soldiers and something like order and fair play. This

complication enables the military pedant to scoff with some effect at ignorant civilians; and even a "heehaw officer," who will probably indulge in various etymological eccentricities in the composition of a single *billet-doux* to the confectioner's daughter, will speak with much indignation of the impudence of newspaper fellows pretending to dictate on Army subjects. But luckily the case of Guards *versus* Line is before the public in plain black and white; and the complaint of Prince Albert and his fellow Colonels is at all events perfectly clear. The hard treatment they bewail is this, namely, that the officers of the household troops, who have long enjoyed advantages of military rank, of pay, of exemption from disagreeable work—and who have, in fact, been the Sybarites of the service, have had their way to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel made a little longer than is that of the Line—who, without any advantages at all, do the hard and uncomfortable part of a soldier's work. The complaint itself is alleged to be in great measure unfounded; but, supposing the Guards had this "grievance," as we suppose everybody in the world, except a Guardsman, hopes that they have—what sort of an opportunity is taken to ask that the Line may be deprived of a small boon which was conceded with all reluctance, and only because it was impossible to withhold it. Just at the close of the second act of the slaughter and suffering of a terrible campaign—just when it is of vital importance to the interests of England that our army should feel how we honour it, and how resolved we are that justice shall be done to it—at this crisis a carpet Field-Marshal and a handful of aristocratic officers are petitioning the Queen to take back the little benefit which was accorded to the Line. Mere good sense would, one might think, have prevented such a step, if good feeling did not at once repudiate it.

We do not presume to anticipate the result. The Queen has, throughout the whole war, shown herself the soldier's friend, and it would be worse than disrespectful to doubt that her Majesty has well considered who it is that fight her battles, not only in the glorious arena, with a world watching every blow, but in distant and desolate coasts, where little heed is paid to the conflict and none to the individual combatants, and where nothing but a sense of duty and loyalty could keep men around her banners. Who has not confidence in the willingness of the Queen to do what is right and kind by her army? But the mode in which this matter has been pressed upon her—her husband and her cousin foremost in urging it—may leave the Sovereign less choice of action than her subjects would gladly see. If, behind the back of the army, which is absent and fighting for its Queen, amateur and aristocratic officers succeed in depriving it of its rights, the nation will know where to affix the blame, and may not be backward in expressing its feeling.

THE COURT.

The quiet retirement of the Court at Osborne has not been interrupted during the past week. The arrival of Major General Sir Colin Campbell on a visit to her Majesty has been almost the only incident calling for record. Yesterday (Friday) the Queen and her Court returned to Windsor Castle, where the Christmas hospitalities will be kept up with unusual éclat.

The Prince of Wales has remained at Windsor during the absence of his Royal parents in the Isle of Wight.

The Marchioness of Ely has succeeded Lady Macdonald as Lady in Waiting to her Majesty, and the Hon. Eleanor Stanley has succeeded the Hon. Beatrice Byng as Maid of Honour in Waiting.

THE QUEEN AND MISS NIGHTINGALE.—The country will experience much satisfaction, though no surprise, on learning that her Majesty the Queen has, in a manner as honourable to herself as it must be gratifying to her people, been pleased to mark her warm appreciation of the unparalleled self-devotion of Miss Nightingale. Her Majesty has transmitted to that lady a jewelled ornament of great beauty, which may be worn as a decoration, and has accompanied it with an autograph letter—such a letter as Queen Victoria has ere now proved she can write—a letter not merely of graceful acknowledgment, but full of that deep feeling which speaks from heart to heart, and at once ennoble the Sovereign and the subject.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is about to pay a visit to the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., and Mrs. Herbert, at Wilton House. The Mayor and Corporation of Wilton have voted an address, which will be presented to his Royal Highness on his arrival.

His Excellency M. Due, Norwegian Minister of State at Stockholm, has arrived in London, from Paris, where his family are at present sojourning.

The Marchioness of Hastings has left Kensington Palace Gardens for Southsea, with Captain Yelverton, R.N., who has just been appointed to the command of a division of forty gun-boats. The gallant Captain is at present occupied in refitting his crack ship, the *Arrogant*.

The Countess Helene Kielmansegg has left the residence of the Hanoverian Legation, on a visit to the Earl and Countess Howe, at Gopsal.

Viscountess Palmerston "received" on Saturday evening at the residence of the Premier, on the Terrace, Piccadilly. The noble Viscount and her Ladyship left town for Broadlands yesterday (Friday) for the Christmas holidays.

The Lady Margaret De Burgh, eldest unmarried daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with Mr. Wentworth B. Beaumont, M.P., of Bywell-hall Northumberland.

THE POST-OFFICE AND THE ARMY IN THE EAST.—The Duke of Argyll has decided to send out immediate instructions to the officers of the Army Post-office in the East to open money-order offices, for the transmission of money to the United Kingdom, at Constantinople, Scutari, Head-quarters of the Army, and Balaklava.—*Times*.

ROBERTSON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES OF SEBASTOPOL.—A very interesting series of photographic pictures, illustrative of Sebastopol and the neighbourhood, taken by Mr. Robertson, of Constantinople, has just been opened to public inspection at the rooms of Mr. Kilburn, in Regent-street. Mr. Robertson's successful treatment of Oriental scenery has on many occasions been evidenced in engravings published in this journal; and we are happy in being able to state that the same talent has in the subjects now under notice been employed with results in every respect striking and satisfactory. The photographs before us have been taken since the fall of Sebastopol, and form a worthy and most interesting companion to the Crimean views in Mr. Fenton's collection, which have for some time past been on view in Pall-mall. These views, taken under favourable circumstances, exhibit the reality of siege operations, both of attack and defence, with an amount of accuracy of detail which must open up many new ideas to those who have carelessly read of the great struggle in which our army have so long been engaged. They show the interior economy of trenchwork and batteries, the terrible havoc of the cannonade, and the dreary life of the picket duty, in a way which no words could realise. Full of detail and of suggestion are they; and they will be contemplated by thousands, when published (as they are intended to be), with feelings of deep interest and awe. The photographs are fifty-eight in number; amongst the most striking we notice—an interior of the Great Redan, and a view of the breach where the deadly struggle took place; Part of the Barrack Battery, showing the rope mantelettes which protected the Russian gunners at the embrasures; Interiors of the Sailors' Barrage and of the Flagstaff Battery, both admirable for their orderly structural arrangement; Interior of the Barrack Battery, with five pivot guns commanding the ravine—a striking picture; Interior of the Mamelon Vert; Panorama of Sebastopol, taken from the Malakof, showing the city, dockyards, buildings, and the principal forts on the northern side—a very striking panorama; and last—not least in our regard—a View of the English Burying-ground on Cathcart-hill, crowded with monuments to the memory of British heroes, some of whose names are distinctly transferred to the memory of the photographic process. England will long hang with reverence over the achievements of her sons in the Crimea; and such exhibitions as those we now notice will serve to perpetuate the glorious deeds accomplished by them.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.—In the Westminster Police-court, on Saturday last, Mr. Arnold gave judgment in an adjourned case of an interesting description. The question was as to the construction to be put upon the 16th and 17th Victoria, cap. 127, the 14th section of which says that, whenever more than two persons shall be carried in a cab, 6d. shall be paid upon the entire distance for every additional person, and that two children shall be considered as one adult person. The matter in dispute was, whether one child shall be paid for, and this involved the point of whether luggage taken at the same time, and considered reasonable luggage, was to be carried free of charge; for, if the hirer was liable to pay for the carriage of the child as an extra person, the driver would be entitled to compensation for the conveyance of the luggage, because there were more than two passengers carried. He was not willing to decide the case upon his own judgment, but determined to submit it to the consideration of the metropolitan magistracy at their quarterly meeting. His view had been that the driver was entitled to charge for the conveyance of one child, under the age of ten as an extra person; but there was no doubt that the words would bear another construction. The matter had been fully discussed at the quarterly meeting, and a very large majority were of opinion that the driver was not entitled to charge, and he (Mr. Arnold) felt bound to yield to the majority. He felt that it was most desirable that a uniformity of decision should prevail in a matter which might arise to the public daily, and that there should not be one law at one police-court and a different one at another. The question was now set at rest, and it must be understood for the future to be the law that a cabman was not entitled to charge for one child as an extra person. As the two cabmen who had laid the present complaint had no doubt acted from a *bona fide* belief that they were entitled, he should order the money they had paid for their summonses to be restored to them.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The first general meeting of this society was held, on Friday week, in the great hall of Crosby-place, Bishopsgate; the Rev. T. Hugo in the chair; when resolutions were passed in furtherance of the objects of the society, the leading aim of which is to collect and publish the best information on the Ancient Arts and Monuments of the cities of London and Westminster, and the county of Middlesex; as well as to aid in the conservation of their antiquities, &c.

CLAPHAM ATHENÆUM.—The meetings of the Clapham Athenæum for the year 1855 were brought to a close on Monday evening last by a lecture on "Lord Erskine," which was ably delivered by Alfred A. Fry, Esq., Barrister-at-law, who had kindly supplied the place of Col. Rawlinson on this occasion. The learned lecturer commenced by dilating upon the eloquence and forensic abilities of the early Greek and Roman advocates, and then proceeded to advert to the servility of the members of the English Bench and Bar during the reign of the house of Stuart, and to trace the subsequent amelioration and improvement of the legal profession in this country. He gave a forcible delineation of some of the distinguishing characteristics of Lord Erskine—his impassioned eloquence, his fearless moral courage, his unbounded energy, and his legal attainments; and concluded a most interesting lecture by reading some of the finest specimens of his Lordship's speeches, which showed his masterly command of language and power of thought.

CENTRAL FARMERS' CLUB.—The annual general meeting of this club took place at the York Hotel on the 13th inst. The report showed the great increase of members since the club was established in 1843. Mr. Sidney, one of the committee, called attention to the advantages which had been derived from the plan of circulating reports of the seven monthly agricultural discussions (according to the plan proposed by Mr. Ramsay last year), and he suggested that the time had arrived when the agricultural interest could afford a club-house of its own. The idea was warmly received. A special committee, consisting of Mr. J. Thomas, of Sidlington Park, Beds; Mr. G. H. Ramsay, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. Bailey Denton, and Mr. Carter, was appointed to report and confer with the standing committee on the subject. As the Central Club contains nearly 500 members, and the Royal Agricultural Society numbers nearly 6000, there is doubtless plenty of material for a good club-house between Islington-market and Mark-lane.

"SINDBAD THE SAILOR," AT THE POLYTECHNIC.—The dissolving views illustrative of Sindbad's first three voyages present great attractions for the younger visitors to the Polytechnic, who will rejoice to find the remaining voyages in the very attractive programme of Mr. Pepper's Christmas entertainment. The views are as numerous and beautiful as in the former series; the descriptive lecture, by Mr. Horne, graphic and humorous; and the music appropriate and good.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—Messrs. Leaf and Co., of Old Change, and several other leading mercantile houses in the City, have come to the determination of giving their clerks a holiday on Monday next, so that the persons employed by these firms will have at their command from Saturday night till Wednesday morning.

THE LONDON HOSPITALS.—At the Statistical Society on Monday evening, Dr. Guy, physician to King's College Hospital, read some statistics, the main object of which was to show that the majority of the class who now receive relief from our hospitals are working men in employ, who ought to pay for the assistance. Confining himself to the case of King's College Hospital, he stated the result of his inquiries. Setting down as out of work all who had been obliged to strike work even for a few days, he obtained the following figures:—In work, 230; out of work, 105. So that about two-thirds of the men who presented themselves for gratuitous advice and relief at the hospital were in work at the time; and, if they assumed that this proportion reigned among the husbands and fathers of the women and children who applied for relief, they would have a total of nearly 20,000 men in the receipt of wages obtaining charitable aid in their own persons, or in the persons of their wives and children, at one hospital, in the course of a single year. He had also made some inquiries as to the wages which the patients were in the habit of receiving. He had asked them what wages were esteemed good in their respective trades, and found the sums to vary from 12s. and 14s. a week up to 50s., and in some few cases to £5 or £6 a week. In his concluding remarks Dr. Guy argued in favour of making a moderate charge, more especially for medicines, where there was no absolute inability to pay, and observed that the enforcement of a small payment in suitable cases would increase the funds of hospitals, and thereby extend their benefits to a larger number of the most helpless and deserving persons.

THE CASE OF DR. VAUGHAN.—The indictment against the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, which stood for trial at the Central Criminal Court on Thursday, has been removed by *certiorari* into the Court of Queen's Bench, application being made to a Judge at Chambers on Monday for that purpose on behalf of Dr. Vaughan, when an order was made for the writ to issue.

COUSINS MAY LEGALLY MARRY.—A popular delusion has long prevailed amongst the lower classes that first cousins may marry and second cousins not; and an equally absurd idea seems now to prevail that second cousins can marry and first cousins not. The fallacy of both opinions was declared by Mr. Ingham, at the Thames Police-court, on Saturday. A respectable woman, the wife of Mr. Sloman, an outfitter, in Upper East Smithfield, to whom she had been long married, entered the witness-box, and was about to address the magistrate, but her agitation prevented her doing so. She remained for some time crying, until Mr. Ingham requested her to compose herself, and she not being able to do so, begged her to wait upon him again when she was less agitated. After a pause, Mrs. Sloman said: "Pray, Sir, can first cousins marry?" Mr. Ingham: "That is an odd question. I have a notion they can." Mrs. Sloman said she was married to her first cousin, and her husband's brother had stepped between them and happiness, and said the marriage was not legal. Mr. Ingham: "It is perfectly right and legal, be assured of that. Mrs. Sloman: My brother-in-law says my husband is not bound to support me. Mr. Ingham: He will find his mistake out, if your husband repudiates you, or turns you out of doors. You are the lawful wife of your husband, and he is bound to maintain you. Mrs. Sloman thanked the magistrate, and left the court much happier than when she entered it. A smart and interesting young woman next entered the witness-box, and, holding down her head and blushing, said: "If you please, Sir, my young man," and then stopped. Mr. Ingham: "Well, what of your young man?" He has not been false to you, I hope? Applicant: No, sir; but, if you please, Sir, we want to be married. Mr. Ingham: What impediment is there to the marriage? Applicant: Please, Sir, we are second cousins, and people say it is not right for second cousins to marry, and that if I marry him it will be unlawful. Mr. Ingham: A marriage between second cousins of the opposite sexes is perfectly lawful. You can go and marry your second cousin as soon as you like. Applicant: Oh, thank you, Sir; I am so glad (laughter). The anxious fair one then hurriedly left the court, concealing a very pretty face as she best could with her handkerchief.

A "WARNING" TO THEATRICAL CRITICS.—Mdlle. Dupuis, the actress of the Vandeville Theatre, Paris, appeared on Saturday last before the Tribunal of Correctional Police to complain that M. Jallabert, editor of the *Théâtre*, had libelled her by comparing her, in offensive terms, to a Nuremberg doll. The Tribunal decided that such a style of criticism was not allowable; and, as it appeared to have been dictated by personal animosity, it condemned Jallabert to pay 500 fr. fine and 2000 fr. damages; also to insert the text of the judgment in his paper, and to pay the expense of inserting it in three other papers of Paris, to be chosen by the complainant.

The Rev. Dr. Yere, a benevolent Roman Catholic clergyman in Dublin, who has devoted his energies to the support of a Deaf and Dumb Institution, has decided to dispose of his library (worth £2000) by raffle, for the benefit of the inmates.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

EACH of the Captains selected to command the gun-boat and mortar-boat flotillas for the ensuing year's campaign will have a line-of-battle ship armed *en flûte*, as a store and dépôt ship, attached to his squadron.

The *Charger* gun-boat, launched from the yard of Messrs. Piteher, of Northfleet, has arrived at Woolwich, and will be immediately placed under the hands of the riggers. The gun-boats *Sandfly*, *Plow*, and *Seagull* are now ready for service in the outer basin, and will shortly leave Woolwich for Sheerness.

The 1st battalion of the Swiss Legion arrived in the *Great Britain* at Smyrna on the 2nd of December, but, as it was Sunday, they did not land; Monday was a pouring day, and so they continued on board till Tuesday. They are a fine-looking set of men, mostly German Swiss. The Colonel (Dickson) is a fine, young, active man, and familiar with all the three languages spoken by his corps—French, German, and Italian.

ORDERS have been received at Pembroke Dockyard, from the Admiralty, for the immediate construction of four more gun-boats. They are to be built with all possible dispatch, and as many men as can well be employed upon them will at once be set to work. The 1st of March has been fixed for their completion; and, in order to finish them within the three months, the mechanics have commenced working the long hours. These boats are to be 100 feet in length, 22 feet in width, and 6½ feet in depth, and about 200 tons burden, and their draught will be very slight.

The new-plan iron mortar-boat, which lately was towed to Portsmouth from Birkenhead, has undergone a series of effective trials within the past few days at Spithead, which have developed its warlike properties. 150 rounds were fired with 20-lb. charges, and many of the rounds in rapid succession, less than three minutes intervening between each discharge. The vessel is quite free from any injury beyond the bulwarks and some of the light framed woodwork on deck.

The magnificent new slip, No. 7, in Chatham Dockyard, recently completed under the Director of Works Department, is to be forthwith fitted and lighted with gas, in order to facilitate the building of the floating battery destined to operate against the Russian fortresses in the ensuing spring.

The new iron mortar-boat *Cupid*, recently built by Mr. John Laird, has proved so successful that the Government have given him an order for several more, which are being rapidly proceeded with at his yards in Liverpool and Birkenhead. These boats, when fully loaded, will only draw three feet of water, and will be painted sea-green. They will be of 100 tons measurement, 60 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 6 feet deep. The *Cupid* was built and got ready for sea in less than three weeks.

The Grenadier Guards, who have during the last three months been stationed at the camp at Aldershot, have quitted the camp, and have been quartered at Windsor, the Tower, and at Portman-street barracks. The Guards have been relieved at the camp by the 80th Regiment, 1100 strong.

The Cunard steam-transport *Niagara* embarked the 4th Royal Lancashire Militia at Liverpool on Tuesday afternoon, for Kingstown. This regiment has for some time been stationed at Berwick, and they are intended for the camp on the Curragh. They arrived by the London and North-Western Railway, and were preceded through the principal streets of Liverpool by the brass band of the regiment.

The huts for the Royal Sappers and Miners, which have been for some time in course of erection near Brompton barracks, are now completed. Each hut will accommodate twenty-two men, and as there are twenty-four erected they will provide shelter for upwards of 500 men. There are also two huts for cooking and washing. They are all thoroughly drained, warmed, ventilated, and illuminated with gas; there is also a good supply of water laid on to each hut. A few days ago the 26th company of Royal Sappers and Miners, accompanied by the band, arrived at Chatham to occupy the huts prepared for them.

The four gun-boats building at Messrs. W. Briggs and Co.'s yard in Sunderland—the *Mustif*, the *Manly*, the *Magnet*, and the *Mistee*, the four representatives which are to speak for Sunderland next spring, will be ready long before the end of February.

The usual arrivals at Woolwich Arsenal of numbers of Ordnance craft and barges with shot and shell from the Government contractor's foundries continue. Among the several freights landed there are numerous mortars and heavy guns of various calibre from the Lowmoor and other works. The monster 42-inch shells have also been landed in considerable quantities. A formidable-looking row of these shells is standing under the wall of the long store-room, to the number of no less than forty. The ordinary proof of guns and mortars daily takes place at the Royal proof-but, and, with the exception of the transport department, there is no diminution in the warlike preparations in the Royal Arsenal which were carried out before the capture of Sebastopol.

GREAT activity now prevails in the establishment of the Mint, which is producing with as much speed as possible a new medal, to be distributed among all the soldiers or their representatives who have fought in the Crimea. The original intention was to give the medal to our own army only, and 70,000 were ordered for that purpose, but the Government has recently determined upon presenting the soldiers of France, Sardinia, and Turkey, who have fought beside us, with an English tribute of regard and brotherhood, and for this purpose 300,000 more medals have been ordered. This beautiful decoration will be nearly the size of a crown or five-shilling piece, the material being virgin silver, or silver without alloy. On the reverse of the medal is executed the representation of an ancient Roman soldier in classic costume and equipments, and whose brow fame is depicted as encircling with the victor's wreath, and the word "Crimea" is inscribed at the side. On the obverse side there is a large medallion head of Queen Victoria, the ornamental work of whose crown is delineated with the greatest artistic delicacy and finish.

THE ARMY OF OMER PACHA.—It is probable that we shall remain at Redout Kaleh during the winter, for, unfortunately, the year's campaign seems to have closed. It is not that the Sirdar or his Generals or troops want the necessary courage to continue it, for the men are full of enthusiasm and of devotion to their chief, but the army is destitute of matériel, baggage-waggons, pontoons, implements of labour, &c., without which it is impossible to advance. Thirty carpenters, with tools, have, it is true, been sent us, but a much greater number were required, for there is no lack of wood here. The few pontoons which Omer Pacha has at his disposal are not sufficient to establish communications between the different corps of his army upon the little rivers which must be crossed in advancing. The greater part of the boats, too, are so unwieldy and clumsy that it is extremely difficult to transport them over the clammy soil. If the army does not succeed in penetrating to Kutais this winter, it can hardly do so in the spring, for at the beginning of March all the rivers overflow their banks and inundate the greater part of the road to that place. We are ignorant as to whether we shall rest at Redout Kaleh. The locality is full of morasses, and consequently very unhealthy. The water, too, is bad. We Germans are obliged to attach ourselves to the Turks. The Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, who keep together very much, put us completely on one side; and as to the English, they pay no attention to any one, not even saluting the officers, always excepting a few English surgeons, who are ready to succour anybody, and prove themselves to be true cosmopolites.—*Letter from Redout Kaleh, Nov. 15.*

STORM AT BALACLAVA.—The 1st of December broke upon us with a fierce storm, which fortunately lasted only three hours. It began soon after midnight, and was highest between two and three o'clock. I was absent from the port, and slept in a hut on the hill towards Kamara. My servant had a shake-down in a tent hard by, which fell about his ears; taking refuge in a second that was also blown down; and the same accident happened to him in a third. In a valley leading from the Castle Hospital to the position of the 89th Regiment and the hospital huts of the Highlanders, under the doctors Mackinnon, Rutter, and Pinkerton, the storm raged more furiously than perhaps anywhere else. The wind was about south. The canteen and one of the huts of the 89th and a hospital hut of the 72nd were blown down, and every tent around the hospital huts on the opposite acclivity shared the same fate. Cooking utensils, clothes, and all sorts of things rolled down the hill before the inexorable wind, which also stripped the huts of their felt roofing. In the adjacent commissariat store (near the Artillery) an immense stack of wood was blown down with a noise resembling a very heavy cannonade. Horses that were stabled in tents were terribly frightened by the unexpected fluttering of the canvas around them; and the men rushed forth almost in a state of nudity to avoid the blows of falling tent-poles; and, half-asleep and half-awake, saw that another 14th of November (when the *Prince* was lost) was upon them.—*Letter from the Camp.*

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.—From recent returns of Irish crime it appears that in 1853 the number of offenders was 15,144; in 1854 it was only 11,788—thus showing a decrease of 3356, or at the rate of 22.16 per cent; in other words, Irish crime, taken as a whole, has, during the course of last year, disappeared to the extent of more than one-fifth. Under the head "Murder" there is exhibited a decrease; but there is under the head "Attempt at Murder" a large increase. Under the head "Riot and Feloniously Demolishing Buildings," an increase from 2 in 1853 to 52 in 1854. In "Killing and Maiming Cattle" there is also an increase; and also under the head "Administering Unlawful Oaths," an offence which has led to most fearful consequences. But, even with this drawback, the diminution of crime, as generally shown by the criminal tables, denotes improvement in the social state of Ireland.

COMMERCIAL STATISTICS.—The Prussian Government have entered into an arrangement with France and England to effect an exchange of the commercial statistics of each nation, and orders have been given at Berlin to the proper authorities to that effect. Much benefit to the commercial community will accrue from this arrangement, if completed.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

THE Nestor of our poets is no more. Samuel Rogers, "the Bard, the Beau, the Banker," died on Tuesday last, at his house in St. James's-park, overlooking the Green-park, in his ninety-fourth year—an age beyond which the laws of nature seldom suffer life to be extended. He was the living link between the era of Johnson and Goldsmith and our own. He was not much of a poet: he was a correct and pleasing writer with only one note, but that note was sweet and suggestive.

His age has been, we observe, variously stated. We remember to have been present when the late Marquis of Northampton was the cause of Mr. Rogers revealing his age at his own table. "You will recollect Mr. Gray very well?" said the somewhat talkative Marquis. "No," was the reply, somewhat sharply; for the old man would fire up impatiently. "No, I never even saw Mr. Gray. I was celebrating my eighth birthday on the day that Mr. Gray died." Now, as Gray died on the 30th July, 1771, Mr. Rogers was consequently born on the 30th July, 1763.

The only English poet who attained an age of nearly equal duration with that attained by Mr. Rogers was the poet Waller. Waller was born in 1605, two years after the death of Queen Elizabeth. He sat as a member of Parliament in the reign of James I. He was a member of the celebrated Long Parliament of Charles I. He sung the Panegyric of Oliver Cromwell, and celebrated the restoration of Charles II. He was alive at the coronation of King James II.; and, if his life had been spared barely beyond another year, would have witnessed the abdication of James and the accession of William and Mary. He was like Mr. Rogers in other respects than his poetry. He was a man of wealth, and he was a wit. Waller at eighty was still the delight of the House of Commons. Rogers at eighty-eight was still the delight of the most-fashionable dinner tables in Tyburnia and Belgravia. The sayings of Waller have deservedly found a place in some of the best volumes of our *Ana*; and the repartees of Rogers are likely to find a celebrity that is equally enduring.

Two very different men appeared as poets in print for the first time in the same year—the Ayrshire Ploughman and the Lombard-street Banker. In the year 1786 appeared at Kilmarnock that volume of "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect," which will live as long as the English language; and in the same year appeared in London, "An Ode to Superstition," since properly included in the numerous reprints of the poems of its author. Burns published his octavo volume by subscription among the weavers of Kilmarnock, whilst Rogers took (as we have heard him relate) his poems to Cadell in the Strand and left a cheque to pay for the cost of publication. Very different indeed were the lives in the flesh of the two men who thus commenced together their lives in poetry. Burns has been dead sixty years. Rogers has consequently outlived the poet he commenced the race of fame with by that number of years. Nay, more: nearly seventy years have passed since he who died within this very week took his first ode and his cheque to the Murray of those days of publishing.

When Rogers made his appearance as a poet, Lord Byron was unborn—and Byron has been dead thirty-one years! When Percy Bysshe Shelley was born, Rogers was in his thirtieth year—and Shelley has been dead nearly thirty-four years! When Keats was born, "The Pleasures of Memory" was looked upon as a standard poem—and Keats has been dead thirty-five years! When this century commenced, the man who died but yesterday, and in the latter half too of the century, had already numbered as many years as Burns and Byron had numbered when they died. Mr. Rogers was born before the following English poets—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Bloomfield, Cunningham, Hogg, James Montgomery, Shelley, Keats, Wilson, Tom Hood, Kirke White, Lamb, Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans, L. E. L., and he outlived them all. Our oldest living poets are Walter Savage Landor, born 1775; Leigh Hunt, born 1784; and Barry Cornwall, born 1790.

We have said that Mr. Rogers was famous for his conversational powers, for his short smart stories, and his sarcastic criticisms; and we now learn with pleasure that the Rev. Alexander Dyce is about to give us a volume of such gatherings from the breakfast-cloth and dinner-table at St. James's-place. Mr. Dyce was a never-failing guest at the Tuesday breakfasts, and had to endure, in common with others, incessant repetitions of the same stories from his host. He will not, however, tell the same story twice in print; and his wallet of queer and pithy stories is well stored.

Mrs. Gore, who has delighted society with so many clever novels of fashionable life, is busy preparing a work for publication to be entitled "Memoirs of the Present Century—Social, Literary, and Political." The work, we are told, was commenced with a view to posthumous publication; but a recent notorious failure in the Strand, by which Mrs. Gore is one of the most considerable losers, has, it is said, made it necessary that the work should appear as soon as it is ready. Octogenarians who delight in the writings of Mrs. Gore, are the greatest gainers by the heavy losses of this pleasing writer.

To paint the story of the Order of the Garter has long been a subject of ambition among British Artists. Benjamin West tried his feeble hand at it, and for Windsor; but what unfortunately Vandyck did not live to complete, and for the same place, was much above the powers of President West; and West's Windsor pictures now rank in art among the gods and goddesses of Verrio and Laguerre. Another English artist—and by no means a feeble one—is about to try his hand upon a scene connected with this noble Order. Mr. E. M. Ward is busy with the recent installation of the Emperor Napoleon as a Knight of the Garter; and the picture he is upon is a commission from her Majesty.

Artists are very justly directing attention to the new number of "Punch's Almanack," in which John Leech is seen to the greatest advantage. The whole of the illustrations are by this admirable and versatile artist—an original in his way, as much as Hogarth himself. When Leech worked with Mr. Doyle, it seemed as if he wrought for a divided honour. Now that the task is wholly his he works with extra vigour. He certainly can draw English beauty, and understands English fun, and English follies, and English humour—yes, and, as somebody added, English horses.

There is to be a second Fine Arts *conversazione* season, at Kensington, of four nights, and under the same management as before. Mr. Purdy, the excellent Honorary Secretary in what Mr. Leigh Hunt calls the "old Court suburb," is busy catering for the four nights.

THE RUSSIAN CONDITIONS OF PEACE.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* has some gossiping remarks upon the disappearance of a "difference" between the French and English Cabinets as to the conditions of peace, and also relates an anecdote of an interview between the Baron Werther, Prussian Minister at St. Petersburg, and M. de Nesselrode. The Baron had exhorted Russia to assent to the conditions of the Western Powers; when Baron Werther had exhausted all his own rhetoric, as well as the borrowed eloquence of his master, M. de Nesselrode replied—"Russia will not accept such conditions; Russia will never treat while there is a single foreign soldier on her territory." Baron Werther again pressed the subject; he dwelt on the danger of a change of policy among the German States of the second order; spoke feelingly of the visit of the Emperor and his Ministers to Paris; of the effect throughout Germany of the Emperor's speech at the Paris Exhibition; in a word, he made use of every topic likely to touch the mind or heart of the Russian, but the reply was still the same, and M. de Werther retired from the conference unsuccessful.

THE TIBIA-PASTORAL.—The Italian journals have frequently described in terms of enthusiasm the performances of a blind Sardinian shepherd, named Picco, on an instrument they call the *Tibia-Pastoral*—to wit, a halfpenny whistle of the rudest and most primitive construction, with only three holes, and its length not exceeding that of a finger; yet upon this barbarous instrument he has performed at the San Carlos and La Scala; and the Neapolitan and other papers affirm the blind musician draws sounds as dulcet as those of the sweetest flute, and that his execution upon it is still more marvellous. This poor Italian minstrel has arrived in Paris, and was to perform on Sunday night at the Italian Opera.



CHRISTMAS-EVE.—THE COTTAGER'S RETURN FROM MARKET.—DRAWN BY BIRKET FOSTER.

CHRISTMAS-EVE IN THE COUNTRY.

WHEN Tom at eve comes home from plough,
And brings the mistletoe's green bough,
With milk-white berries spotted o'er,
And shakes it the sly maids before,
Then hangs the trophy up on high,—
Then Christmas and his train are nigh.

GLAD Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now;
E'en Want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough.
Each house is swept the day before,
And windows stuck with evergreens;
The snow is besom'd from the door,
And comfort crowns the cottage scenes.

S. C.

THE BOYS IN THE STREET.

THE boys of London were a pet study of ours years ago; and a recent consideration of their condition has convinced us that they are changed in no essential particular. They are the same lovers of gratuitous entertainments—the same uncompromising critics of passing events—the same reckless enjoyers of the present as they were when we made their acquaintance in the days of our adolescence. In the summer time they are still the constant patrons of Punch and Judy—that is, they occupy the front rows at those popular performances, and, though the brotherhood do not boast a penny among them, elbow the money-giving part of the crowd into the rear as though they, the boys of the streets, were free-renters, and claimed precedence in right of their raggedness. They have heard the jokes of the wooden jester a thousand times, but they laugh louder than all the new comers put together, and so stimulate the hidden swatchel-cove (as the worker of the puppets is called in the slang of his profession) to more vigorous exertions. What a philosopher is that same swatchel-cove! He provokes laughter, elicits applause, earns renown for his puppets, and is the means of filling the partnership exchequer, yet consents himself to be an abnegation. Rare self-denial, or rather

modesty! The London boys are connoisseurs in their way, and is only a street band of some pretension that they condescend to honour with their attention. They are great lovers of music, and, though somewhat indifferent to half a note sharp, or an entire note flat, they are not easily pleased or roused into an enthusiastic expression of approval, such as "Go it, you cripples!" or "Hangore, old 'uns!" A solitary flageolet-player, an ordinary organ-grinder, or, indeed solo performers on any instruments whatever, if we except the cornet à pistons and key-bugle, are seldom honoured by more than a passing regard. They are very partial to conjurers, and will, to secure the best places, brave the blows of the great ball with which the familiar of the magician unceremoniously makes a magic circle. They have seen the tricks done ever and ever again; but such is their love of indolence that they will stand baking in the sun by the hour together in the suite of any itinerant Ramo-Samee whom they may chance to encounter. The acrobats (gentlemen in yellow-ocre fleshings and spangled *et cetera*) are especial favourites with the boys in the streets; and we have noticed the same party of ragged urchins follow a troupe of athlete from "pitch" to "pitch" (which is the slang for the place of performance), and watch



CHRISTMAS-EVE.—PUTTING UP THE HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.—DRAWN BY BIRKET FOSTER.



THE BOYS IN THE SNOW.—DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.

the proceedings with undiminished interest. In the parks, on the sun-dried award, boys of the streets endeavour to emulate the evolutions of the acrobats, and sometimes with no mean success; and we verily believe that they would be only too happy to dispense with their rags altogether, in imitation of the costume of their instructors, if the police would allow them. The boys of London are luxurious in their habits, and are partial to *siestas* under archways and shady trees, and are also prone to much bathing, without being in the least particular as to the pellucidity or purity of the water, and, like ducks, only require that it should be wet. They affect a shower-bath occasionally, and improvise this luxury at the tail of a watering-cart or under the spout of a pump. They make it a point of honour to attend all reviews, but are inconsiderate enough to chaff the soldiery when in position, knowing enough of military discipline to be aware that then they may do so with impunity. They are great artists in waterworks, and Sir Joseph Paxton might take a hint from the variety of effects the boys of London can produce from the single jet of a street plug. The thought of plugs reminds us of houses on fire, and, when those calamities occur, our friends of the street know no bounds to their enjoyment. They are everywhere at once, under the engines, in the gutters, over the hose, up the lamp-posts, and between everybody's legs; and if they were incendiaries, certain to receive, without question, the amount of their policies of insurance, they could not express more delight at the progress of the "devouring element," as the flames are popularly designated.

"Bad boys! bad boys!" Very true, dear Sir; but are they not so wanting better care and better teaching? And are we not all to blame that they have it not?

The boys in the street are great in the winter time. Their freedom of action is not to be controlled by any ukase of Mr. Commissioner Mayne. If there will be frosty weather, they will cut out slides on the pavement, utterly regardless of the prostration of old ladies and gentlemen, or the presence of the police. We acknowledge the wrong, but are not surprised at the perpetration of it. We do not wonder that, when the thermometer is below zero, and the garments of our young friends have a hundred inlets for the biting cold, they should endeavour to "keep the pot a boiling" by the exhilarating exercise of the slide; and often, were it not that we are somewhat too portly for such gymnastics, should be sorely tempted to join in the ruck, in the hope of gaining such glowing cheeks and exuberant spirits as those street rebels display. A snow-storm is another source of delight to the boys of London; and our distinguished friend Mr. Leech (who has done more than any one else to make known the most striking characteristics of the high and low rising generation) has shown in our illustration of to-day one way in which they improve the occasion. Nor is a fall of snow merely a source of pleasure to our denizens of the streets; but, armed with the smallest fragment of a shovel and stump of a broom, they besiege house-doors, and become clamorous for employment. Poor fellows! A penny, nay, six pennies, would be well bestowed in encouraging this dawning industry which gives promise to those who would earnestly endeavour to better the condition of these pariahs of our great city, that idleness, one of the parents of vice, is not an inherent quality of their natures. It is at this season of the year that the street-boys, sharing in a small degree in the liberality which Christmas time begets, become capitalists, and at the same time improvident. They live only for the day, having no interest in the future that they know of, and freely spend their unaccustomed gains in kidney-puddings, baked potatoes, hot whelks, and roasted apples, which they devour with a relish that turtle-soup is said to inspire in an alderman. Then there are the Pantomimes. What a fairy world must those grotesque and glittering spectacles appear to the dwellers in dismal cellars and gloomy alleys! We have our own recollections of the early impressions of those enchanted scenes, and do not blush to avow that few after-pleasures ever exceeded the delight experienced at a Pantomime; and, if we who left happy and cleanly homes could be so moved, what must be the sensations of those poor homeless boys? Poor, dirty, tattered fellows, enjoy your short-lived pleasure! Eke it out with noise! Shout! whistle! blow catcalls! and show your claim to the name of a free-born Briton by pelting your betters in the pit with orange-peel! Who knows but the wonders you have seen may awaken some latent energy, some desire to be other than you have been, and beget a hope that there is to be found somewhere in life a brighter spot than the squalor and the wretchedness which surround you? May it be so!

We have hitherto shown only the enjoyments of the boys of the street; but there is a dark—alas! how dark—side to the picture. Our sensibilities have been touched of late by more than one account of numbers of these poor outcasts huddled together in heaps about the workhouse door, denied even the shelter of such a refuge. Ought such a state of things to continue? Can it be endured that it should do so? We build goals to punish these poor wretches when neglect and necessity have made them thieves, and perhaps worse. We prate about reforming those whom we have not cared to form into the good and honest men they might have been, and believe that in so doing we are discharging our duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us. To correct and curb the evil which we have been too indolent to eradicate, we spend—what is of little consequence compared to the misery we have allowed to grow and accumulate about us, though we reckon our money sacrifices by tens of thousands.

The Ragged Schools have set an example of how the work may be done. Go into them; see your fellow-beings blind with ignorance striving to get light, and do not doubt but there would be willing learners if you would set the lesson. But excellent as Ragged schools are, and as above all praise are the truthful men who have devoted themselves to the instruction of those poor scholars, the good which they can do is limited too often to the confines of their school-rooms. Outside there is the world to teach other lessons. Hunger, thirst, cold, filthy homes, have all to be encountered; and without the knowledge to work what can be expected but that men will not lie down and die if the means of living can be obtained—though it be by theft? We too often speak of the criminal population as persons who are vicious from the love of evil. Do not believe it. They are so because they have had no chance of being better. Born of thieves, reared by thieves, all that they know of good is to be successful in their raids upon society, and the only evil to be detected. We would suggest a remedy. It may be impracticable, but at least it has never been tried and found to fail, like all other experiments which have been made in the same direction. Why not try Juvenile Emigration? Appoint a public protector to those friendless children who now crowd our streets, and obtain a right, by Act of Parliament, to compel a transference of guardianship from those whose crimes and neglect of parental duties make them unfit trainers of the young. Separate the innocent from the guilty, send away the uncontaminated or reclaimable child from associations which will certainly consign it to a life of misery and disorder, and place it where it may be educated to the wants of its new country, and have the opportunity of gaining an honest livelihood and an honest name.

M. L.

RUSSIAN ESPIONAGE.—Every manifestation, whether for or against the State, is here a crime. No one has the right to express his joy without the permission of the authorities. All the employés of the Crown, to whatever Ministry they are attached, have received orders not to accept an invitation from any Ambassador, or Secretary, or attaché to an Embassy without the previous permission of his Chief or Minister. It is even not always safe for a Russian to accost, in the public walks, a stranger who may be known to him, to exchange a few words with him, to accept a cigar, &c. If the meeting takes place outside the city the police is still more on its guard. No one dares to manifest the smallest sentiment of joy or pleasure, whatever be the happy event that may take place in his family, for fear the police may regard it as the proof of a conspiracy against the State.—*Letter from St. Petersburg, Dec. 6.*

RUSSIAN SYMPATHY WITH THE WESTERN POWERS.—I heard this morning an anecdote which will tell you more of the state of affairs than the Government dare hardly avow to themselves. One of the principal seigneurs of Moscow has a great number of domestics, all from his own villages, whom he transformed from slaves into servants. Among them there are three whose occupation during the winter is to keep the stoves hot; they are only occupied a few hours each day, from six to eleven in the morning, after which they go to sleep, or pass the day drinking tea and amusing themselves. About a fortnight since these three servants, thorough Russian peasants, believing themselves alone in the dark room where they have their beds, began to talk about the affairs of the Crimea. One of them said to his companions, "Ah, you see, brute, how curious it would be to see the French come as far as Moscow, as they did the year of the Kremlin (the burning of Moscow); they would give us all our freedom. Look at the French who are here; they are not slaves, they have no want of passports, and they have no seigneurs, as here, who have the right to punish them with stripes." "Yes," the other replied, "if they only wanted the blow of a hatchet to open to them the gates of Moscow, mine is sharp, and I should not fail to let it fall three times on the barrier to break it." These and similar remarks were overheard by the attendant, who was in an adjoining room, and who reported them to his master. He, like a good Muscovite boyard, went and made his declaration to the Chief of Police of his quarter. The three stove-warmers were arrested, and without any form of trial received each 150 stripes. The fact soon came to the knowledge of the Government, and the master, who considered that he had sufficiently punished the poor wretches, sent them taken off and sent to Siberia. I am moreover informed that a considerable number of peasants, and even of employés, have been sent to the banks of the Yenisei for having dared to give an opinion on these matters.—*Letter from St. Petersburg, Dec. 6.*

THE THEATRES.

PRINCESS.—The pantomime at this theatre is founded on the popular subject of "The Maid and the Magpie," with a few variations, and extra seasoning, to suit the particular bill of fare expected at Christmas. We have the benevolent *Fairy Paradisa*, who rules in the Highland of Birds, and her mortal enemy, the wicked magician *Hanky Panky*, who exercises sway over the Island of Beasts. The one is the protector, the other the persecutor, of *Annette*, who is no other than our old friend, the *Maid of Palaiseau*. She has lost her favourite magpie, and purchases another from *Hanky Panky*, disguised as old *Benjamin*, the Jew pedlar. This malicious substitute is a deserter from the ranks of *Queen Paradisa*, for which he has been drummed out of her service, and condemned to be shot; but the chosen guard who execute the sentence are bad marksmen, and suffer him to escape without injury. He then arrives in the kingdom of *Hanky Panky*, to whom he offers his aid in working vengeance on *Paradisa's* godchild *Annette*. The mischief then goes on rapidly, as in the original story. The *Magpie* steals the ladle, for which theft his innocent mistress is tried, found guilty, and ordered for execution. The missing ladle is discovered at the critical moment; and the *Fairy* steps in, as good fairies always do, exactly when they are wanted, to punish the guilty, and reward the innocent. The usual probation of the *Harlequin* is imposed on *Annette*, her lover, and her persecutors; and all parties are finally reconciled in a fairy temple in the realms of *Queen Paradisa*. In the course of the harlequinade the interior of the Princess Theatre is exhibited, with a juvenile version of the celebrated banquet scene in "King Henry VIII.," represented by a whole army of children, carefully trained under the instruction of that experienced tactician Oscar Byrn. The leading pantomimists are—*Harlequin* (Mr. Cornack), *Cloven* (Mr. Huline), *Pantaloon* (Mr. Paulo), and *Columbine* (Miss Phoebe Beale).

THE HAYMARKET Pantomime is written by Mr. Buckstone, and entitled "The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast; or, Harlequin and the Genius of Spring"—founded on Roscoe's popular poem:—

Come, take up your hats and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast!
The trumpeter Gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

The story of the Pantomime follows the original story pretty closely, allowing for the usual dramatic variations:—*Belladonna* having supplied the rejected *Wasp* with the poison, the base plot is overheard by *Brightray*, who repairs to the butterfly's garden, where she promises protection to *Silverings*, saves the butterflies from the efforts of *Master Robert* and his companions to catch them, and gives permission to *Silverings* to meet her lover the *Grasshopper* at their trysting-place. After a severe chase by the *Cooks*, the *Wasp* escapes, but in the encounter breaks his bottle of poison. The trumpeter *Gadfly* calls all the guests to the feast by a blast of his trumpet, and the *Fies*, and *Insects*, and *Animals* proceed in procession to the grass-green lawn, beneath a broad oak, where the revels take place: *Belladonna* appears, and demands of the *Wasp* the use he has made of the poison, immediately changing the beautiful summer landscape into a winter one, with leafless trees, frozen rivers, and falling snow. The *Genius of Spring*, however, appears, and with her warm rays revive the *Fies* and *Insects*; and, to secure them against the spite of their enemies, changes the *Grasshopper* into *Harlequin*, and the *Butterfly* into *Columbine*. The *Witch* sends the *Wasp* and the *Spider* in pursuit of them as *Cloven* and *Pantaloon*; when, after many escapes and trials, the *Butterfly* and the *Grasshopper* are united, and live happy ever after. The scenery of the opening, which is peculiarly beautiful, has been painted entirely by Mr. William Calloott; the comic scenes by Messrs. Morris and O'Connor.

At COVENT GARDEN, Mr. Anderson's long-talked-of pantomime will be produced. It is entitled "Ye Belle Alliance; or, Harlequin Good Humour, and ye Field of ye Cloth of Gold—a legend of the meeting of the Monarchs." The various circumstances which attended the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold are so introduced as to bear upon similar circumstances which have occurred recently. The pantomime, which contains much military display, has been invented by Mr. A. Harris; the scenery painted by Mr. W. Beverley; the spectacular designs by M. Guerin, of Paris; and the music by Mr. Loder. The following quotation from the chronicles of Hollinshed is adapted as the text of the story:—"It was a marvellous sweets and goodly sight to see those two Princes, in the flower of their age, in the height of their strength, and in the dignity of their manly beauty, commanding two great Nations, that had been so long rivals and enemies, instead of leading hostile armies to desolate and destroy, meet in that peaceful valley, and embrace like brothers, in the sight of the choice nobility of either land." The first scene opens in the subterranean abode of the gnome *Britannicus*. In the midst of an orgie, an exaggerated copy of the *Times* is produced, announcing by advertisement the intention of the Royal personages to take "potluck" together; while *Good Humour*, in answer to certain objections, prophesies the future close union of France and England; whereupon a view is disclosed of Louis Napoleon's visit to London, and another of the Queen's visit to France. This is altogether a happy idea. Other scenes of similar national interest succeed, most of them on a magnificent scale of illustration, particularly a panorama of the passage across the Channel. A storm at sea is one of the most striking incidents. The *Cloven* is the celebrated *Flexmore*. The tricks in the piece are the production of Messrs. A. Harris, Brough, and Dorrington.

ADDELPHI.—The translation of "Tartuffe" was introduced to this stage on Monday with perfect success. Mr. Webster's impersonation of the hypocrite retains all its original "odour"—that of sanctity and of histrionic simulation included. The theatre has become more and more elevated in its character since Mr. Webster has been enabled to devote his exclusive attention to its management.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The season closed with the tragedy of "Othello" on Saturday last. Mr. Phelps performed *Iago*, and Mr. Marston *Othello*. The latter availed himself of the opportunity, and, in the greater scenes of the play distinguished himself by great powers and remarkable effectiveness. His *Othello* is decidedly excellent.

The pantomime at ASTLEY'S is entitled "St. George and the Dragon." The cave of Syorax forms the opening scene. The enchantress *Knylaba* intrusts *St. George* with her magic wand, when he sets free his six brothers in arms, who mount their ponies, while *St. George* starts for Egypt in the *Pink* penny boat. The oracle at Memphis is consulted, and he finds the *Dragon* enjoying a pot of Barclay's best porter. The combat, after some delay, commences, and the *Dragon* being slain, the *Fairy Queen* appears in the centre of the grand transformation scene.

THE CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. Nelson Lee, as usual, is the author of the pantomime at this theatre as also at Astley's. *Æsop's* fable of the "Fox and the Grapes" provides him with the subject. The *Old Fox* is presented as a magician trying for the hand of *Gratina*, *Dame Sourcrot's* daughter, but

She is determined to prevent
With all her arts his base intent.

A vineyard in sunny Italy furnishes the scene. *Old Fox* calls to his aid *Jack Frost*, while *Old Father Æsop* is applied to by the *Fairy Queen*. *Jack Frost* changes the blooming cot of *Dame Sourcrot* to frost and snow, fixing a chill on the lovers, with whom he sinks to Tiddlybats-alley in the middle of the Thames. The *fairy Industry* arrives in time to save the lovers, by transforming them to pantomimic characters.

CRIMEAN MUD.—The needy knife-grinder would not be in possession of more abundant materials for anecdote had he lived out here for the last week than he was when he met Mr. Canning several years ago in the neighbourhood of Eaton. We are all ankle deep in mud. No, that would be nothing. It would be no great matter of complaint or grievance if we had to deal with the ordinary material, so familiar to all Londoners after a few wet days, ere the scavengers remove the formidable soft parapsels which line the kerbstones. That can be scraped off, cleaned, rubbed away, or washed out. This nothing but long and persevering efforts, continually renewed, and combining all the former operations, can remove. It sticks in party cloths to the shoes, and will insist on being brought into clean huts and tents to visit your friends. It has a great affection for straws, with which it succeeds in working itself up into a kind of gigantic brick, somewhat underdone, in which condition it threatens to give it a chance; and it mightily effects horse-shoes also, and sucks them off with it exercises the greatest influence. Literally and truly it is like glue half boiled and spread over the face of the earth for the depth of several feet. It is no joke for a soldier to see his sleeping-place, in hut or tent, covered with this nasty slime; but they cannot be kept clean. One woe outside and you are done for. The mud is lying in wait for you, and you woe carry back as much on your feet as if you walked a mile. Carts stick immovably in the ground, or the who's and axles fly into pieces from the strain of the horses and mules, which have led a wretched existence indeed ever since this weather began. As I write the air resounds with the noise of the blows inflicted on the head, sides, and legs of the miserable quadrupeds drawing fuel and stores from the Commissariat dépôt of the Division.—*Letter from the Camp, Nov. 30.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is announced that such a treaty has been entered into between the Western Powers and the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway as will ensure the deadly hatred of Russia for the latter. The mere subject-matter of the treaty may be of less importance than those who have effected it naturally desire it should be thought, or there may be more in the document, than is at present given to the world. But it is most satisfactory to know that Sweden and Norway have undertaken to make no cession of any part of their territories to Russia, and that the Allies have promised to guarantee them in what they already possess. The desire of Russia to obtain a fishing-station in the Bay of Varanger—a locality which must be astonished to find itself suddenly made a point in the grand game of European politics—is spoken of as evidence that she intended to avail herself of the facilities afforded by nature for the construction of a new Sebastopol in the Northern Sea. It is well to have rendered this impossible; better that in the next campaign we can hardly fail to have Sweden co-operating with us in the Baltic. The mission of General Canrobert, of course, connects itself with this arrangement; and, as we ventured to predict would be the case, his success has been all that could be desired.

We still await tidings of the surrender of Kars, the single success which Russia has to set against a long list of defeats and disgraces, beginning at Silistria, and ending, up to the present date, at the Ingour, though Omer Pacha may have added another item to the account. The noble defence of Kars, and the great importance of the service it rendered, in stopping for months the progress of the first General of Russia, can never be forgotten. Starved, not conquered, the garrison surrendered; and though the Government that defended the atrocity of Hango may have no great respect for the chivalry of Williams and his friends, the Russian Generals and officers have usually shewn themselves better than their superiors, and have behaved well to their prisoners. We can hardly doubt that, though General Mouravieff felt himself bound to impose the severest terms, when he had his enemies in his power, he will make their captivity an honourable one. Why should not the brave old Governor of Kinburn be exchanged for Colonel Williams. The Allies will waive the difference of rank, we doubt not.

The death of Colonel Sibthorp, the "eccentric" M. P. for Lincoln, deserves a record, especially at this moment. He was not a wise man, but he did one wise action, which has saved the country, up to the present time, a sum so enormous that the Colonel's memory should not go entirely unhonoured. When the Prince Consort's allowance was under discussion, Colonel Sibthorp shamed the House of Commons into diminishing the extravagant sum proposed by Government, namely, £50,000 a year, to £30,000, and this in the face of some of the professed economists of the day. For the rest, the caricaturists will chiefly miss the member for Lincoln, whose absurdities had ceased to amuse the reporters, and who was felt to do no great credit to an assembly like the House of Commons. The vacated seat is to be contested by his son, and by another candidate known to the electors.

Other poison cases, of more or less atrocious character, have followed the Wooler case; but the mysterious nature of the latter continues to invest it with interest. Censure has fallen upon the presiding Judge for having intimated that his "fancy" would have pointed out another individual than Mr. Wooler as the destroyer of the unfortunate lady. It now appears that the judge was misreported, and that he simply stated that his fancy would have imputed guilt anywhere but where the prosecution laid it. Had the allegation, however, been well founded, we confess that it seems to us part of the conventional cant that speaks of a Judge as a mere machine, whose office is but to weigh and to record, to object that a clear-sighted man, who sees the whole case, should assist in promoting the ends of justice. The fact is that our law, like our streets, is much too narrow for the traffic that has to go through it. While our thieves and ruffians are advancing with the spirit of the age, and availing themselves of all modern improvements—mechanical, chemical, and artistic—to effect their various ends, Law adheres to her hampering costume and harmless weapons, and will only pursue the criminal in the most stately way, and chastise him, if caught, with the most extreme circumspection. If a judge ventures to help justice to one spark of light more than she can get out of the old flint and steel, the counsel, whose wits are struck together until some sort of illumination is obtained, he is attacked as an innovator. Surely the rascality of the world has chances enough in the law as it stands, and the excessive pains which magistrates take to give a culprit every opportunity of escape, or of a light sentence. Had Baron Martin used the words imputed to him he would have done perfectly right, while those who say that he ought now to indicate the person he meant, forget that his doing so would deprive that person of a fair trial. The judge having pronounced the prisoner guilty, what juryman could approach the hearing in a fit state of mind. No, let us see whether the law, having a hint from the judge, can scent out the guilty person, after her own ancient manner.

The mantle of Sibthorp seems to have fallen upon Bright, who has been again amusing such part of the world as has not leisure to be indignant, with an harangue in honour of "cheap" newspapers, Russia, and the Americans. This kind of thing may be carried on too long for the exhibitor's comfort or credit; and Mr. Bright may take it from us, that, but for a dull time of the year, when the one or two grand topics which interest nations present few new features, and there happens to be a dearth of smaller subjects of any moment, he would find his freaks in imminent danger of being unnoticed—the worst thing that can happen to a charlatan. He said nothing that was worth reply, and his advocacy of the piratical "cheap" press, which lives by stealing the property of the respectable journals it abuses, is simply "of a piece" (Manchester will understand the phrase) with his exceedingly loose scheme of political morals. *Rem, quocunque modo, rem.*

The melancholy death of a young actress, Mdlle. Julie, whose drapery caught fire during her performance, and whose nervous system could not recover the shock, has revived the painful recollections associated with the name of poor Clara Webster. Benevolence, as usual, has been manifested, and during her sufferings Mdlle. Julie experienced the kindness, which has, since her death, been transferred to her family. The brutal conduct of the landlord of the house in which she lay, a fellow named Morris, who, according to the local report, sought to detain the poor girl's body, in the hope of thereby securing the payment of a demand said to be extortionate, has excited much loathing, and all readers must have been gratified with the severe lesson administered to the callous fellow by the authorities, who instantly disabused him of the idea that his disgusting method of obtaining his claim was a legal one. Various suggestions have been offered for the prevention of such accidents, and the theatrical profession has been apprised that by soaking light dresses in a chemical preparation, they will be rendered safe. But there is little probability of the preventive being generally used—the poor girls who are chiefly exposed to such danger—the *corps de ballet*, having very small means, and moreover, no great amount of knowledge as to scientific devices. They poor things, will go on dancing as heretofore, and only helping one another at time of accident or distress, with a kindness which it would be well if more fortunate people always imitated. But why a manager should not direct that an ample coarse cloak, large enough to envelop the whole person of an actress, should not hang near the prompter, to be ready in case a dress caught fire, we know not; and as the Christmas spectacles, with their troops of fairies, clad in acres of inflammable stuff, will speedily be irradiated by all the fires of the theatre, we commend the suggestion to the well-known humanity of the various directors. Such a resource would have saved both Clara Webster and Mademoiselle Julie.

Memorabilia, LITERARY, ANTIQUARIAN, SCIENTIFIC, AND ARTISTIC.

"A little chink may let in much light."—OLD PROVERB.

RARE OR UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF HORACE WALPOLE.

The following letter, which I send as a contribution to "Memorabilia," is addressed to Lord Glenbervie (when Sylvester Douglas), and heralded a presentation copy, beautifully bound in red morocco, of the "Mysterious Mother," both of which passed into my hands from a private source, and are in my possession. Every scrap of so celebrated an author, and so remarkable a man, is worthy of preservation; but a scrap like the present one, treating of a composition which has provoked so much contradictory criticism, is particularly to be valued. Horace Walpole has the merit of being the inventor of that species of English romance which is founded on supernatural agency, and he has the still rarer merit of having rendered not only endurable, but interesting, a revolting and improbable plot by his consummate art and graceful poetry.

Canonbury.

GEORGE DANIEL.

"Berkeley-square, Feb. 15, 1792.

"Sir,—I hope my having been out of town for three or four days, will excuse my not obeying your commands sooner—and now when I do acknowledge the receipt of them, I am at a loss to express the confusion I feel at your much too obliging compliments, which I am very happy to receive as marks of your kindness and partiality, but have no right to accept as due to me. A performance, in which I am conscious of so many faults, & the Subject of which is so disgusting, it is very indulgent in any reader to excuse; nor can the favour of such able Judges as you Sir, and the Duc de Nivernois, reconcile me to my own Imprudence in letting it go out of my own hands—but having fallen into that slip of Vanity, It is too late now to plead modesty, & there is no less [more!] affection, I hope, in obeying you Both, than in troubling you with more words about a Trifle. I have therefore the honour, Sir, of offering you a correct copy, which I had printed some years ago to prevent a spurious Edition, & as I succeeded, I did not publish mine. The Edition printed in Ireland lately, is less exact; & I stopped it for sometime, it was to no purpose. Lord Cholmondeley is returning to Paris in a few days, & will carry a copy to the Duc de Nivernois. I have the honour to be with great respect, Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant, ORFORD.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. GARRICK.

The accompanying, found among Mrs. Garrick's papers, are now printed for the first time:—

Madam,—I did not wonder that your heart failed you, when the journey to Lichfield came nearer, and, indeed, I love you the more for your tenderness and susceptibility. I am now at Lichfield a second time, and am returned to it with some improvement of my health, in the two next months, for which I staid away, and have the delight to find both Mr. Aston and Mrs. Porter much mended in the same time. Mr. Garrick* was with me lately. Mr. Seward is very lame, and his daughter flourishes in perfect reputation. What Lichfield affords more than this I hope to tell when I wait on you in London. Please to make my compliments to dear Miss More. I am, Madam, your most humble servant, Lichfield, Oct. 2, 1781.

SAM. JOHNSON.

* The nephew of David Garrick.

PULTENEY EARL OF BATH TO MRS. GARRICK.

Madam,—Dr. Monsey tells me that you would be glad of having the secret to make my sort of small beer. I will first send you a little vessel of it, and then the secret. I hope, Madam, you will not be offended at the liberty I take, and I dare say Mr. Garrick will not be alarmed at the discovery of a new lover, who has no other way of demonstrating the strength of his passion but by the poor offering of a kilderkin of very weak small beer. I am, however, dear Madam, your very great admirer, BATH.

QUERIES.

CITY POETS.—I am desirous of knowing when the office of "City Laureate" was first established, and to obtain a list of the most eminent men who have filled it. Can you or any of your readers assist me?—CIVIS, Great Broad-street.

In the reigns following the Protectorate of Cromwell there existed in the British Army, or in that portion of it stationed in Ireland, the office of "Master-Master-General of the Forces." Can any of your readers inform me what were the duties attached to this post, and what the rank of the individual who filled it; and whether there is any office analogous to it at the present day?—M.

CAN any one inform me as to the sort of roads that were in England in Cromwell's time?—D. DUCKWORTH.

In the song of "The Man in the Moon drinks Claret" is the following:—"We scorn a mustard token." Will any one oblige me with a definition of it?—W. COLLISON.

LANDED GENTRY OF SOMERSET.—Can the Editor or any of his numerous readers inform me if any, and what, record remains of the landed gentry of Somerset in the seventeenth century?—F. R., Totnes.

NOTES.

TAYLOR, THE WATER POET, in his "Three Weeks, Three Days, and Three Hours' Observations from London to Hamburg, in Germany," tells us, among other curious matters, that the thieves in Hamburg not hanged for their "are chained two or three together, and they must in that sort six or seven years draw a dung-cart, and cleanse the streets of the town, and every one of those thieves, for as many years as he is condemned to that slavery, so many bells he hath hanged at an iron above one of his shoulders, and every year a bell is taken off, till all are gone, and then he is a Freeman again." Furthermore, he says:—"Dinner being done we went over a bridge in the midst whereof is a Jynn (gin, or cage), made in the likeness of a great Lanthorne, it is hanged on a turning Gybbet like a Crane: So that it may be turned on the bridge and over the River, as they shall please that have occasion to use it. It is big enough to hold two men, and it is for this purpose, if any one or more do rob Gardens or Orchards, or Corne fields (if they be taken), he or they are put into this same whirlingig, or Kickumbob, and, the gybbet being turned, the offender hangs in this Cage from the River some 12 or 14 foot from the water, then there is a small line made fast to the party some 5 or 6 fadome, and, with a trick which they have, the bottome of the Cage drops out and the thief falls sodenly into the water."

ADDISON AND GAY.—One of the charges which rests on the memory of Addison is having abstracted some favour intended for Gay. "A fortnight before Addison's death Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner to go and see Mr. Addison, which he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. He received him in the kindest manner, and told him that he had desired this visit to beg his pardon: that he had injured him greatly; but that, if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him. Gay, on his going to Hanover, had great reason to hope for some good preferment; but all his views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr. Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the great men of the former Ministry. He did not at all explain himself in what he had injured him, and Gay could not guess at anything else in which he could have injured him so considerably." ("Spence's Anecdotes," Pope *loguatur*). This anecdote is highly probable, nor is it discreditable to Addison, for Gay was a political opponent, and had dedicated his "Shepherd's Week" to Bolingbroke. Party spirit ran high, and in the midst of it the Queen died, the Tories were dismissed, and the Whigs were triumphant. Addison did only what every party politician has done; yet one would be glad if this story of his treatment of Gay could be disproved. It rests solely on the authority of Pope, whose character for veracity has been sorely shattered. There is one test which may be applied to it, and which we recommend to the museum-haunting readers of "Memorabilia." Addison died on the 17th of June, 1719. The interview with Gay is said to have taken place a fortnight before this time. Was Gay in England at the beginning of June, 1719? It appears from the "Suffolk Letters," published by Mr. Croker, that Gay was at Dijon on the 8th September, that he had been confined at Spa for a month, in consequence of a fever, and that he was travelling very leisurely, "rambling from place to place." There may be some incidental notice in the newspapers or correspondence of that period which would settle the point as to the time of Gay's departure on his continental tour, and most readers would rejoice to find Pope's anecdote, like his published letters to Addison, merely a fabrication.

LORD BYRON.—In 1814 Byron revisited Cambridge, on his way north, and entered the Senate House in company with Dr. E. D. Clarke. He had only proceeded a few paces when he was recognised, and a chorus of voices repeated aloud,—

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?

"I know not what possessed us," said my informant, who was then a student of Trinity, "but it was a sort of freemasonry feeling—we could not restrain ourselves. The 'Bride of Abydos' was then in every one's hand." The anecdote is worthy of being added to the Byroniana of Moore.—L.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

TOADS IN THEIR TOMBS.—With reference to your request for information respecting any well-authenticated case of a toad having been found in "wood or stone," I beg to send you an account of one found about twelve weeks ago in the neighbourhood of Broseley, not exactly in solid wood or stone, but under circumstances precluding the possibility of the accession of air or food. The toad was found at about five feet from the surface, imbedded in clay; the upper surface of the earth over the spot consists of ordinary mould, then comes a stratum of gravel, next one of blue clay, fourthly one of snuts (the commencement of coal), and, lastly, the clay in which the toad was found. The proprietor of the pottery-works on whose premises the discovery was made, and who was himself present at the time, says, that the cracks in the ground occasioned by dry weather have never, to his certain knowledge, penetrated through the blue clay, and of course, therefore, not into the snuts, through both which strata air must have passed before reaching the toad. His mouth was quite closed, and since his discovery he has necessarily taken no food, but appears notwithstanding in excellent health, and is very fat.—C. B.

In the last "Memorabilia" is an inquiry for evidence respecting live toads found in ancient beds. We have one here which was found alive in the new red sandstone. Dr. Russell of this town has all the evidence on the matter.—C. M. INGLEBY, Birmingham.

TESTOR OR TESTON.—The coin of silver termed a "teston" originated in Italy, afterwards was introduced in England temp. Henry VII. in his nineteenth year, A.D. 1504, and thence into France temp. Louis XII., A.D. 1513—so named from having the King's head, *teste* or *tête*, impressed thereon. Scotland also had a coin of the same denomination, temp. Mary, 1553 to 1560. In England, temp. Henry VII., the value of the teston was about one twenty-sixth of the Tower mark fine, and that of Louis XII. about one twenty-sixth of that of Paris; but temp. Henry VIII. it became so reduced as to be worth (1545) not more than one-fourth of its original value of 12d. The teston had great cause to blush, in England, in 1551, from the excessive debasement it underwent; and, again, temp. Elizabeth, 1560. Hence, perhaps, the origin of "of read testons" mentioned in Heywood's "Epigrams," from the redness of their complexion, being composed the greater part of copper.—WEBSTER.

The tester is the original name of our shilling. Until the reign of Henry VII. there was no coin called a shilling. That term signified the twentieth of a pound weight of coined silver, no matter of what coins composed. Henry VII. issued a silver coin of higher value than any that previously existed—viz., equal to twelve silver pennies. It was first called a groat (or great coin) of twelve-pence. It subsequently was called the tester or teston, and finally the shilling. The name tester or teston was never the legal name of a coin, but was merely a term of popular use. Its derivation is very obvious. Its source is the French *tête*, anciently written *teste*. Tester or testoon means merely the coin with a head on it.—J. C. W.

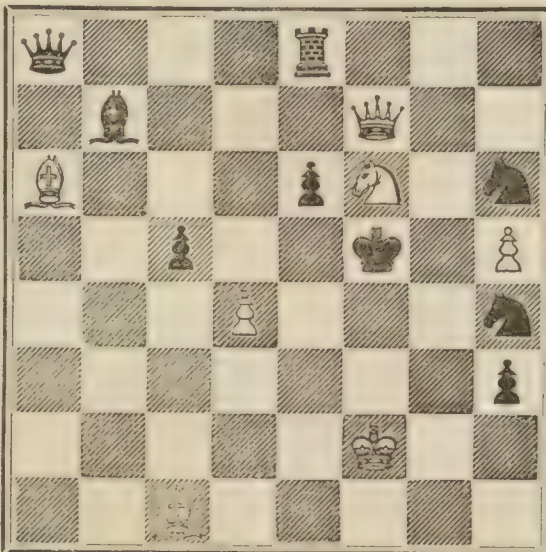
CHESS.

* * * Our notices to Chess Correspondents are again unavoidably postponed.

PROBLEM No. 618.

By Mr. HENRY TURTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW SERIES OF THE FRENCH CHESS MAGAZINE "LA RÉGENCE," PARIS.

IN reviving the publication of a review especially intended to propagate the game of chess, we respond, we believe, to a wish frequently felt, but of which circumstances have hitherto prevented the realisation.

The Café de la Régence, the ancient sanctuary of the Place du Palais Royal, has been pulled down; a dispersion of the players has followed, and the chess club primitively installed above the café has found refuge in the interior of the Palais, whilst the old frequenters of the café, faithful to their Penates, have occupied the magnificent salons engaged by M. Vielle for two years in the hotel of the Duc de Richelieu. The loss of a renowned professor, M. Kieseritzky, took from this their leader; the Ecole Française, though still warm from the struggle between Messrs. Staunton and St. Amant, began to pale its intellectual fire, and the worship of chess was disappearing in France, the country of Philidor, Legalle, Deschappelles, and Labourdonnais!

This M. Vielle would not permit. He has reconstructed the Temple. The Café de la Régence, admirably situated in the front of the Théâtre Français, now opens its doors to a crowd of aspirants. But while it is to him we are indebted for a permanent establishment, better placed, more spacious, and in every respect better adapted for the purposes to which it is destined, we must not be unmindful of our obligations to M. Gillet, his successor. M. Gillet, understanding how necessary it is to preserve in an establishment distinguished at all times by *bon ton* and the quality of its guests, its unrivalled fame, has made the most praiseworthy sacrifices for the due embellishment of the café. The decorations are borrowed from the game of Chess. The names of our great players shine in the centre of splendid escutcheons, and in one of the salons is to be found the table on which Napoleon the First Consul played. Already the new Café de la Régence finds all the members of the Club returning. Strong foreign players have frequented it during the course of the Exposition, the taste for the game has again declared itself, and it is a spectacle truly consolatory to all who have deplored the vicissitudes of this incomparable game to see that it has resumed its place of honour. The moment then has arrived opportunely for the renaissance of our Chess journal.

The editors of *La Régence* will endeavour to continue the work of their predecessors worthily. They are promised, too, the assistance of the first analysts, the most ingenious composers of problems, and distinguished men of letters. Every game published will be the subject of conscientious notes; from whatever quarter communications may come they will receive the most careful attention. The editors, indeed, would earnestly beg of amateurs to lay aside all false delicacy, and not to think that before they can suggest a theory or correct an error they must stand in the category of very strong players.

It is hoped that this review may interest not alone the masters of Chess, but that it may serve for the elementary instruction of the young players also.

Instead of having to follow an interminable round of games and problems, the subscribers will occasionally accompany the editors in excursions beyond the fields of Chess. Their amusements will be diversified by anecdotes, stories, and sometimes by pleasing engravings. The journal will, in fact, be a chronicle of all that relates to Sports, Beaux-Arts, and the Theatre. Other games of combination—such as Whist, and Draughts, and Backgammon—will be called upon to escort the King of Games.

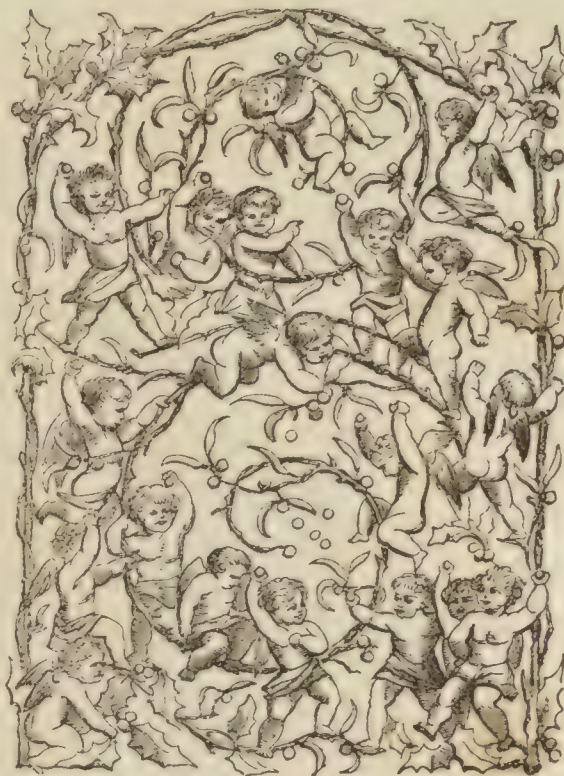
M. Alliez has promised bibliographical dissertations; a learned Englishman, Dr. Forbes, has recently published some "Observations on the Origin of Chess." These will be translated. Herr Löwenthal will serve as a correspondent in England, and engages to supply a monthly bulletin of club meetings and matches beyond the Channel. Herr Falkbeer will correspond from Germany. M. Delannoy will point his elegant pen; and, lastly, Messrs. Staunton, Heydebrandt der Laza, Andersen, and Jannisch will enrich this second series of *La Régence*, which is placed, with respect, under their patronage.

Subscriptions received by M. C. Lender, 41, Rue de la Fontaine Molière; at the Café de la Régence; and at all the principal libraries of France. Price twenty francs per annum.

The First Number of *La Régence* will appear on the 15th of January, 1856.

MISTLETOE MORNING.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.



'Twas mistletoe morning,
And chanticleer's warning
Had summoned fine folks from their beds and their blankets:
When I saw in a vision
Of Dreamland elysian,
A bery of Cupids swarm forth for their pranks.
There was fun in their faces,
As all took their places,
And link'd themselves laughingly—mad little frolickers;
And never such laughter
Shook roof, beam, and rafter,
As shook the fat sides of these roystering rollickers.

With unfettered actions
They formed in two factions,
And, nude as old statues, selected their places;
Little rosy carousers,
Without any trousers,
And quite independent of straps and of braces.
Such tints were their limbs on,
Such hues of rich crimson,
Such roses, and lilies, wax apples, and cherries,
That they gleamed hot and sunny,
As, with frolickings funny,
They snowballed each other with mistletoe berries!

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

WE perform our promise of last week by giving four portraits of Prize Cattle. We have selected representatives of the breeds which principally supply our meat market. The Devon and the Scotch, which have quality without great size, command the greatest prizes; and the Short-horn and the Hereford, which supply meat for the million.

Our Devon illustration is an ox over three years old, bred on the Somerset hills, and fed near Arundel by Lady Elizabeth Reynell, an aunt of the Marquis of Waterford—a lady who at seventy-three years of age still appears to interest herself in the foundation of British agriculture, good stock. The animal was a superior beast, larger than Norfolk-bred ones.

Beside the Devon—whose skin bears witness to the effects of a mild moist climate, and whose coat does credit to careful grooming—stands in our picture a once wild, yellow, rough-haired, Angus Highlander, reared on wild hills, amid storms, on moor-grass and heather; but fattened into tameness on the succulent swedes and comfortable cake of Mr. Grove's foldyard in Wiltshire. Not less than 600 Scotch beasts were sent from Aberdeen to last Monday's Islington market. But we find them plentifully in the boxes and yards of all our northern English counties.

We have put the heads of Mr. Ambler's Short-horn Cow and Mr. Niblett's Hereford Ox together, as representatives of the only two breeds that can be considered rivals. There is no cow that equals the short-horn cow for weight; but it is very difficult to beat a Hereford ox. The late Earl Spencer hesitated some time which breed he would take up, and to the last on his out-farms he kept a good number of Herefords fattening. But they are less numerous than the short-horn, because less useful as a cross for the dairy.

It is worth noting, that although the Smithfield Club Show was under average in numbers, the Islington Christmas market was far above the average, both in number and quality: the cattle being over 6700, and the sheep over 22,000—the cattle being first-rate.

As with respect to the live-stock show there is so little to be usefully said in the way of criticism, it may be more useful and amusing to look back to the past, and, by comparison, trace the way which brought us to our present position. We have not been able to find any records previous to 1806, when Mr. Farey succeeded Mr. Arthur Young as secretary to the Club. There is no mention of it in the first six volumes of Young's "Annals of Agriculture." Perhaps the best farmer and most able and useful of our English agricultural writers was too much occupied with his many and useful labours to keep up close minutes of the early meeting of the Little Cattle Club, supported by enthusiasts in agricultural and stock improvement—Francis Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, the Duke of Manchester, Thomas Rd. Astley, Robert Byng, Elman of Glynde, Paul Giblett, butcher, and other names classical to stock owners, but exciting little interest in the general public. But from the year 1806 the records of the Club have been beautifully and exactly kept. In that year the total receipts were £64. A first prize was given to John Westcar, for the mottled tallest ox! The Club has long since given up prizes for tall oxen; but the record shows how much there was to be learned fifty years ago as to the true points of an ox. In that same year the judges were three graziers and two butchers. The butchers have now lost the honour. In 1807 we find a Hereford carrying off the first prize for the best beast in the yard—no entry in class 2 for longhorned, and none in class 3 for shorthorns. And the following year, in the same class, there was only one entry, and that disqualified, for shorthorns. Now the shorthorns are far the most numerous, while longhorns are scarcely to be found, except at the Birmingham shows. In 1801 the prize for mixed breed was carried by a cross between a French cow—it does not say what breed—and a Devon bull. It is in the same year we meet with the once celebrated Sir Joseph Banks, the companion of Captain Cook, not as a naturalist, but as a Lincolnshire landlord and grazer, "moving a memorial for the enlargement of Smithfield Market." The club must have been aristocratic in those days, for the following year presents minutes of "an Adjourned Meeting held at Woburn Abbey."

In 1811 there is a letter from Francis Duke of Bedford, the great originator of the English system of Landlord and Tenant—we mean the system of selecting tenants for their intelligence and sufficient capital at moderate rents under a secure tenure, in preference to the old Irish system of rack-rented paupers, or the old English system of tenants at will at low rents from year to year. The Duke, who was also the active patron of

SMITHFIELD CLUB PRIZE CATTLE SHOW.



SCOTCH.—CLASS 13. THE PRIZE OF £10 TO MR. JOHN GROVE.

DEVONS.—CLASS 2 1ST PRIZE OF £25, AND SILVER MEDAL, TO LADY ELIZABETH REYNELL.

the first English improved implements, and the friend and adviser of the great Coke, who also gave his country a new kingdom, writes:—

Dec. 11, 1811.

I have sent up a pair of Devon oxen and a small Scot (all grass fed), but, as it is not my intention hereafter to be a competitor for the premiums given by the Club, I request that the judges may be informed of this, in order that they may (if they should think any of my stock worthy the notice of the public) give their opinion of my beasts without reference to the premiums.

How pleased this wise friend and patron of Arthur Young would have been if he could have foreseen that within the space of another generation the dependence of the farmer on the uncertain grass and hay crop would almost cease, by the general diffusion of drill husbandry applied to roots. When Mr. Blaikie (who is still living, and at eighty-five years old, in the full enjoyment of his faculties) joined the late Lord Leicester in 1816, and commenced his improvements on the Holkham estates, there was not an acre of drilled turnips in all Norfolk. In 1850 he wrote to Mr. Hudson, of Castle Acre:—

In April, the following year, I took with me a bag of Swedish turnip-seed, and in the autumn, at Mr. Coke's sheepshearing gathering, I well remember

the astonishment of the company assembled at seeing ninety acres of turnips drilled—the Swedes upon the ridge, the other varieties on the flat.

The system carried from Scotland to Norfolk by Blaikie spread over all our high lands in Beds, Lincoln, and York. But two aids were wanting—a root that would fill up the time between when the turnip failed and grass came in—that was found in mangold-wurtzel. Then, again, the root crop of England was often entirely devoured by the fly. The discovery of the value of phosphate of lime, chiefly made from bones or fossils, dissolved by sulphuric acid, suggested by Liebig in 1840, and carried out commercially by Lawes and others, revolutionised root cultivation and the system of stock-feeding, quadrupling at least the quantity of stock an arable farm could maintain.

The result is that we hear little of grass fed beasts, and are no longer compelled to keep large tracts in grass for the winter-keep of the foldyard. So universal is this change (without which meat must have been 2s. 6d. a pound) that, at the before-mentioned meeting of the Central Farmers' Club, Mr. Owen Wallis, an eminent Northamptonshire grazier, read answers to a circular from graziers and farmers in every winter-feeding county in England, in which, although some used food cooked, others uncooked, some cake, some linseed plain boiled, some barley and pea meal,

some fed in yards, some in stalls or boxes, or both united, all used roots as the mainstay, and all agreed that hay could be advantageously and economically dispensed with in favour of straw-chaff mixed with the before-mentioned food. Now, this general and systematic change may be distinctly traced to the example set on the root-growing estates of the noblemen and gentlemen who founded and supported the comparison and competition of the Smithfield Fat Cattle Club.

Unless meat is to rise to a shilling a pound, the same improvement must be introduced into the breeding of foreign cattle, for our farmers cannot get enough lean stock. We regret to hear that the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, no longer the practical, earnest, improving body that it was when the late Earl Spencer founded it, has rejected the proposition introduced and supported by Mr. Jonas Webb for an International Agricultural Exhibition by a large majority. How moved to this illiberal return for the splendid welcome they received from the French nation we cannot understand.

It is to be hoped the farmers will reverse the decision of these amateur routine. The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, which has done so much for British agriculture, wants a thorough reform—new leaven of more real farmers, and fewer amateurs.



SHORT-HORNS.—CLASS 12. 1ST PRIZE OF £20, WITH GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, TO MR. HENRY AMBLER.

HEREFORDS.—CLASS 6. 1ST PRIZE OF £25, AND SILVER MEDAL, TO MR. WILLIAM HEATH.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO MR. BRANDRETH GIBBS, BY THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE-CLUB.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB.—
TESTIMONIAL TO B. T.
BRANDRETH GIBBS, ESQ.

THE annual dinner of the Smithfield Club took place on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at the Freemasons' Tavern—his Grace the Duke of Richmond, K.G., in the chair. Among the company present were—Mr. Miles, M.P., Lord Berners, Lord Walsingham, Mr. C. Burnett, Mr. C. Turner, Mr. A. Hammond, Mr. H. Wilson, Mr. Raymond Barker, Mr. Brandreth Gibbs, Mr. F. Hobbs, Mr. R. Wilward, Mr. R. Baker (of Collesner), Mr. John Hudson, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Beasley, Mr. Keane, Mr. Moore, Professor Simonds, Mr. Giblett, Mr. Odams, Mr. S. Jonas, Mr. H. Jonas, Mr. Wilson (agent for Prince Albert), Mr. Hamilton Lyndsey, with many other noblemen and gentlemen interested in the advancement of agriculture. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of,

The Duke of Richmond rose for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Gibbs, the honorary secretary of the club, a testimonial from the Smithfield Club. In performing this duty his Grace remarked:—"Perhaps I might have thought that it would have been better for some other individual than myself to have undertaken this task, because I have had the satisfaction and the gratification of witnessing the exertions of Mr. Gibbs as honorary secretary of the Smithfield Cattle Club for above fifteen years. Your attendance, gentlemen, on this occasion, I think, denotes your anxiety to pay honour where honour is due (Cheers). You have congregated here this evening in numbers larger than I have had the pleasure of witnessing on former occasions. I think that many of you have put yourselves to some inconvenience to come here to-day for the purpose of proving to Mr. Gibbs that you are deeply grateful for the services which he has rendered (Cheers). A club may be established upon the best and soundest principles, but it is very much like our own homesteads—it must be looked after or it will be sure to fail. I do not think that there is a man who gained a prize to-day in the show who does not well know that if, when he was absent, he could not depute to a trustworthy man to take charge of those animals, that he would have no chance of coming

to the Smithfield Club to gain a prize. Mr. Gibbs has also devoted himself very much to the finances of this society; and I believe you will find, when the report is read and made public, that those finances are in a very good and sound position. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to induce gentlemen to belong to the club. He has done his utmost to take care that all should have fair play; and has always been open to every representation that has been made to him. In presenting this testimony to Mr. Gibbs, I do it as the representative of the Smithfield Cattle Club, as one not unknown to the great body of the farmers of this country, in your name, to a man who is worthy of the respect and honour of this club, as a straightforward, honest, English gentleman" (Cheers).

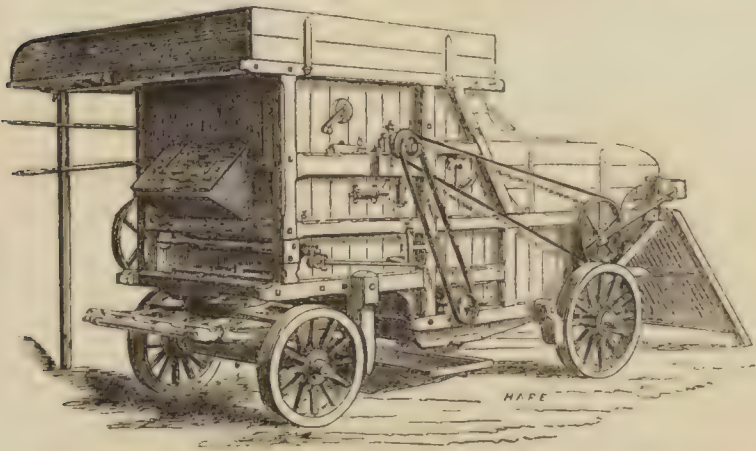
The testimonial consisted of a candelabrum for six lights, representing an oak-tree with spreading branches and foliage, to carry either lights or glasses. In the centre is a trellis-work frame to support a crystal bowl. Around the foot of the tree are grouped a short horned



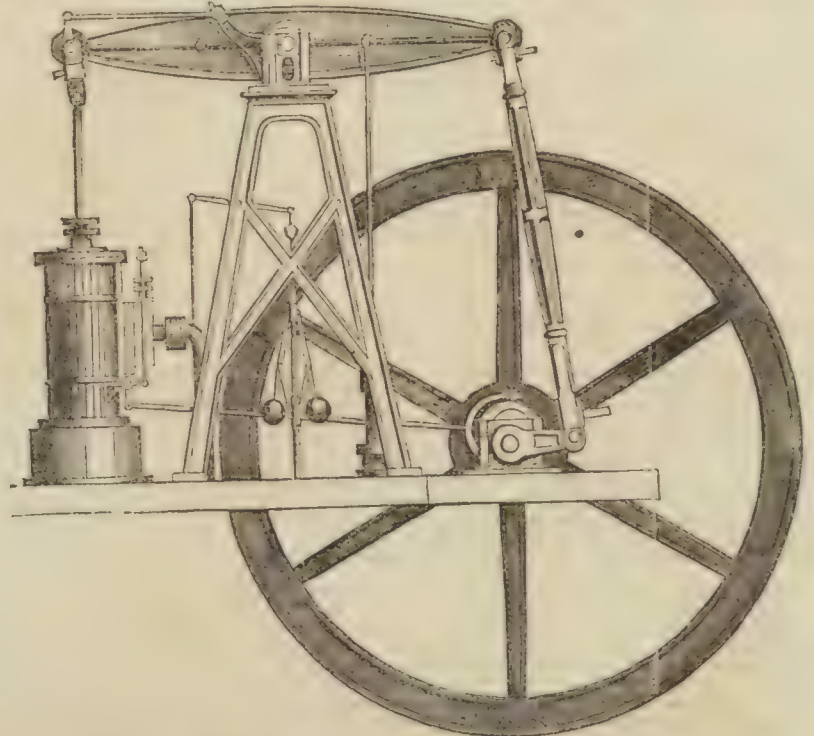
MR. BRANDRETH GIBBS, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY MATALL.

ox, a long and a short woolled sheep, a pig, and various roots, the whole carefully modelled from nature, and standing on a richly-chased tripod base with three panels. In the first compartment is a view of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, surmounting a medallion of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, K.G., the president of the club. In the second are introduced the full arms of Mr. B. T. Brandreth Gibbs, under which, in the scroll-work of the base, are various agricultural implements. In the third panel is engraved the inscription, beneath which is a medallion of the late president, the Earl Spencer. The medallions are by Wyon, R.A.

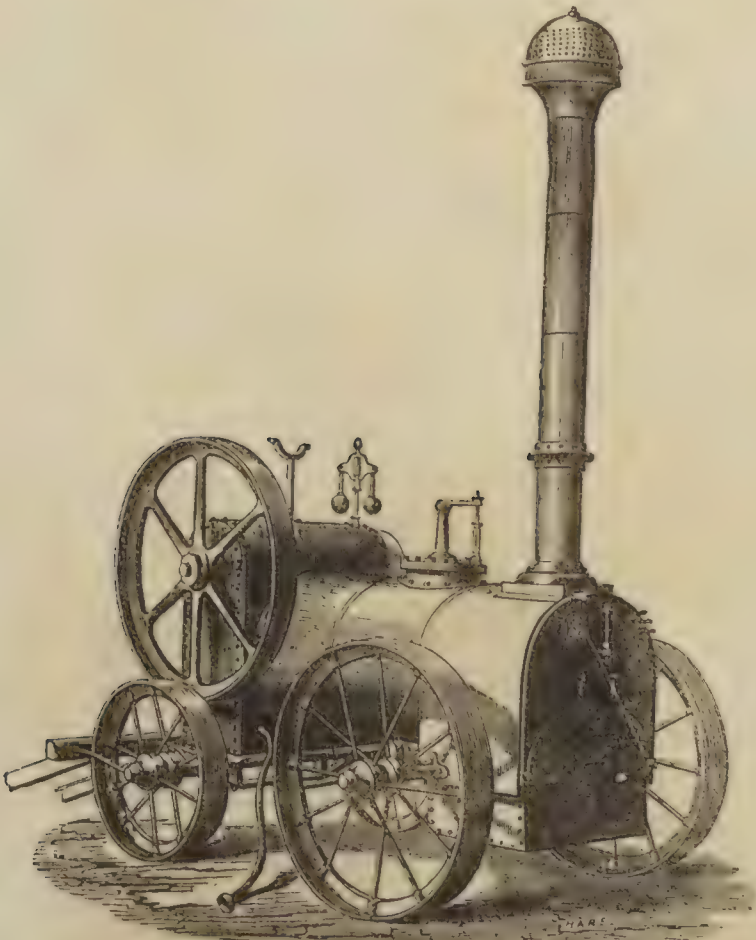
A pair of richly-chased and classically-shaped wine-coolers, or flower-



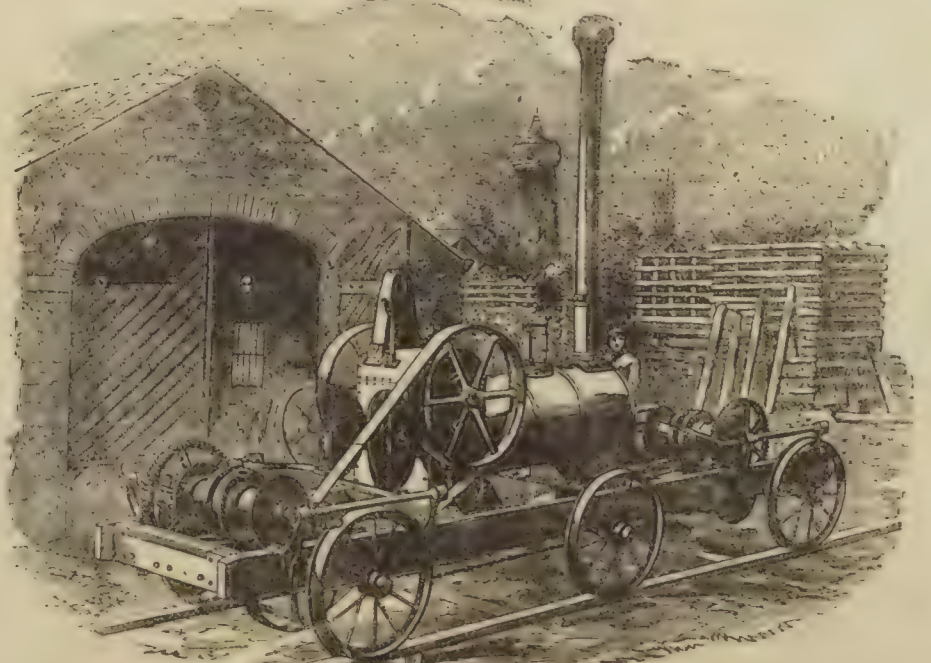
TUXFORD AND SONS' PATENT COMBINED THRASHING, SHAKING, AND DRESSING MACHINE, WITH ELEVATORS AND BARLEY AVELLER.



TUXFORD AND SONS' NON-CONDENSING EXPANSIVE STEAM-ENGINE, FOR DRAINAGE AND IRRIGATION PURPOSES, MILLS, ETC



SIDE-VIEW OF TUXFORD AND SONS' PRIZE PORTABLE STEAM-ENGINE.



TUXFORD AND SONS' STEAM PILE-DRIVING ENGINE, WITH TWO DOUBLE-ACTING PURCHASES FOR LIFTING FOUR RAMS AT A TIME.

vases, with demi-horses as handles, standing on square plinths, in the panels of which are represented various prize animals, beautifully chased in bas-relief in dead silver, with the following inscription engraved on each:—"Presented to B. T. BRANDRETH GIBBS, Esq., by the members of, and others interested in, the Smithfield Club, in appreciation of the valuable services rendered by him to that society as its Honorary Secretary, 1855."

Mr. B. T. Brandreth Gibbs, in returning thanks for the honour done him by the noble chairman, and the noblemen and gentlemen present, and after adverting to the satisfactory position of the club in a financial point of view, congratulated the members that they were steadily progressing in their peculiar object—that of directing attention to the feeding of stock. They found a valuable co-operator in the Royal Agricultural Society of England; but their province was more peculiarly the improvement in the breeding of cattle. He thought that a system of prizes might be organised with advantage for the best essay to accompany each animal sent in for competition. By this means a valuable mass of information would be accumulated, which, by being published each year in the form of a pamphlet, would be available for every one who felt interested in the subject. He had always felt a pleasure in promoting the interests of the club, and should regard the testimonial as a valuable souvenir of his connection with the club (Cheers).

The health of the noble Chairman having been proposed by Lord Berners, and the healths of the Judges, Stewards, and other routine toasts having been disposed of, the company separated.

MR. B. T. BRANDRETH GIBBS.

MR. B. T. BRANDRETH GIBBS (whose Portrait we have engraved upon the preceding page) is the youngest son of the late Thomas Gibbs, Esq., of Amphil, Bedfordshire, and of Brompton-lodge, Old Brompton, Middlesex, and has now been known for some years in the agricultural world as one of the most zealous promoters of this branch of national industry.

Having studied under the Rev. H. S. Pollard, M.A., and subsequently under the Rev. M. Marcus, M.A., he was about to enter St. John's College, Oxford (in which College the family had a claim to founder's kin fellowship) with the intention of eventually going to the Bar, but he was suddenly induced to turn his attention to agricultural pursuits in consequence of a death in his family having opened a field of immediate action for his energies in that direction. Hence the origin of our finding him at an early period of his life actively engaged in carrying out the proceedings of the Smithfield Club, and of the annual shows of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and more recently of the Agricultural and Implement department of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855.

As connected with agriculture he acted as one of the stewards of the yard (in lieu of a steward who was disqualified from being an exhibitor) at the first meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, held at Oxford, in 1839, and he continued to act with his brother in the management of the succeeding shows of that society up to 1844; and of the Smithfield Club up to 1843, at which periods he became the Honorary Director of the country shows of the former, and the Honorary Secretary of the latter, to which offices he was unanimously elected at the age of the twenty-two, and which offices he still continues to hold.

The readers of this journal will be aware that the annual meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society of England from 1844 to 1855 have been held in the cities and towns of Southampton, Shrewsbury, Newcastle, Northampton, York, Norwich, Exeter, Windsor, Lewes, Gloucester, Lincoln, and Carlisle—during which period the arrangements of the shows, both as regards live stock and the exhibition and trials of machinery having been conducted under his direction.

When the preliminary preparations for the Great Exhibition in 1851 were in progress the Royal Commissioners, through the late Mr. Pusey, one of their members, sought Mr. Brandreth Gibbs' assistance in the agricultural machinery department, and he undertook the office of superintendent of class 9, one of the most extensive divisions of the Exhibition, and was afterwards selected as a juror in the same class.

During the preparations for the recent Paris Exhibition he was engaged for the Board of Trade in superintending the selection of British agricultural machinery intended to form part of that collection, and to which department no less than five of the much-coveted gold medals of honour were awarded.

The manner in which Mr. Brandreth Gibbs has applied himself to the advancement of the agricultural interest, has been marked by his receiving from the hands of the Duke of Richmond, the President of the Smithfield Club, the above testimonial to his valuable services, most gratifying to Mr. Gibbs and to the numerous friends he already claims in that institution and in the Royal Agricultural Society of England. In private life he is esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintance; and he is not only a good linguist, but accomplished also in music, and different branches of the fine arts.

The illustration on the preceding page represents the Testimonial which was presented to him last week by the members of the Smithfield Club, as the inscription expresses it, "in appreciation of the valuable services rendered by him to that Society as its Honorary Secretary." Mr. Gibbs was enrolled on the list of that club as early as 1837, and was its first life-member.

IMPLEMENTS AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE-SHOW.

FOREMOST among the Agricultural Machinery exhibited at the annual gathering of the Smithfield Club is the Portable Steam-Engine of Messrs. Tuxford and Sons, of the Boston and Skirbeck Ironworks, Lincolnshire.

Many of our countrymen will not have forgotten the unusual excitement produced by the trials of engines at the last meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Carlisle, when the extraordinary performance and beauty of workmanship of the engine obtained for it the Society's First Prize. This engine, our readers will remember, was Tuxford and Sons', which, with fourteen pounds of coal to the horse-power, worked fully up to its duty for three hours and forty-seven minutes, being at the rate of less than three pounds and three-quarters of coal per horse-power per hour.

Messrs. Tuxford and Sons, who through their engine this year received the Society's first prize, have for some years past been a rising firm. This enterprising firm extensively manufactured the Farm-yard Portable Steam-engine long before a large majority of manufacturers who now exhibit at the various Agricultural Societies shows, had directed their attention to this important branch of engineering skill. More than seventy years ago the late Mr. Weston Tuxford, father to the senior partner of the firm, constructed, through ideas gathered from Jethro Tull, a drill which he successfully worked, and which most probably was the first drill that operated on the fen and marsh land of the east of England. In 1850 we find the name of Mr. Weston Tuxford, one of the firm, attached to patents for improvements in portable steam-engines, thrashing machinery, and clod-crushers; and again, in 1854, for other improvements in the "combined thrashing machine." The portable steam engine, and the portable combined thrashing machine, are essentially of Lincolnshire origin: for the former we are undoubtedly much indebted to the late Mr. Wingate, of Hareby House, near Spilsby, and Mr. Morton, the manager of Earl Ducie's Whitfield experimental farm; these gentlemen having, about 1839, called on the Messrs. Tuxford, of Boston, and urged them to design and bring out a portable steam thrashing machine. Plans and working models were prepared, but the engine was left in abeyance until 1842, when it was ushered into existence. The cylinder of this early class of engines was on the horizontal construction; but this arrangement was abandoned for the vertical or upright cylinder, and with it the tubular boiler, which was superseded by an improved description of boiler, with flues and tubes combined. This improvement, in connection with the introduction of the engine into an iron house, and some other mechanical combinations, became the subject of a patent in the year 1850.

Next year the Messrs. Tuxford were awarded at the Great Exposition a prize medal for their portable engine, when, also, the engineers of the French Government selected this engine for the Museum of Arts and Trades, in Paris, as did also those of the Prussian Government for the Royal Museum at Magdeburg. Since then, we are told by the patentees, it has been adopted in her Majesty's and other dockyards, for a variety of purposes where steam power has been required. Recently a novel and powerful steam pile-driving engine, on traversing wheels and tram-way, with motions for working four rams at a time, has been constructed (with this engine as the impelling power) for David Thornbury, the contractor, for constructing the Northumberland Docks, at North Shields, where a mile in length of piles, and eight thousand piles in number have to be driven for the formation of a sea-wall. At the recent trials of thrashing-machines at the Paris Universal Exhibition, M. Tresca, the French Government engineer, employed this engine as the motive power; and at the Carlisle meeting this year, the first prize was awarded to the Portable Steam-Engine of the Messrs. Tuxford, by the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

We have illustrated this first prize engine and other machinery exhibited at the recent Smithfield Show by Messrs. Tuxford, who must be considered to have taken the lead in this important branch of agricultural machinery by the result of the trials at the great meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1855.

The late Mr. Samuel Rogers became a Life-Governor of the Orphan Working School in 1792; so that, by one payment he continued on the list for sixty-three years.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

SPECULATION on the Derby was painfully arrested on Monday last, at Tattersall's, by the sad news that Dr. Palmer, of Rugeley, had been committed to Stafford gaol on the charge of poisoning his late betting confederate, Mr. Cooke, of Lutterworth. Those who have been in the habit of attending races of late years cannot fail to call to mind the red-haired, square-built little man, who will in March next have to take his trial for a crime which has never yet sullied turf annals. Even Dan Dawson would have shrunk from it, though he had no mercy on Lord Foley's horses. The doctor was the reputed owner of Goldfinder, who won the Chester Cup for him in 1853. The Chicken also belonged to him, and he paid, we believe, 2000 guineas for Nettle, who gave Marlow such a fearful fall when she was running as first favourite in the Oaks this year. Mr. Cooke was only a man of twenty-eight, and would seem, as far as the evidence on the inquest goes, to have been very much in the leading-strings of his confederate, who trained in the same stable. The deceased had been only a short time on the turf, but his recent luck with Polestar had been considerable. Many of his animals were of Mr. C. Breton's breeding, and he had within the last few months purchased Honeydear and her foal, an own sister to Wild Hunstman, from that gentleman. This topic has been among turfs the all-absorbing one of the week, which has witnessed the strange spectacle of handicap races over the flat being run within a few days of Christmas-tide! Not reckoning this meeting, a laborious statistic makes out that there were 151 meetings, occupying 295 days, in England and Scotland this season; at which 1463 stakes were contended for, and £201,041 paid to winners, exclusive of cups. Northam has been the most lucky light-weight jockey, while Wells and Aldcroft rank next; and Bartholomew, thanks to John Scott, has even the advantage of six wins over Nat in the heavy-weights. On the foals' list Sir Tatton Sykes is credited with 44, Mr. Stebbing with 26, the Rawcliffe Paddock Company with 38, Lord Exeter with 16, Mr. A. Johnstone with 19, and Mr. Greville with 15. About thirty-seven out of the 215 Derby are already dead, or out of training, which is a very small proportion. Touchstone and his son Orlando are again the most lucky of the eighty blood sires, who have the honour of winning progeny this year; and while twenty-two of the stock of the old "Eaton-Brown" have won 55 races, and £20,162, twenty of the Orlando's have won sixty-four races, or £15,836. It will be seen that Lancelot has found a 100 guinea purchaser in Mr. Andrew Johnstone, who owes so much of his breeding success to Touchstone. The foreigners must have been strangely careless to let such blood go begging a whole week at Tattersall's.

Steeplechasing has but one little three-event fixture at Westbury, on Thursday, but all general taste for the sport seems to have died away; and we believe that, as its great supporter there, Mr. Johnson, is now dead, the Doncaster Spring Committee intend to have a Spring St. Leger, with £100 added, in lieu of their "Grand National."

The sale at Quorn was a very stirring affair, and realised as nearly as possible 9100 guineas, although the hounds hardly sold as they might have done, if Mr. Richard Sutton's train had not been late, which prevented him bidding for the lot which contained that splendid blue-pied specimen of the Yarborough kennel blood, Hercules. What a glorious dog he was, as he sat placidly on his haunches in the kennel with a knot of admiring huntsmen, headed by Tom Clarke, round him. We believe that it is quite settled that Mr. R. Sutton and Lord Forrester hunt two out of the three parcels into which the great Quorn country is now divided: but who takes the Donnington parcel seems a great matter of doubt. Lord Chesterfield has some stag-hounds, which he purchased from Captain Burrowes, and does not seem to desire it. We hardly think Mr. Lane Fox will leave the Bramham Hunt; while Mr. H. Greaves is well suited in the Essex Hootings, and cannot leave this season. Foxes are said to be plentiful in Leicestershire, and so lively that a farmer assured us, that as his men were at work lately about noon, one of the "red-rascals" came out and coursed a rabbit up and down a field, perfectly heedless of all their view halloo, till it ran it down. Huntsmen and naturalists say that such a chase is unprecedented at that time of day. Mr. Richard Sutton bought six of the hunters at the sale for himself, and twenty couple of hounds, and it is to be hoped that he will be well supported by subscriptions, as the expense of keeping up covers in Leicestershire is enormous. The establishment will be at Skellington, and thus Quorn will be left, for the present, to the rats and owls. Malakoff, the hunter, whom Prince Albert purchased for 310 guineas, was a beautiful animal, but on the whole we preferred Somerby and Freney, and the former ought never to have left Leicestershire. We heard, however, that Sir Richard liked few of them better than The Admiral. The average price for them all was 181 guineas, but thirteen of them averaged 294 guineas; whereas the highest average we remember for seven this year at Tattersall's was 242 guineas. A dun shooting pony, who roamed in the paddock with old Whitenose, was very much admired, and fetched 70 guineas.

Frost has made some considerable derangement in coursing fixtures. At present the Christmas week arrangements are as follows:—Bryn-pys, for Wednesday; the Amicable and Stag-haw (O.), for Thursday; Scorton, for Thursday and Friday; and Cound, for Friday. Lord Lonsdale's who seems to think with Sydney Smith, that "for ten pheasants which flutter in the wood, one peasant rots in gaol," has made a public protest against game-laws, by sending £5 to pay the fine of a lad who had been convicted for taking one on the estate of Mr. Kice, M.P. We have little more to tell *apropos* of field-sports, except, perhaps, that a Mr. Smith has been riding a run with the Old Berkshire, without his stirrups. The Bedlamites are still in great form in the coursing-field, and Riot, Gipsy Royal (brother and sister) and Gipsy Girl, beat everything at Stoneleigh-park, one of the very pleasantest coursing-meetings we know.

ACT OF EXCOMMUNICATION AT COBLENZ.—On Sunday we were witnesses of a ceremony which has not been performed for centuries, viz., an excommunication—the subject being M. Sonntag, a merchant at Coblenz, who was divorced from his first wife, and eight years ago was married by the civil authorities only to his present one. Last summer M. Sonntag was commanded by the clergy to separate from his wife, and, not obeying, their decree, he was on Sunday excommunicated. Dean Krametz, after preaching a sermon against the civil marriage, put on some other sacerdotal garments, and, accompanied by two clergymen bearing wax tapers, read, standing in the middle of the church, the sentence of excommunication against M. Sonntag and his lady. He then extinguished the tapers, saying that the individuals named were not worthy to see the day of the Lord, and throwing the candlesticks to the ground, breaking them to pieces, exclaimed, "Let the bells sound the funeral knell!" We immediately heard the sound of bells and the chants for the dead. The Dean, in conclusion, proclaimed that no one who was to hold relations with the excommunicated, to salute them, &c. This prohibition has not had much effect, for their house has been filled ever since with visitors, and at night they have been serenaded.—*Letter from Coblenz, Dec. 12.*

AUSTRIAN CREDIT BANK.—The Vienna papers, unaccustomed to report on extensive financial operations, are filled with admiration at the success of the new credit bank. The subscription for the shares of that institution opened on the 10th instant, and we are told by the Vienna press that the number of subscribers was such that those who were waiting their turn outside formed a line three deep, and 500 feet in length. Such a crowd of subscribers had never been witnessed at Vienna before. A large number were disappointed, when an official appeared, announcing that not more than a thousand subscriptions could be received per day; so that, after having been waiting for several hours in bitter cold weather, some thousands had to go home dissatisfied. It will be remembered that the capital of this new undertaking is only about a million and a half sterling.

ALARMING ACCIDENT TO THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—Her Majesty the Empress of Austria met yesterday with a serious accident, which happily terminated without any injury. About noon her Majesty, accompanied by a lady of the Court, proceeded in her carriage from the Burg on the road towards the summer residence of Schonbrunn, when suddenly the fore horses became restive, the intense cold having deprived the coachman of the power to check their career. The carriage was thrown against a barrier-stone in the Maria Theresien-street, and the coachman thrown off his seat. The horses, feeling no further restraint, continued at a fearful speed, and the leaders became detached. At this moment a heavy wagon was coming in the direction to which the animals were hastening, and the driver had fortunately the presence of mind to wheel his wagon across the road. By this means the unfettered horses were stopped. As soon as her Majesty had alighted from her carriage the coach of a private gentleman, that was just passing by, was placed at her disposal, and conveyed her back to the Imperial Palace. About half an hour afterwards the Emperor and the Empress proceeded in another carriage on the same road to Schonbrunn. This was probably done with a view to assure the public that her Majesty's health had in nowise suffered by the unfortunate occurrence in question.

A SEVERE WINTER.—Winter has set in unusually early, and with great severity, in Russia and Central Europe. Accounts from the region of the Volga and Shaksu state that those streams are frozen over; and that great suffering is expected this winter amongst the poorer classes of inhabitants in that portion of the empire. From Pesth, in Hungary, it is said that the Danube is there blocked up with ice. As many as seventy vessels, laden with grain, to be transported down to the Black Sea, have been detained, and are likely to remain so for the season, while many vessels have received damage from the floating masses of ice.

The gold mines of the Oural are said to have yielded, during the first six months of the present year, 8000 livres of gold.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University has given notice that Prince Albert's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry will be given this year to such resident undergraduate as shall compose the best poem on "Luther at the Diet of Worms."

The Russian Generals convoked at St. Petersburg have already held several meetings at the Admiralty and the Ministry of War. At the end of this month they are to assemble as a permanent great council of war.

The King of Prussia went on a visit to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, at Neu-Strelitz, where preparations have been made for a grand battue for wild boar, red deer and roe, in the grand ducal forests.

The Chevalier Pappalardo, the Sardinian Consul at Portsmouth, and who was in attendance on the King during his visit, has been honoured with a costly present by his Majesty's order, consisting of a set of elegant diamond studs, in commemoration of the occasion.

On the 12th inst. Sir Hamilton Seymour was received in special audience by the Emperor of Austria, and afterwards had long interviews with Baron de Bourqueney and the Ottoman Ambassador. In the evening a grand banquet in honour of the new Ambassador was given by Prince Paul Esterhazy, Count Buol being amongst the guests.

The Baron Lejeune, who has been charged to convey the decorations sent by the Emperor to the Shah of Persia and to the French embassy at Teheran, left Paris on the 14th instant with despatches from the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Tomb of Napoleon I., in the Hôtel des Invalides, is to be only open two days in the week—on Mondays to the public, and on Thursdays to foreigners with passports, and on both days from twelve to three.

By the death of M. de Rothschild, of Frankfurt, it appears that his godson, Sir Anthony Rothschild, of London, will receive £2,000,000, and also an equal share with the other nephews and nieces of the residue of the estate of the deceased.

Baron de Brunnow, Minister of Russia to the Germanic Diet, has hired for four years the residence of the late Baron Charles de Rothschild at Frankfurt.

The remarks made by the *Times* on the Concordat have not been to the taste of the Vienna authorities, and the coffeehouse and hotel keepers are no longer permitted "to lay the paper on their tables" for the use of their guests.

Dr. Edouard Vehse, the author of a work entitled "The History of the Petty German Courts," has just been arrested at Berlin, and the work has been seized.

Cardinal Wiseman contradicts the report of his appointment as Librarian of the Vatican.

Madame Monnier, sister of Marshal Ney, and widow of the late Receiver-General of the Meurthe, expired at Nancy last week, at the age of eighty-four.

The Queen has appointed Mr. May to the office of First Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons, vacant by the resignation of Mr. W. Ley.

The conferences between Austria and the States of the German Customs' Union with regard to a "Currency Convention," which were broken off in February, will shortly be resumed.

Report speaks of a return visit on the part of the Emperor of the French to Turin in the course of the spring.

General Kovalovski, the Russian Commander, has died at St. Petersburg from the effects of the wounds he received at the assault upon Kara.

Baron de Bouillé, formerly page to Louis XVI., and Knight of the Order of St. Louis, died near Rouen last week, at the age of eighty-nine.

Mr. Scott, who was private secretary to Lord Clanricarde and Lord Canning, is continued in the same office by the Duke of Argyll.

The Russian Government has levied a new tax on Poland, in the shape of a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the defenders of Sebastopol. Every peasant will pay a sum equivalent to twenty centimes.

Prince Kinsky has bought the splendid estate Podiebrad, in Bohemia, at the price of nearly three millions of florins.

The Hon. Mr. Byng has been appointed Chairman of the Board of Directors of the South-Eastern Railway.

Viscount Sandon, who has been appointed Private Secretary to Mr. Labouchere, will commence his duties at the Colonial-office on the 1st of January next.

General d'Armagnac died at Bordeaux the other day at the age of eighty-five. He took part in many of the great battles of the Empire.

The Austrian army is to be armed with new Minié rifles of different sizes. The Chasseurs have already had them for some months; but at least four years must elapse before they can be distributed to the whole army.

It is said that Lord Dunsford has at last obtained a settlement of his undeniable claims at the hands of the Mexican Government, and that he is to receive a sum of £30,000 down, and an annuity of £2000 a year.

M. de Wachter, Minister of Wurtemberg at Paris, has been named Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France.

The Count de Chambord and the Duchess de Berri were expected at Venice on the 22nd, to pass the winter.

The Spanish Government has refused the offer made to it by the Crédit Mobilier of Paris of 500,000,000 of reals at 6 per cent.

A skating society, composed of young people of both sexes, belonging to the first families, has been formed at Madrid.

The total amount of subscriptions to the shares of the Vienna Bank of Commerce and Industry on Saturday last was 614,666,000 florins.

The Deputy High Stewardship of the University of Cambridge, which has become vacant by the death of Mr. John Cowling, Barrister-at-Law, is likely to be conferred upon Mr. John George Shaw Lefevre, M.A., of Trinity College, Assistant Clerk of the Parliaments.

Not a single dead body was deposited at the Morgue in Paris during the ten days ending on Saturday last. This is a circumstance very unusual.

One of the editors of a satirical journal, published at Seville, has been stabbed by the tenor of the chief theatre in the city. The murderer has been arrested.

The soup kitchen at Macclesfield has been reopened for the winter. Mr. E. C. Egerton, M.P., has enclosed a cheque for £25 to the Mayor, for the use of the committee.

A great many English travellers are spending the winter months in Upper Egypt, where the climate is very genial. Among others there are now on the Nile the Earl of Portarlington, Lord George Paulet, and Lord Abercromby.

The Overland Mail brings the news of the death of Sir William William Jeffcott, Recorder of Penang, who had just received the appointment of Puisne Judge at Bombay.

The Correctional Tribunal of St. Malo has condemned nine blacksmiths to different periods of imprisonment, varying from five to thirty days, for being the excitors and ringleaders of a recent strike.

A smart shock of earthquake was felt at Barcelona at seven p.m. on the 4th. The church bells rang by its violence, chairs and tables were moved, and in some cases overturned, and great alarm was excited; but it does not appear that any serious damage took place.

A letter from Gex (Ain) of the 11th inst., says snow is a foot and a half deep near the town, and it is said to be four or five feet deep in the mountains.

The Council of the Horticultural Society have ordered all the valuable collection of dried plants for the Herbarium, formed by their travellers during the last forty years, to be sold by auction, in the course of January.

At a general meeting of the Royal Academy, the following Academicians have been elected as President and Council for the ensuing year:—President, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake. Council—E. M. Ward, S. Constans, C. W. Cope, W. Dyce, P. MacDowell, F. R. Lee, J. R. Herbert, Esq., and Sir R. Westmacott. Auditors—Sir R. Westmacott, W. Mulready, Esq., and Sir C. Barry.

The Carlist factions, lately so often annihilated, persist in harassing the Spanish Government, and general levies to crush them are announced.

Russia is said to have made large purchases of horses in Hanover and elsewhere, lately. Numerous strings of these animals, under the superintendence of a Russian inspector, have passed the frontier.

A company of French capitalists has offered to construct 1500 miles of railway in Spain, taking national property as a guarantee.

Count Valentine Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, paid visits on the 11th inst., to the members of the diplomatic corps at Vienna, to take leave, preparatory to his departure for St. Petersburg.

On Saturday last nearly a thousand sail of ships were in Yarmouth Roads, wind-bound. A great portion of them were colliers in ballast, bound for Sunderland.

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NEW PERIODICAL for the CORNET-PISTONS.—On the 1st January, 1856, will be published the First Number of the CORNET MISCELLANY, a New Work for Cornet with Piano Accompaniment, comprising Selections from the best Operas, and other modern music; arranged by THOMAS HARPER. A Number will be published every Month (containing from seven to twelve p.p.), price 2s. 6d. to subscribers. The subscription per annum will be 30s. 1 or, postage-free, 31s. Subscribers' names received by ROUSEY and SONS, 23, Holles-street, London.

SONNAMBULA as a CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Price 5s. Just published, a new and complete edition of LA SONNAMBULA, for piano-forte solo (without words), beautifully engraved and printed and splendidly bound in green embossed cloth (imitation of morocco) with gilt ornaments, letters, and edges. Price 5s. The most valuable and acceptable gift to a musical amateur.—DOSEY and SONS, 23, Holles-street.

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TO LADIES.—The SHREWSBURY WATERPROOF TWEED COATS may be had of the maker, JAMES PHILLIPS, SHREWSBURY. Patterns of Materials and List of Prices sent post-free. Gentlemen's Overcoats and Capes of the same material.

Christmas Supplement
to the
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
SATURDAY 1855. DECEMBER 22.



DRAWN BY J. GILBERT.

GEORGE C. LEIGHTON RED LION SQUARE.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, — All seated on the ground.

THE HERALD ANGEL.

(See the Illustration.)

BRIGHT-RAYING through the rayless night,
Like to a sudden sun upspringing,
Down-borne on wings of heavenly light
Through Juda's land glad tidings bringing;
Before whose feet the clouds dispel,
Thy herald comes, Emmanuel!

"God is with us!"—Hark, hark the sound
Proclaiming Christ's celestial birth;
While chorus angels, hovering round,
Swell the full strain of "Peace on earth."
"God is with us!" Bowed down in awe,
The chosen shepherds heard and saw.

"Go, quit your flocks upon the wold;
Leave the young sheep beside its dam:
This night a child is born;—behold,
He is the Shepherd and the Lamb!
Arise, and go!" And swift as day
The choral voices died away.

Not so the Herald-Angel fled;
But vanished slow, till faint and far
Upborne where fields of ether spread,
Diminished to a single star
The heavenly guest stood, radiant-bright,
To Bethlehem's walls the guiding light!

While kingly Herod quailed with fear,
Nor saw the angel in the beam,
The Wise Men gazed, and, drawing near,
Beheld fulfilled the prophet's dream:
In yon low shed, by cattle trod,
The wondering sages owned their God.

His office done, with lessening ray
To heaven the Herald-Angel rose;
But One still points the God-ward way
In these our days, as erst in those:
From midst the starry heavens old
He calls us to his Father's fold. E. L. HERVEY.

JONES UNDER TWO ASPECTS.

JONES AT HOME—AND JONES ABROAD.

It is strange how the same person may vary under different circumstances! Only look at Jones. The clown tumbling on the stage at Christmas, and the clown smoking his pipe at his own fireside, cannot be two more distinct personages than Jones at home and Jones abroad.

Now, Jones at home is a plain, simple, inoffensive person. His clothes are as neat and as regular as his other habits. Walking always in the quiet shade of life, he is happy if he escapes notice. He steps out carefully, at a slow, measured pace, measuring his time to the accuracy of half a minute. You never see him pushing his way roughly to the front ranks. He falls in with the others, and takes his place cheerfully where chance allots it to him. Should he push against any one, an instant apology comes gushing from his lips. His manners are as modest as his ways. He has always a hand ready to help any one over a dirty path; and, wherever there is a dangerous crossing, you see him affectionate almost in his attentions to old ladies and children. Self with him is the last person thought of. At dinner he would scorn being helped before his neighbour. If the last pear is his by right of rotation, he will resign it without a murmur, even though the person claiming it has had one already. "At night, if it's raining, he will go outside the omnibus with pleasure 'to oblige a lady.'" To the fair sex, generally, he is quite a Brompton Bayard of chivalry. Raleigh only threw his cloak down upon the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over; but Jones would fling himself, body, cloak, pantaloons, and all, and would take pride in his abject and moist position, if he only felt a lady's tiny foot tip-toeing it gently over his manly form. I would be bound he would not brush the mud off his clothes for many a day, but would look proudly on every dirty spot, as a glittering cross of knighthood that had been conferred upon him by some matchless Queen of Beauty! All his reproofs have the mildness of milk-and-water. As for a blow, it is doubtful if his hand, brave as it is, could twist itself into the formation of a fist. He uses it only to care-s, as if man-kind was some loved dog that he was fond of patting. He never treads on a person's prejudices; and as for sneers, sarcasms, or railery, he would as soon commit to memory the irreverent songs that are popular at the Coalhole, as lend his lips to any such cutting inquiry of a person as whether his maternal parent was aware of his absence from home? Upright in all his commercial dealings as any of the great pillars on the Stock Exchange—as respectful in his demeanour as a tradesman who has "a little bill to make up"—with a heart, like a fire-engine, kept ready harnessed to fly instantly, upon the smallest alarm, to the assistance of distress—Jones is, with justice, one of the Court cards in the Brompton pack, and, without a flaw, the brightest jewel of the Crescent in which he lives!

But Jones abroad is a very different person. So different is he from the other Jones at home, you would not recognise him for the same individual. The fact is, the moment he leaves England he begins picking out, one by one, all the rose-leaves that constituted the charm and bloom of his character at home, until at last there is nothing but the green stalk left; and this he parades about with as much pride as if there was still the same blushing flower on the top of it. It is strange, but, like the Christmas clown above mentioned, no sooner does he leave his own fireside than he begins painting his face, and disfiguring himself, and tumbling and

shrieking unmeaningly, and playing all sorts of absurd antics. These are partly tolerated because people think he is mad, and excuse him upon the broad generous plea that "he is an Englishman." The poor "furrineers" imagine, because Jones is a clown amongst them, that he is a clown always, and that, in fact, the whole country is full of such clowns; nor can you be surprised at their having grown up in this geographical error, when they do see so many exhibitions of Grimaldi-ism on the part of our beloved countrymen. Jones for the time is labouring under some curious hallucination that, because he has gone abroad to enjoy himself, he must do everything that a rational creature ought not to do. His dress instantly undergoes a strange metamorphosis. From the plain, simple garb, of one sober uniform colour, that he wore before, he emerges all at once into a dragon-fly of the brightest colours that keep buzzing and flying in everybody's face. Nothing is too extravagant for his appearance; and, if he had ordered the tailor to make him a suit of clothes out of a patch-work counterpane, he would not have succeeded in putting on his body a mass of ill-associated tints more chaotically flung together. The effect is most grotesque, and the little children follow him under the cruel delusion that they are about to see conjuring tricks. Groups of countrymen collect round him in the marketplace, and every time he opens his mouth expect to see fire issuing out of it, and make sure, whenever he puts his hand into his pocket, that he will pull out at least a glass globe with a number of godfish swimming about in it, or at all events begin unwinding off his body an interminable cable of sausages. But when they observe that he takes his hat off without as much as a pigeon flying into the air, and that he blows his nose without so much as a pack of cards falling out of his pocket-handkerchief, they leave Jones in disgust, and drop off with the firm conviction that Jones is an impostor. When he visits a cathedral he does not think of those whose attendance is prompted by quite another feeling than that of idle curiosity. He lounges about staring, disturbing persons in their devotions; and, should anything in the service strike him as being rather strange or ridiculous, he does not scruple to give utterance to his indignation, and, at times, I am ashamed to say, even goes so far as to laugh idiotically. I have seen him actually comb his hair during High Mass; and I have had a difficulty in believing that it could be the same exemplary Jones whose conduct at home is such a pattern for the charity children at Brompton church. I have observed with pain strangers nudge his elbow to remind him that he has forgotten to remove the cap off his head, and been shocked at his taking a sketch of some fine altarpiece before which peasants were praying on Christmas-eve. At theatres his conduct is very little better. He will talk because he cannot understand the performances himself, and laughs outright at the comical notion of people making use of such "abominable gibb rish as that." He keeps disturbing his neighbours by continually going out and coming in again, and is astonished at the little willingness they show in making way for him. At tables d'hôte he loudly expresses his disgust. Nothing is good enough for him. The wines are downright vinegar. Why don't they have port, sherry, or marsala—something that a Christian can drink? The dishes are all filthy "kickshaws." He is not going to poison his stomach with them; and he calls for joints, curries, deviled bones, Irish-stews, bashed lobsters, Welsh-rabbits, scalloped oysters, and the like; and great is his indignation when he hears that they have not got them. He is always boasting of the superior wealth of his country, and declaring publicly that England would "buy up the whole beggarly lot of them." He is always vaunting the mighty superiority of England in everything; and it is this eternal English standard, by which he will measure everything, that makes every enjoyment fall short of his expectations. He seems to carry it about with him as a rod for his own chastisement. He imagines that the Continent was made for Englishmen, and that, if the customs of a country are not in strict accordance with his English tastes and fancy, he has a right to visit his full contempt upon the inhabitants. Thus, he is extremely facetious with frogs, and wonderfully sarcastic over sourkrout. All police-sergeants, gendarmes, and custom-house officers, he fancies he has a vested right to oppose and abuse as much as he pleases. He resents a demand to see his passport as an insult, and parts with his keys to have his trunks examined as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject, about which he has a good mind to write to Lord Palmerston. Poor Lord Palmerston! What frightful abuse does Jones make of his name! and, if only one-half of the letters that Jones, and the whole tribe of Joneses on the Continent, threaten to write to his Lordship are ever written, we unfeignedly pity his Lordship's secretary, and hope he has a large sum allowed him for paper and sealing-wax. But Jones is the author of all his own troubles. He stirs up the water and makes it muddy, and then complains that he cannot drink it. If he would only take things as he finds them, instead of howling and running after things that are not to be got, he would be twice as happy. If he would not grumble so much, perhaps he would be able to admire something out of England. If he would not look upon every foreigner as a cheat who wants to impose upon him, perhaps he would not so often lose his temper in the course of the day, and certainly would not be a son the poorer by the time he went to bed. And, lastly, if he would only learn to conform to the customs of a country, and to do as the inhabitants do, instead of always expecting the inhabitants to do what he, as an Englishman, imagines they ought to do, he would not make himself so objectionable, would be treated with much greater civility, would enlarge the circle of his own enjoyments, and bring back with him to his own country far pleasanter reminiscences of his travels abroad. But, to do this, Jones must get rid of the conceit, the suspicion, the vulgarity, the narrow-mindedness, the ill-temper, and, above all, that national bulldoggishness—snarling, growling, barking, attacking everybody, and opposing everything—which he fancies is always necessary to assume with different clothes the moment he lands on the Continent.

When this triumph is achieved, we shall no longer notice with sorrow the painful discrepancy there exists between JONES AT HOME and JONES ABROAD. There will be but one Jones then, and he will carry Brompton to the Boulevards, and bring back with him in return the Boulevards to Brompton.

HORACE MATHEW.

THE WINTERS.

We did not fear them once—the dull grey mornings
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid;
The long night-watches did not bring us warnings
That we were tenants of a house decayed;
The early snows like dreams to us descended;
The frost did fairy-work on pane and bough.
Beauty, and power, and wonder, have not ended—
How is it that we fear the winters now?

Their home-fires fall as bright on hearth and chamber;
Their northern starlight shines as coldly clear;
The woods still keep their holly for December;
The world a welcome yet for the new year;
And far away in old-remembered places
The snowdrop rises and the robin sings;
The sun and moon look out with loving faces—
Why have our days forgot these goodly things?

Is it that now the north wind finds us shaken
By tempests fiercer than its bitter blast,
Which fair beliefs and friendships, too, have aken
Away like summer foliage as they past,
And made life leafless in its pleasant valleys,
Waning the light of promise from our day,
Till the mists meet even in the inward palace—
A dimness not like theirs to pass away?

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurel
Gave sunshine to the winters of our youth,
Before its hopes had fallen in fortune's quarrels,
Or time had bowed them with his heavy truth—
Ere yet the twilights found us strange and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only—
The past that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the winter is within us,
Hard is the ice that grows about the heart;
For petty cares and vain regrets have won us
From life's true heritage and better part.
Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship rather;
But nations toil and tremble even as we,
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
Fearing the winters which they may not see.

FRANCES BROWNE.

MY AFRICAN CHRISTMAS-DAY.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

THE foolish Tyrant who pesters the Mediterranean—you think I am going to speak of King Bomba; but it happens to be the older nuisance, King Quarantine—sentenced me to be imprisoned at Alexandria for five days. But he, like all other tyrants, is served by agents who cheat him; and, in my case, the having been in quarantine on five distinct days was enough to discharge me. I entered towards sunset on Saturday evening, and was released at daydawn on Wednesday morning. The Saturday was the 21st of December.

I had arrived at Alexandria after a tour of several months in the south of Russia, in Turkey, Asia Minor, and Syria; and I see in my diary (which one has great opportunities for keeping up during the listless hours of steam-boat travelling, quarantine, and other leisure times) that, on leaving Beyrout, where also I had to dawdle, waiting for a French steamer detained by an accident, I likened its attractions to those of Brighton. There was bathing, smoking, fishing (the victims from the Mediterranean being the prettiest little rock-fish of divers colours, which glistened like tiny rainbows), French newspapers, and horse exercise. And against the Devil's Dyke may be set the "sainted Lebanon;" and to see the sun set there is worth a pilgrimage. "Rapid," I wrote, "as this sunset is, it exhibits Lebanon and the hills below in a series of lights as quickly manifested and as various as theatrical effects. As the sun sinks, its rays fall full upon the face of the mountains, and for some minutes the whole mass of hills is swathed in a glow of rich crimson, while the Lebanon stands out whiter and brighter than ever. Then, as the crimson tints disappear from the hills, the alabaster side of the mountain takes the most delicate rose-colour, and preserves it for some time after the shadows, settling upon the minor eminences, have fused their outlines into obscurity, and after the sea, recently plashing in purple light, has become grey and sombre. Suddenly the rose tints vanish, and Lebanon is in shade until the moon-rays call out its sparkling points and edges in a different but hardly less captivating array of glittering prominences." Now, this was written in quarantine, with the glorious picture fresh upon my mind; so King Quarantine's "stone walls did not a prison make."

The place had its comforts, as well as its disagreeables. When the travellers—a party of about thirty, Jews, Turks, Arabs, Greeks, an American, an Englishman (myself)—had landed on a little pier leading to the quarantine-house, and a tall handsome black man, keeping us at bay with a long stick, had indicated our way, the

American and I held an impromptu meeting, and hastily passed two resolutions with great unanimity. The American moved, and I seconded,—That the others looked rather dirty. This agreed to, I moved, and the American seconded,—That we would have a room to ourselves. This also passed; and then, without either of us waiting to propose a vote of thanks to the other for his dignified and impartial conduct on the pier, we rushed into the quarantine, ran to the furthest room, threw in our luggage, and stood sentinels. Gradually the more leisurely Orientals and Levantines came in, swarmed into the other rooms, and at length made their way to our door, looking between us, and coveting our domain. But we colonists successfully repressed this unjustifiable spirit of aggression, by shoving the invaders back as they came up; and I also enlisted a foreign legion, in the form of our black friend, with the happiest effect. A small retaining fee bought him over, and he brought his official stick to bear, more unceremoniously than I could have desired, upon the aggressionists. Finally, our territory was secured to us unviolated, and under the protectorate of the black man, to whom, next day, I presented a blue shirt as a token of homage. We prepared to sit down under our own vine and our own fig tree. The room was empty, and whitewashed; but a letter to the Hotel de l'Orient was written, punched with holes, and fumigated (one of the Tyrant's mummeries), and then, being delivered, it brought us, in less than an hour, two capital basket-work beds, bedding, chairs, tables, a looking-glass, basins and jugs, knives, forks, plates, and spoons, candlesticks, candles, goblets, salt and pepper, with the landlord's inquiry when he should send coffee and rusks, when dinner, and what wines we would have. "Holding up our glasses against the glowing light in which the beautiful Mediterranean was then glistening like emeralds, we began to think that Africa was not such a bad place after all." And I hope that an enlightened reader will instantly see the evident justice that reserved an entire room for such civilised colonists as myself and the American, while the other travellers, people who sent for no basket-beds, candles, and wine, were crowded into the other apartments.

But to reverse my phrase, the place had its disagreeables as well as its comforts, and the chief of the former was the mosquito. That fiend bit me awfully that first night. He blotched my cheeks, he tightened one eye, and he entirely varied the plan of my nose, and, with a refinement of malice, he made me his *collaborateur*, for in my sleep I scratched myself at each of his attacks, and the looking-glass seldom reflected a more objectionable visage than I offered it in the morning. There were some rather pretty Greek girls, too, in one of the rooms, where the family had established itself with a promptitude similar to our own (the Greeks were, in old time, the best colonists in the world), and it was aggravating to be presented before their black eyes in such guise. Not, of course, that one cared about one's appearance, but one naturally desired to give foreigners a favourable idea of an Englishman. However, I accepted the situation, and not only risked the character of England by exhibiting myself to my companions in travel, but I gave these Greek young ladies (they were nieces to a saddler in Cairo, and going to settle there) a perfectly fair half of some very bad eau-de-Cologne, which I had purchased in that city of one of the "only original" manufacturers. Also, desirous, as became a traveller, to obtain all the information in my power, I inquired of the eldest, who spoke rather worse Italian than I did, whether she intended to marry a Mahometan husband; whereupon she twisted her very pretty face into such an ugly one, directing her look at a harmless Turk smoking opposite, and she made a gesture indicative of her readiness to spit in his face at the shortest notice. The fact is at the service of any statesman who, in the approaching Session, may wish to remark upon the feelings existing between the Greeks and the Turks.

Between bathing my wounds, making up my diary, smoking, slapping the mosquitoes on the wall with my slipper, as they rested, gorged with the ruddy drops that warmed my nose, ascertaining from my American friend who the softs and the hards and the loco-focoes were, and disabusing his mind of the idea that our aristocracy beat and kicked untitled people, when they came in their way in the streets, at balls, or elsewhere, the Tyrant's sentence was worked out, and, on the morning of Christmas-day, a capital omnibus—better than most of those the French company is being cheated into buying—awaited the American and myself at the door of the Quarantine, where also was the German landlord of the hotel—a most obliging and excellent fellow, who, let me say, fulfilled the idea of a host (distinct from that of a man whose business it is to get as much as he can out of you, and who never thinks of you again after his parting smirk) as well as anybody I ever knew. His guns, his books, his pipes—anything he thought would gratify me—were offered me for my voyage up the Nile; and he was more reasonable in his charges than the most uncivil Englishman could have been. We rattled off, and soon reached the fine oblong which forms the chief ornament of the Frank part of Constantinople. Christmas-day had brought out the flags from the roofs of the Consulates—English, French, Portuguese, American, and others. Later in the day the guns from the Christian vessels in the harbour fired salutes.

I am not going to insult the intelligence of the reader by supposing that in these days of books, lectures, dioramas, entertainments, and illustrated newspapers, any civilised person can need to be told anything about Alexandria. For myself, I only wish that I had read Mr. Kingsley's "Hypatia" before I went there, as it would have given a new significance to the deeply-interesting localities. The journey to Egypt will soon be one of everybody's duties. It is performed so easily: you drop down to Marseilles,

and thence a capital French steamer lands you in seven or eight days at Alexandria—there is no quarantine for you, coming thus, and you will take the railroad, or, if you like, the excellent English steamer, and run up to Cairo as pleasantly as possible—do the Pyramids, Sphinx, petrified forest, egg-hatching, mosques, kabobs, bath, bazaar, whirling dervishes, and the rest of the routine, and be back again in your club-window long before you have been missed, I dare say. I am only going to tell how I spent the only Christmas-day I ever passed, or am likely, I suppose (though they say every one drinks twice of the Nile), to pass, in Africa. I had a whimsical notion of trying to make the day resemble that which my friends were spending in England, but there were some difficulties in the way.

A French breakfast, with wine, omelettes, and so on, could hardly be avoided, much as I might have wished for black toast, thick bad coffee, and a raw kidney or so, London fashion. Nor could I stick up my reading-casel, with that day's *Times* upon it; for the ladies at our *table-d'hôte* seemed to think that you ought to talk to them, instead of improving your mind; besides, the nearest approach to the *Times* was a little French Alexandrian paper that did not smell half so nice as the fruit on the table. Before this I had a shampoo bath, a thing I do not usually have on Christmas-day; but very excusable after the quarantine. After breakfast, the sense of freedom made it impossible to resist a donkey-gallop, and so, with a long cigar in my mouth, a straw hat, and a blouse, I mounted a very fine jackass, with an enormously red padded pommel, and, followed by a shrieking donkey-boy, I had a capital jolt through the principal streets of the city. This, again, none of my friends, I think, can say they ever saw me do in London on Christmas-day. Coming back to the hotel, however, I found that there was one thing in which an African Christmas might be made to resemble an English one. There was a church, and thither I went. It was a small, mean-looking place, made by knocking two houses into one; the service was meagrely performed; and even the "Herald Angels," which from boyhood one indissolubly associated with the worship of that day, was wanting, for there was no music. Opposite was a Roman Catholic Church, where no such "mained rig its" were to be noted. I ought to say that a handsome edifice for the Church of England congregation was in progress, or rather its progress, which had been considerable, was arrested for want of funds—it may now be complete. However, it was something to have joined in the service which was occupying friends at home at that hour. Then my American companion and I, finding that King Quarantine had made us lose the English steamer to Cairo, and being unwilling to wait for the next, occupied our afternoon in bargaining with a variety of dragomen for transit in one of the small boats of the Nile. We reclined on cushions at the open window, and while watching the motley-coloured life of Alexandria, where nearly all costumes in the world pass under your window, we diplomatized, and meditated, and displayed much wisdom; and were finally both disappointed and cheated, as we contrived to get into Cairo, not in the six or seven days in which our captain pledged himself to be there, but in eleven, and about two hours before the next English steamer. Then we went to Pompey's Pillar, as we know we are not to call it; and my companion, who was rather an iconoclast, hammered for half an hour and knocked off a little piece, and I gave half a piaster to a plump Arab girl for a much finer piece, which, if it had not come off the pillar, looked as if it had, and, anyhow, makes a very good paper-weight. Returning, we remarked on the quays that the donkeys not used for pleasure excursions (our animals were as sleek and spirited as ponies), but for dragging up corn and the like, were very ill treated, and my companion, in a spirit of retributive justice, observed that he was very glad that their owners were, in turn, oppressed by the deceased if not lamented Abbas Pasha.

Up to this point I had not been able to carry out my English idea with any great exactitude. But the rest of the day was somewhat more like a home Christmas, for although at dinner—a very good one—no turkey smoked upon the board, no sausages sent up a noble odour, no plum-pudding crumbled, in its richness, beneath the fork, I demanded of my German host a bottle of port wine. He looked thoughtful, and rather inclined to recommend something else; but, on my persisting, he disappeared with a smile, and returned with a black bottle. I was to drink as much or as little as I liked, and "it was not going into my bill." The wine was capital, and worthy of the healths to which a good deal of it—in fact, while speaking on the subject, I may as well say all—was devoted. And, finally, the day was rendered more English still through the cordial hospitality of an American family, who were so kind as to invite me to join the only evening party worth the trouble of dressing for—a child's party. And when I think of the solemn oath of eternal friendship sworn that night, after certain dances, between me and a darling little American fairy of six years old, with the largest of blue eyes and the smallest of white slippers, I utterly refuse to believe that Mr. Pierce's election manoeuvres will ever produce a state of things that shall sow enmity between me and that young lady, or between my people and her people. The thing is impossible. And so ended my African Christmas-day, and I am sure I am very much obliged to anybody who has been good enough to pretend to take any interest in my account of it.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.

It is the Christmas time,
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining Angels climb.
Thus unto every thing
That lives and moves, for heaven, on earth,
And has its dole of grief or mirth,
The shining Angels sing.
"Babes, new born, undefiled,"
Sleep safely through this Christmas-tide,
In lowly house or palace wide,

For Jesus was a child,
O young men, bold and free,
In peopled town or desert dim,
When ye are tempted like to Him,
"The man Christ Jesus," see.

"Poor mothers, with your hoard
Of endless love and countless pain,
Remember all her grief, her gain—
The mother of the Lord
Mourners, half blind with woe,
Look up: One standeth in this place
And by the pity of his face
The Man of Sorrows know.

"Travellers in far countrie,
O think of Him who came, forgot,
To His own—and they received Him not—
Jesus of Galilee.
O, all ye who have trod
The wine-press of affliction, lay
Your hearts before His heart this day:
Behold the Christ of God!"

D.

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

(See the Illustration.)

If ever a picture spoke for itself, and needed not the aid of an explanation, it is Mr. Thomas's "Returning from Church." But if one is to speak of it, one has a right to say that he has hit off the comfortable, well-to-do English family marvellously. Mamma's warm tippet, and her look in at the window, are admirable. Jim (that monkey-faced boy's name must be Jim, it can't be anything else) is staring down into the kitchen, with thoughts of the pudding; and it is to be feared that, utterly regardless of the sermon he has heard on self-denial, the vulgar and greedy little creature is about to remark "I say, aint it a big un?" The elder lad, pulling the bell, is amused with the little one—evidently the pet—who is glad to get home. The service was very long, and it's so cold. As to that burly parent of theirs, he ought to be ashamed of himself. His whole appearance bespeaks a man of business, who understands political economy, and the principles of demand and supply; and yet here he is, pulling out money—silver—to give to that begging child, instead of explaining to her that her poverty is the logical result of somebody's improvidence, and that for such cases the union is the proper resource. He hasn't a bit more sense of the right way of treating her than has the pretty little girl of her own age who is compassionately beholding her shivering and naked feet. If there is any excuse for him—and at Christmas we must be charitable—it is in the sight of his own cheerful, well-clad children, about to sit down to a capital dinner. Well, we suppose he must be let off. Perhaps he has been listening to the sermon, and has misinterpreted the admonition to be kind and helpful, and "not to turn thy face from any poor man." We should have expected more enlightenment from a man of business. He does not even mutter that the police ought to keep the street clear of beggars, and seems rather pleased than not at having to give away money. Is this a true type of our heads of families? If so, they sadly want a few "guardians of the poor" to harden them into economic principles.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

The old church-bells are ringing,
A thousand memories bringing
Of the time long past away!—
Of dear ones—ours no longer,
But who, with love made stronger,
Look down on us to-day.

Go we, and humbly praying,
Our Saviour's precept saying,
"O God! be we forgiven,
As we forgive each wronger;"
And these in love made strong
Will hear us up in heaven.

Pray we for one another—
For Lazarus, our brother—
For Dives, our rich neighbour.
Pray that the weak grow stronger—
Pray that the strong no longer
Keep from his proper labour.

There's work in the great city
For tenderest love and pity,
To-day, to-night, to-morrow:
Neglect the work no longer,
Each hour the wrong grows stronger
In bitterness and sorrow.

Hold not the hand from giving;
Think not there's any living
Beneath thy care, O brother!
To day, be sure the teaching
Of Christ be more than preaching—
Do good to one another!

M. L.



GEORGE C. LEIGHTON, RED LION SQUARE.

LONDON:--- RETURNING FROM CHURCH, CHRISTMAS MORNING. --- BY G. THOMAS.



GEORGE C. LEIGHTON RED LION SQUARE.

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD. --- BY J. GILBERT.

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

(See the Illustration.)

I own to great admiration for the pig. Alive or dead he is with me a decided favourite. In his babyhood he is much more beautiful than the lamb in whose praise poets have exhausted their fancies, and a litter of thirteen round roly-poley little fellows and their ponderous mamma form a much more delightful picture than a stupid-looking ewe and her one or two long-shanked spasmic-tailed progeny. I have often felt something akin to sorrow when looking at a delicate sucking pig—beautiful in death, reposing on its bier of blue earthenware; and indeed I know not how far I might have been committed by my sympathy, had not recollections of similar sacrifices occurred to me—visions of brown and savoury pigs at whose immolation I had assisted. I am not the only man who has been thus touched by sucking pig, for I remember finding a *gourmand* of my acquaintance so rapt in the contemplation of a picture by Morland, that it was not until I had tapped him on the shoulder that he became aware of my presence. "Fine picture," said I; "very fine. I did not know that you cared for paintings." "Nor do I, generally," he replied; "but look at those little pigs! By George! how they would eat roasted!" I presume Morland would have thought that a very high compliment, and I am sure my friend did.

Imagine the sucking pig to have grown into a porker, dairy-fed. Its adolescence has increased its value without diminishing its delicacy or detracting from its beauty. Pickled, it is considered a fitting companion for the aristocratic capon—its mild oleaginousness compensating for the dryness of the fowl; but when found in companionship with the humble cabbage we are more sensible of the advantage of its association, making, as it does, a banquet for the poor man's board.

Roasted—imaginary odours float about my nostrils as I write the word—roasted loin, brown as an Egyptian beauty, the crackling scored and gaping to invite the knife, and the rich deep-coloured gravy sending up a reek that would put "an appetite beneath the ribs of death." The knife is plunged into it—a noise like breaking ice, a separation of the parts, and then the delicate muscle is revealed to us. Remembrance is hunger!

Roasted leg—so valued that it is offered up with myrrh and frankincense—that is sage and onions. If King Jamie had ever tasted—may smelt—of that divine dish, his brutal prejudice against pork must have been removed. I have a faith which nothing shall shake out of me—that if the gods of the old mythology ever did eat animal food it was roast pork.

Our pig has come of age—bacon age. He has eaten his terms of barley-meal and peas, and is prepared to fulfil that destiny to which he was ordained. He has proved his gratitude for the care of man by growing to forty stone—life has become a burden to him, and he grunts to be "cured." Great creature! Let his wish be gratified!

And now his capacious sides roof the kitchen, and his ponderous hams hang like pendants from the huge beams. From ham and fitch great cantles are cut out and are now making the ingle musical with their spluttering and fizzing, as Mary, half-blinded by the blazing fire, turns the slices on the gridiron. Now they appear garnished with what seem to be buttons of gold, but which are in reality eggs laid for the occasion by Dame Partlet, whose clucking I heard when I first opened my eyes in the morning. Talking would now be criminal—no noise but of knife and fork.

It is from Giles Jolter's cottage door that that self-same odour comes; for good honest Pig is no respecter of persons. He is not like my Lord Deer, who never visits any family that can't treat him with wine sauce; or like the Honourable Mrs. Southdown, who prefers to be attended by her page Currant-jelly. Honest Pig has no such fancies. A little mustard to make you look sharp, or a dash of vinegar that you may relish him the more; or, on very high days and holidays, a spoonful of apple-sauce, to induce you not to belong to a goose-club, is all honest Pig asks of his entertainers.

Unless, by-the-by, at Christmas time, when in old Halls and at College tables his head is made the head dish of the feast—why, then he thinks fit to be perfumed with rare spices and sweet herbs, to be worthy of the high company of whom he is about to become a part. Then he decks himself out with garlands of red-berried holly, and bay and rosemary, and allows none but the Chief Cook, with his side-arms and in full uniform, to conduct him to his place of honour. The song which is sung to his glory is not altogether of common mother's English, but is seasoned, as it were, in honour of Christmas time, with good church Latin. This is the height of Pig glory; and so we will take our leave of him, while singing the old carol, sung a long time ago:—

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry.
Quot estis in convivio
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

[So say we, all of us. For mirth and good cheer let us be thankful always!]

"The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,

[Right, old minstrel! if it be of Shrewsbury curing.]

Which, thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us servare canticum
Caput apri defero, &c.

"Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In regimens ario."

And for the same reason, and in grateful acknowledgment of the good and plenty which is about us, let the poor be made partakers in the general festivity, so that the King of Bliss may be honoured in the way which he has commanded homage should be paid to him.

M. L.

CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

We need not tell the reader that the general manner of celebrating Christmas-day is much the same wherever professors of the Christian faith are found; and the United States, as the great Transatlantic offshoot of Saxon principles, would be the first to conserve the traditional ceremonies handed down from time immemorial by our canonical progenitors of the East. But every nation has its idiocratic notions, minute and otherwise, and it is not strange that the Americans, as a creative people, have peculiar and varied ways of their own in keeping this, the most remarkable day in the calendar. The English, more substantial in their perpetuation of ancestral customs, respect the same usages, invest the day with the usual forms, and go on from year to year in the time-honoured footprints of the past. The Americans now and then add a supplemental form to the accepted code—characteristic of the mutable and progressive spirit of the people—though there exists the church-service, the conventional carol, the evergreen decorations, the plum-puddings, the pantomime, and a score of other "demonstrations" that never can legitimately be forgotten.

Society generally seem to apportion the day thus: church in the morning, dinner in the afternoon, and amusements in the evening. The Christmas dinners concentrate the scattered members of families, who meet together to break bread in social harmony, and exchange those home sentiments that cement the happiness of kindred. To-day the prodigal once more returns to the paternal roof; the spendthrift forsakes his boon companions; the convivialist deserts the wine-cup. The beautiful genius of domestic love has triumphed, and who can foresee the blessed results?

Parties, balls, and f6tes, with their endless routine of gaieties, are looked forward to, as pleasures are, the wide world over; and all classes, from highest to lowest, have their modes of enjoyment marked out. Preparation follows preparation in festal succession. Sorrow hides her Gorgon head; care may betake itself to any dreary recesses, for Christmas must be a gala!

There is generally snow on the ground at this time; if Nature is amiable, there is sure to be; and a Christmas sleigh-ride is one of those American delights that defy rivalry. There is no withstanding the merry chime of the bells and a fleet passage over the snow-skirted roads. Town and country look as if they had arisen in the morning in robes of unsullied white. Every house-top is spangled with the bright element; soft flakes are coquetting in the atmosphere, and a pure mantle has been spread on all sides, that fairly invites one to disport upon its gleaming surface.

We abide quietly within our pleasant home on either the eve or night of Christmas. How the sleighs glide by in rapid glee, the music of the bells and the songs of the excursionists falling on our ear in very wildness. We strive in vain to content ourselves. We glance at the cheerful fire, and hearken to the genial voices around us. We philosophise, and struggle against the tokens of merriment without; but the restraint is torture. We, too, must join the revellers, and have a sleigh ride. Girls, get on your fur; wrap yourselves up warmly in the old bear-skin; hunt up the old guitar; the sleigh is at the door, the moon is beaming. The bells tinkle, and away we go!

There is no such jollity on earth as a sleigh-ride. River excursions on the bluest of streams, pic-nics in the floweriest of dells, harvest-homes among the brownest of fields, days in the field, or by the brook with trout, pickerel, and all the angler's heart could hope for, are all very well, but they seem monotonous and weary when compared with a dashing old-fashioned sleighing bout. If mankind ever made up its universal mind to be agreeable, certainly it has now. Thousands of sleighs of all patterns, like full-breasted swans, antelopes, Poovah bears, and cars of Juggernaut, filled with the gayest of lads and lasses, are skimming through the feathery avenues. A myriad bells, on the fleetest of horses, ring changes that could only denote an excess of merriment. The very air is palpitating with the music-throb wildly sounding far and near. The stars, twinkling in a sky unclouded, shed a subdued light on a scene more vivid and joyous than our poor pen could hope to illustrate.

An old English legend was transplanted many years ago on the shores of America, that took root and flourished with wonderful luxuriance, considering that it was not indigenous to the country. Probably it was taken over to New York by one of the primitive Knickerbockers, or it might have clung to some of the drowsy burrowmasters who had forsaken the pictorial tiles of dear old Amsterdam about the time of Peter de Laar, or Il Bamboccia, as the Italians call him, got into disgrace in Rome. However this may be, certain it is that Santa Klaus or St. Nicholas, the kind Patron-Saint of the Juveniles, makes his annual appearance on Christmas-eve, for the purpose of dispensing gifts to all good children. This festive elf is supposed to be a queer little creature, that descends the chimney, viewlessly, in the deep hours of night, laden with gifts and presents, which he bestows with no sparing hand, reserving to himself a supernatural discrimination that he seems to exercise with every satisfaction. Before going to bed, the children hang their rowest stockings near the chimney, or pin them to the curtains of the bed. Midnight finds a world of hosiery waiting for favours; and the only wonder is that a single Santa Klaus can get around among them at all. The story goes that he never misses one, provided it belongs to a deserving youngster, and morning is sure to bring no reproach that the Christmas Wizard has not nobly performed his wondrous duties. We need scarcely enlighten the reader as to who the real Santa Klaus is. Every indulgent parent contributes to the pleasing deception, though the juveniles are strong in their faith of their generous holiday patron. The following favourite lines graphically describe a visit of St. Nicholas, and, being in great vogue with the young people of America, are fondly reproduced from year to year:—

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While vis one of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
The way to the window, I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the latch;
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer;
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his courses they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name—
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the courses they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

A curious feature of an American Christmas is the egg-nogg and free lunch, distributed at all of the hotels and cafés. A week at least before the 25th, fanciful signs are suspended over the fountains of the bars (the hotel-keepers are quite classic in their ideas) announcing superb lunch and egg-noggs on Christmas-day. This invitation is sure to meet with a large response from the amateur epicures about town, who ever on the *qui vive* for a banquet gratis, flock to the festive standard, since it has never been found a difficult matter to give things away, from the time old Heliogabalus gastronomed in Phœnicia up to the present hour. A splendid hall in one of the principal hotels, at this moment, occurs to us. A table, the length of the apartment, is spread and furnished with twenty made dishes peculiar to the Christmas *cuisine*. There are *chordons* and *frassées rayons* and *calipee*, of rav'rous delicacy. Each dish is labelled, and attended by a black servant, who serves its contents on very small white gilt-dged plates. At the head of the table a vast bowl, ornamented with indescribable Chinese figures, contains the egg-nogg—a palatable compound of milk, eggs, brandy, and spices, mankenish in colour, with froth enough on its surface to generate any number of Venuses, if the old Peloponnesian anecdote is worth remembering at all. Over the egg-nogg nine host usually officiate, all smiles and benignity, pouring the rich draught with miraculous dexterity into cut-glass goblets, and passing it to the surrounding guests with profuse hand. On this occasion the long range of fancy drinks are forgotten. Sherry-cobblers, mint-juleps, gin-slings, and punches, are set aside in order that the sway of the Christmas draught may be supreme. Free lunches are extremely common in the United States, what are called "eleven o'clock snacks," especially; but the accompaniment of egg-nogg belongs unequivocally to the death of the year.

The presentation of "boxes" and souvenirs is the same in America as in England; the token of remembrance having an inseparable alliance with the same period. Everybody expects to give and receive. A month before the event the fancy stores are crowded all day long with old and young in search of suitable *souvenirs*, and every object is purchased, from costliest gems to the tawdriest bauble that may get into the market. If the weather should be fine, the principal streets are thronged with ladies shopping in sleighs; and hither and thither sleds shoot by, laden with parcels of painted toys, instruments of mock music and septuagenarian dread, from a penny trumpet to a sheepskin drum.

Christmas seems to be a popular period among the young folk for being mated, and a surprising number approach the altar this morning. Whether it is that orange-flowers and bridal gifts are admirably adapted to the time, or that a longer lease of happiness is ensured from the joy of character of the occasion, we are not sufficiently learned in hymeneal lore to announce. The Christmas week, however, is a merry one for the honeymoon, as little is thought of but mirth or gaiety until the dawning New Year sobriety suggests that we should put aside our masquerade manners. In drawing-room amusements society has a wealth of pleasing indoor pastimes. We remember the sententious *Question réünions*, the hilarious *Surprise-parties*, *Fairy-bowl*, and *Hunt-the-slipper*. We can never forget the vagabond *Calathumpians*, who employ in their hands everything inharmonious, from a fire-shovel to a stewpan, causing more din than the demons down under the sea ever dreamed of.

What, then between the sleigh-rides, the bell-melodies, old Santa Klaus and his fictions, the egg-nogg and lunches, the wedding, and the willingness to be entertained, the Americans find no difficulty in enjoying Christmas-day. Old forms and new notions come in for a share of observances; and the young country, in a glow of good humour, with one voice, exclaims, "*Le bon temps viendra!*"

THE WOMAN WHO IS BURIED ALIVE.

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THERE is one class of women that always has my most especial pity. What they suffer no one can tell. Patient, enduring, only complaining at the last moment, and then only in tones of the softest expostulation, they take rank amongst the martyrs of society. I have known many such a martyr, and my bachelor's soft heart always bleeds for them. I know what the intensity of their secret sorrows must be;—all the more intense because they are shut up, and do not come to the window, and have a good cry at once, but nurse themselves in dark corners, and weep in silence; and it is in consequence of their nun-like privacy of grief that my compassion is always given, like a ready tribute, to them.

They are, in fact, the nuns of private life, and they live in convents. They roam most gloomily from cell to cell—gliding, rather than walking—and you see them growing thinner and thinner, paler and paler, every day, until it is a wonder how they live at all. What becomes of most of them it would be, perhaps, a melancholy history to inquire. Some waste away; some, it may be, are removed to another convent, to renew their sufferings elsewhere; some disappear, like the flies, you do not know how; and a few, perhaps, recover.

I am alluding to the class of much-to-be-pitied women who, it is well known, are subjected to a life of the most dreadful seclusion. To use the term these poor unfortunate creatures apply to themselves, they are women who are "buried alive."

Mrs. Flauence Flounders belongs to this much-persecuted class. She is a short, thick person, whose waist, no longer so slim as it used to be, has puzzled many a partner in waltzing. Her colour is what may be called florid. She has already left the earliest stages of womanhood, and is now rapidly advancing towards that middle part of life's journey at which the milestones do not count after thirty-nine. Her spirits are good, and her appetite far from delicate. I have seen her at dinner, when I should say her plate was filled oftener than mine; and at supper I have envied her not less for the magical rapidity with which, not always waiting to be asked, she has taken wine with nearly everybody. She has a hand with long tapering fingers, that seem to possess a magnetic power for attracting a bottle of champagne; and I have always known where to find a bottle, when sent on a marauding expedition by some young ladies, by fixing my eyes steadily on the waving feathers of her gorgeous turban. As the *parrache* of Henry IV. pointed on the battle-field the way to glory, so do the ornaments of Mrs. Flauence Flounders' head-dress invariably indicate to me, in a supper-room, the exact spot where the champagne (and the best, too) is to be found.

It was two or three days after a rencontre like the above when, having occasion to call upon her, I was astounded, perfectly startled, at her revelation that she was neither more nor less than "a woman buried alive." I looked round her room—a handsome drawing-room in Malmesbury-square—and could hardly believe my senses. It was a spacious apartment, luxuriously furnished; with looking-glasses that allowed you to remove the dust off your boots, and looking-glasses that enabled you to compose the topmost curl of your last new wig. It had parrots, birds, flowers, gold-fish—everything to make it comfortable. There were chairs, the cushions of which sprang up like Jack-in-the-boxes the moment you touched them; there were sofas so rapturously soft that, if it were not the cruelty of the idea, you might almost imagine they were stuffed with babies! My eyes rapidly skimmed over faultless paintings from Italy and Newmarket—over priceless vases from Sevres and the Lowther Arcade—over Lyons silks, tiger hearth-rugs, and carpets that had the genuine stamp of Turkey about them;—and "Really," I said to myself, "if ever I were to be interred with the breath still in me, I do not know of a prettier sepulchre that I could die with comfort in than this."

"Yes, Sir," exclaimed Mrs. Flounders, in a voice that would have brought tears into the eyes of an income-tax commissioner, "I am a woman literally, shamefully, buried alive!"

Again and again I stared. There was the same high florid complexion that one would almost say was artificial, only one's natural politeness stifles the utterance of such uncomplimentary thoughts. There was the same double chin, that looked not unlike a coach-spring, connecting, as it were, the head with the body of the carriage, which, in this instance, was as majestic and erect as ever. There was, also, the same comfortable, corporeal fullness that suggested the vulgar idea that the lining of the same carriage was looked after daily with not less care than the painting of the outside; and the result of my curious examination was that, at all events, the interment seemed to agree remarkably well with the victim.

"Indeed!" was all I faintly uttered.

"Yes, Sir! buried alive!" she said, turning her eyes up to a beautiful ormolu chandelier hanging from a porcelain Cupid above her. "I go nowhere! I am a perfect prisoner! I am deprived of every little amusement—have, indeed, taste for none! I do not see a single soul! Every one is out of town! You are the only person that has called upon me for the last two days—and I am sure it is very kind of you. I am sinking daily—I'm losing spirits, energy, appetite, flesh, everything! I cannot do a thing! I cannot eat—I cannot sleep—I cannot sing—I cannot read! I cannot even cry! This very morning I tried to go on to the balcony for a little fresh air, and—will you believe it?—I nearly fell over the railings into the street, I was so weak from the exertion! Would you be kind enough to hand me that vinaigrette? Thank you."

All this was muttered in a disaway, lackadaisical voice, that I could scarcely believe it was our dear Mrs. Flounders talking—she whose rather mercurial tongue is generally heard at a theatre high above Formosa, or Paul Bedford himself. After a pause, that I was afraid to break, she continued. "Tell me, there's a good soul, tell me—for I hear absolutely nothing in this great big coffin—is it true that Lady Concertina's at Brighton? Have you heard of the grand dinners that the Eperguys are giving at Spa? And is there any truth in the report that the Blanemanges have resumed the *petits soupers* that were so popular last season at Paris? Have the Moulds gone at last up the Rhine? Do you

know whether Mrs. Migraine has left Naples since that little *fracas*? And can you tell me whether those horrible Blew D'Evilles have actually gone to besiege p or dear old gony Lord De Seuvray in his castle in the north? Oh! I must tell you I received a terrible letter from your old friend Mrs. Humdrum yesterday. She says she's buried alive at Wiesbaden—it seems there isn't a soul there this year! I'm sure it can't be worse than this London! It's too bad! Was there ever a person so buried alive as I am?"

I tried to console her with the best cooling verbal restoratives I could summon to my aid, and, after assuring her that there was a considerable number of lords and ladies, with a marquis besides, and a Royal duke into the bargain, who, to my knowledge, were all condemned to a similar kind of vital interment, she revived a little. Then I thought I could with safety leave her, the more especially as I noticed a big-calved Johny bringing in for luncheon a heavily-laden tray, that discharged, as I thought, a most savoury aroma of roasted partridges round the room. Poor woman! It was but right, if she was "sinking daily," that she should have something to cling to—even if it was only the leg of a roast partridge!

Some months later, in December, I met this same Mrs. Flauence Flounders at Brighton. Notwithstanding the circumstances of her melancholy sepulture, she was still alive, and apparently in extremely rude health—so rude as to be almost vulgar. Her cheeks were of that glowing redness that you warmed yourself, as at a kitchen fire, merely by looking at them. And her *embellishment* was such that I quite pitied the poor pony that was waiting for her at the door. She was in her riding-habit, and had only time to shoot at me a few words of friendly greeting as she squeezed by in the narrow passage. "Just going out, you see, for a ride—should die of ennui if I stopped at home. No one here! Every one gone!—Am anxious to get back—am completely buried alive in this stupid, methodical, stuck-up place." And away she went to saddle the poor pony with the full weight of her burial.

From that time I made a point of studying Mrs. Flounders' complaint. I found it consisted in an unconquerable restlessness to be at a certain place where other people were, and where she was not. This restlessness led to peevishness—the peevishness led to loss of appetite—and loss of appetite would lead, there is no doubt, if only persevered in long enough, to loss of food, and that loss would end in time—there was not the slightest hesitation in coming to that conclusion—in loss of life. This is what makes the complaint so peculiarly dangerous. Therefore, directly a woman is buried alive, removal is instantly necessary. You must knock down the door of her tomb, and let her escape that very moment. If she is buried alive, because everybody is going out of town, you must let her go out of town. If she is anxious to get back to town, because the opera has opened, and the season has begun, by all means let her return. There is no other remedy that will yield the slightest relief. If you do not, her malady soon assumes an alarming form; her cries, her groans, her complaints become so truly piteous, that the house which she happens to be buried alive in quickly becomes unbearable to all those who are sharing her sepulchral captivity with her. The servants fly from her; her children approach her with dread and trembling; the nurse scarcely dares to venture near her with the baby even in her arms; she is "out" to everybody; she neglects her appearance—does her hair anyhow—leaves her letters unopened—remains for hours in bed—lunches, dines, in her bed-room. At tea, perhaps, she makes her appearance, but it is in her morning wrapper. Where, indeed, is the use of her dressing in a place where she is buried alive? Hysterical fits, at last, supervene, and at regular intervals—mostly at meal-times, and invariably when a stranger is present. It is then that the disease is at its crisis—the sufferings of the poor creature have attained their awful climax. The doctor is sent for. He pays two or three visits, pockets his two or three guineas, when the lady, finding in a lucid interval that he clearly does not understand her constitution, refuses to see him any more. It is then that he confesses that the case is a very serious one; in fact, quite beyond the reach of human skill; and he recommends "change of air."

I have watched many delicate persons who are labouring under a desperate attack of premature interment. In every one I have found that it was urgently necessary to have the patient instantly removed. The ravings, which were previously of a desponding and incoherent character, at once cease, and the patient gradually becomes more composed, and at length even rational. She dresses for dinner, and in the evening is strong enough to go to see a pantomime. The attacks, however, vary very much, and delight in developing themselves when least expected. I have known Mrs. Flounders, for instance, complain of being buried alive under some very singular circumstances: once in the middle of a grand public ball, where there were at least two thousand persons in the room, and where there was every possible attraction—champagne supper included; at another time, on New-year's-day, at a charming country-house, full of delightful company, who, strange to say, did not backbite one another; and another time at Her Majesty's Theatre, where there must have been, at least, two Kings, three Queens, and an Emperor and Empress present. The last occasion, I recollect, was at an horticultural fête, where, if you were buried alive, your funeral would at all events take place in the midst of beautiful flowers, and to the sound of military music. Still you cannot account for these things! I have observed Mrs. Flounders, when she has been buried alive, to be wandering, absent, depressed, feverish, snappish, and with a wild look about her, as of a person who was being suffocated; but the next moment, after she had been removed to some crowded room, where the mistletoe was hanging, she has all of a sudden breathed freely, and in a few seconds been quite a different person, telling you little bits of scandal about her friends in the most charming manner possible.

It is for the above reasons that I always deeply pity a poor sensitive woman who is buried alive. It is only another way of saying that she is not in her element—that she is inhaling some vulgar, vitiated, unfashionable atmosphere, that her refined nature has not been accustomed to. During that period she is only a corpse! Break down, then, I say, the barrier that shuts her out from the world, and let her emerge from her gilded tomb and be

once more a beautiful human being! Such is the paramount duty of all persons—who have incomes of not less than £2000 a year!

POSTSCRIPT.—I do not remember a case ever terminating fatally in fashionable life of a woman who was buried alive. On the contrary, it seems to agree with them. For example, take Mrs. Flounders, who, to my knowledge, has been buried alive never less than three or four times every year for the last twenty years, and see how hale and hearty she is! Her figure is as round as ever, and she still enjoys an unimpaired appetite, that, I can tell you, would be anything but welcome at a cheap boarding-house. No; it must be confessed that I do not know of one instance of a woman ever dying under such sepulchral circumstances. But, then, it should be borne in mind that matters have never been pushed to that horrible extremity. No husband has ever been inhuman enough to try the experiment. The poor victim—the dear, delicious angel who was buried alive—has, fortunately, always been liberated in time, or else there is no knowing what might have been the awful consequences!

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(See the Illustration.)

THERE are some who pretend not to believe in merry Christmas, and affect not to care about it;—who will not allow that it is a happier and better time than any other in the whole year, or that their thoughts are more kindly, their sympathies more active, and their self-love less selfish at Christmas-tide than at Midsummer, or Lady-day, or Michaelmas. We think they mistake themselves; or, if they do not, we are very sorry for them. Surely it is pleasant to be remembered by those we love; and at Christmas time how many a kind wish and tender thought go forth from hearth to hearth, for which the busy work and whirl of life had left no other pause! It is pleasant to remember the times which have been; not to regret them, but to gather up all the gracious memories lying with them; perhaps to recall some of their sorrows, by which we may have been chastened and purified; and what time like Christmas-tide for such a retrospect?

It is pleasant, surely, to remember the friends and companions of our youth, and by some kindly act or word to remind them that they are not forgotten; and there is something in the great and general holiday that raises up the spirits of those we love, and makes them to be present with us. Bless the Christmas time!

As we sit in our dark and dusty chamber, made bright to-day by sprigs of holly and mistletoe (we shall excuse Mrs. Scrubs our laundress' Christmas-box for her thoughtfulness), we can almost fancy that our grey hair is auburn once again, and that those rows of dusty books are the bright oak panels of our dear old country home. Our pinched-up fire expands into a capacious ingle, and that mixture of coke and slates becomes huge blocks of bituminous coal, and gnarled logs that sparkle and sputter as they are vanquished by the fire. The soot upon the dirty window-panes crystallises, and assumes a thousand shapes of beauty, as though the frost had breathed upon it, and changed it to the pure dew which rises from Cumber Vale! The hum of London streets becomes a measured harmony, and we can hear one of our country-side carols as plainly as though it were sung by the small detachment of our village choir upon which we looked the last Christmas-day we spent in the old home. Fourteen years ago, and yet we can see that group as though they stood before us in the body—Lucy Lot in one of the Squire's lady's left-off bonnets and a white boa made of lamb's tails. She has a pipe like a robin and her

Bless you, my good gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay.

rises clear and shrill over all competitors. [Only to think! little Lucy Lot is now the buxom wife of George Weather, the butcher, and the proprietor of a brace of buns.]

Jenny Ryland is not half such a belle as Lucy Lot. She wears a little modest poke, as they call that rough straw bonnet. True, she has a red arbutle; but her frock is a dark brown, and her gloves are of grey worsted. She sings very correctly, notwithstanding she has to shake the chorus out of her little brother Bob, who is all clothes and face. He is a very good boy, and will make a singer in time, but at present a word of three syllables chokes him. If he live to be a man—[Why, he has lived to be a man—in his own opinion—and, though only nineteen last June, he has been seen walking with Mary Jessop, who lives fellow-servant with his sister at the Hall. Sister has a sweet heart, too—a widower—grocer, cheesemonger, and general dealer. I forgot to say that Bob is by trade a blacksmith.]

There is Charley Brown—his nose the colour of a blue bag. He hates the cold and gives promise of having a bad cold in the head in the morning. He may be saved by egg-hot or toast and ale in the evening, but at present his prospects are grim. [He did have the egg-hot and the cold and gruel, and still entertains an objection to the weather when the glass falls below zero. He has done the best he could to keep himself warm by adopting the habit of a baker.]

Jack Bray is the tall one of the party. He is only thirteen, but he has a voice like an oriole—he is the awkwardest lad in the village—he don't walk, he rols along, and it is a matter of doubt whether he affects the right-hand ditch or the left-hand ditch. His ultimate destination is certainly one of them. [And Jack Bray has been for a soldier and fought nobly at Alma and Inkermann. He was at the storming of the Redan, where he lost an arm, and has been sent home invalided. He tells stirring stories of his comrades, who, regardless of all but victory, faced dangers and death, knowing that their chances of escape were small indeed. And often, Jack says, as they sat round their scanty fires they have spoken of home and those they left behind to fight the battles of life alone, and have wondered, when the next Christmas time came round, if any could make their poor bones merry for the sake of those who were away doing their country's work. And Jack says they were hopeful; and he has promised to write to them when Christmas time is passed. Let him have a good story to tell countrymen.]

Where are the singers gone? Where the song? Where the old home? Gone! But we have been made happy thinking of the Christmas time.

M. L.



GEORGE C. LEIGHTON, RED LION SQUARE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, --- BY PHIZ.



No. 776.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

[VOL. XXVII.]

"GATHERING AS IT GOES," A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Uprising from the street,
Where fall the passers' feet,
With soft and muffled tread,
Like watchers by the dead,
In the yielding snows,
Comes a childish cheer
Sharply on the ear;
As with gleeful shout and song
The snowball rolls along,
Gathering as it goes.

"WANT your door scraped, cook?" cried a small voice down the area of a handsome house at the West End one cold wintry morning. I may as well be precise, and inform my readers, who will doubtless take a deep interest in all that concerns the hero I have in reserve for them—that it was Christmas morning, a right old-fashioned Christmas morning—when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and innumerable feathery flakes fell softly on the brilliant white carpet with which the streets were spread, as if in honour of the festive season.

An extraordinary stillness had descended upon the usually noisy thoroughfare; cabs and omnibuses no longer rattled over the pavement, for their wheels appeared to run on velvet, and the horses, like those of Lear's troop, seemed to be shod with felt; even the stern policeman, whose "slow and solemn tread" had an awful echo on the flags, moved like a dark phantom over the pale earth, without a sound to denote the march of his official boots. There were, however, in the absence of the din so familiar to a Londoner's ear, sounds and street-noises that in the sharp frosty air struck the ear with more than ordinary distinctness. Here a group of gossiping servant-girls and strong young fellows with water-pails and cans were assembled round a water-plug which had been

set running for public accommodation by the parish turncock; there a group of urchins were lying in ambush round a corner or down a mews snowballing the passers-by and making the air ring with their provoking laughter whenever a well-aimed missile took effect on the glossy hat or well-brushed coat of a staid elderly gentleman, whose withering look of surprise and indignation only increased the boisterous merriment of the young delinquents. At another spot a juvenile party had, by their united exertions, formed a snowball which, by its extraordinary magnitude, excited the wonder of a numerous assemblage of young spectators. The butcher's apprentice stood with gaping mouth lost in admiration of its size, and wholly regardless of that sweetbread in the tray on his shoulders which Sir Twamley Tiffin had specially ordered for his breakfast; the doctor's boy, too, who had been dispatched *centre à terre* to distribute to his master's patients their morning draughts and evening pills, paused—mercifully paused—on his way to examine and measure in his mind's eye that monstrous globe which he mentally compared to a gigantic bolus. There was, however, one amongst the crowd who gazed at the snowball with the eye of a philosopher a man of the world—I say a man; for, though Joe Gimber had not yet seen his twelfth birthday, he was a perfect specimen of the precocious London street boy, whose intellect had been matured by hunger and sharpened by necessity. He had obtained from "the cook" to whom his application had been made through the area railings an order to scrape and clear away the snow from the door-steps, and, having completed the job to his own satisfaction, was now, while waiting for the modest remuneration of his labour, watching, with a combination of childish interest and cool calculation, the progress of accumulation in the snowball as the boys rolled it to and fro on the snow.

"It grows bigger and bigger every turn" said the little fellow to himself, as he leant contemplatively on his broom. "That's the way to git to be a great man!"

The attitude and something in the features of the young speculator attracted the notice of Mr. Maudsley, the owner of the house, who was standing at his parlour window at the moment; and, by his order, a servant intimated to the ragged sweeper that he was to come into her master, who wished to speak to him. Somewhat surprised, but nothing daunted, Joe followed the servant into the hall, and, having carefully deposited his shovel and broom on the door-mat, marched directly into the parlour, where he was told he would find Mr. Maudsley.

It would not be easy to imagine a more striking contrast than that which the poor unwashed, untended, half-naked, and nearly half-starved child offered to every object in the picture to which he was thus suddenly introduced. A tattered old fustian jacket, tied, for lack of buttons, round his waist with a piece of packthread, partially concealed an inner garment of dingy hue and dubious material; loose corduroy trousers, made originally for a full-grown person, but tucked up round the legs, to accommodate the diminutive stature of the actual wearer; a pair of thick-soled worn-out bluchers, and a shapeless roll of something like black cloth, which served ordinarily for a cap, but was now twisted up hard between his hands, completed the costume of little Joe, as he stood, digging his hobnailed boots into the Turkey carpet, in the centre of the room, facing the pleasant-looking gentleman who had sought this interview. Notwithstanding the novelty of his situation, Joe retained his self-possession, and, having by a keen glance examined the countenance of Mr. Maudsley, and being apparently satisfied by the result of his investigation, he made a rapid



"GATHERING AS IT GOES," OR, THE MONSTER SNOWBALL.

but curious review of the room and its contents, commencing with the ornamental French clock on the chimney-piece, and ending with the cold roast beef and the game pie that adorned the sideboard, over which hung the portrait of the fortunate proprietor of all these good things, smiling and looking down upon them with an expression of expansive good-nature, such as at that moment diffused itself over the features of its original while surveying the odd specimen of humanity before him.

"What is your name, my little fellow?" asked Mr. Maudsley, opening the proceedings in the strictly legal manner;—and this reminds me I have not yet informed my readers that he was a solicitor—an honest and, indeed, excellent man, with a heart large enough for at least a dozen ordinary attorneys.

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"Joe Gimber, Sir."

"Who is your father?"

"Never had a father, Sir—leastways, I never heard I had one. I'm mother's child."

"Your mother, then, where is she?"

"Gone dead three years next Easter, Sir. She had me and two sisters younger than me to keep. She worked at stitching all day and all night often, but she couldn't get a living out of it, and so she died."

"What, then, became of your sisters?"

"They was taken into the workhouse, and they told me that they died too."

"Why did not you go into the workhouse with your sisters?"

"Well, Sir, I didn't much like it; I thought I'd rather be independent," said the little fellow, with a resolute air.

"Independent!" repeated Mr. Maudsley, looking incredulously at the child. "What on earth could you do?"

"Oh! please, Sir, I could do lots o' things. First, I went into the news line, and delivered papers for a news-wender to his customers; but he paid me nuffin to speak of, and I was nearly starved afore I left him; then I took to a costermonger, and sold apples, oranges, and radishes, and wedgables of all sorts; but my master was a bad lot, and knocked me about shockin' when I couldn't sell his stale stuff, so I was forced to try wrinkles on my own hook."

"Winkles! what are winkles?" inquired his puzzled interrogator.

"Oh! Sir, don't you know winkles?—peniwinkles some people calls 'em."

"Oh! I understand—peniwinkles!"

"Peniwinkles and srimps, Sir, and sometimes 'am sandwidges at the doors of the theatres; only the bobbies hunt us as if we was thieves, which I never was. Now and again, when there's a good thick fog, I makes a tidy day's work by carrying a link afore old gentlemen who's afraid of losing their ways or getting run over. Then there's money to be picked up by a street crossing; but the wooden-legged coves, and them Injin blacks in white bedgowns, have got hold of all the good ones, and they won't give them up without a tidy bit o' money."

"And you have not yet been able to purchase one?"

"No, Sir; but I work verry hard, and when there's a fall o' snow I have plenty o' work scraping afore the doors, and git well paid for it, too."

"Since you have told me so much of yourself and your life, Joe, tell me what were you thinking of when I saw you just now watching with such a serious face the making of that large snowball in the street; for you were thinking of something more than the mere collection of a quantity of snow?"

Joe turned his keen eye a moment upon his questioner, and appeared to hesitate; he had freely related everything respecting his way of life—his misery and his struggles he did not seek to conceal; but when for the first time, an attempt was made to penetrate his mind, to unlock the mystery of his thoughts, he felt embarrassed and surprised. His hesitation was, however, brief, and he replied, with something like a knowing twinkle of the eye—

"I was a thinkin' that a chap who wants to get on in the world ought to be like that snowball—always gathering as he goes!"

"True, quite true," said Mr. Maudsley smiling; "but it is not to worldly wealth alone that maxims apply; the mind should be equally diligent in the acquisition of knowledge and of virtue, without which the possession of riches adds nothing to man's happiness. If he would be truly great, he must be truly good. Patience, industry, and perseverance are his handmaids—truth, justice, and humanity lie in his path—the wise man makes these his own, and gathers peace and happiness as he goes!"

There was something in the manner in which these few words were spoken which sunk into the child's heart. He uttered not a word, but Mr. Maudsley perceived that he felt what had been said, and he secretly determined to make an attempt to rescue the poor outcast from his degraded position.

The little fellow was by his direction immediately placed in the hands of the coachman's wife in the adjoining mews, who, by the application of soap and water, combs and brushes, and entire change of his costume for a suit of her eldest son's clothes, was shortly shortly transformed into a respectable-looking boy. Being thus rendered presentable, he was introduced to the kitchen, where he quickly ingratiated himself with the members of the "lower house" by his obliging manners and a certain whimsical drollery, which even the "serious" footman, who had a "call" and regularly attended Mr. Walley's chapel, could not resist. His stories of life amongst the wandering tribes of London were immensely relished, and his imitation of some of the street-showmen and ballad-singers were declared by the cook and housemaid to be equal to a play.

The Christmas dinner at Mr. Maudsley's was a great affair; for a large party of the relations on both sides of the house had assembled to do honour to the festival. There were the three unmarried sisters of Mrs. Maudsley, two rich maternal uncles—who, being bachelors, were looked up to with great respect by the family—a married brother of Mr. Maudsley, with his wife and five children, Mrs. Maudsley's mother, and Mr. Maudsley's aunt, to say nothing of three or four cousins who had a standing engagement for Christmas-day and Easter Sunday. I will briefly pass over the details of the dinner and dessert; but, if any of my readers imagine that the roast turkey was not of the largest and fattest that Leadenhall-market could supply, that the sirloin of beef was not the juiciest and primest that ever obtained a first-class prize at the Smithfield Cattle Show, that the plum-pudding was not the richest and rarest, that the holly sprigs with which it was stuck over were not of the greenest, and the berries thereon the reddest, that the port was not the oldest and the champagne not the creamiest, that the toasts were not the most cordially proposed and the most eloquently responded to; that, in a word, the feast was not the most glorious and the company not the happiest that had ever been known, then I must take the liberty of saying that I entirely differ in opinion with them.

Later in the evening, there was a general demand for a dance amongst the young people, and one of Mr. Maudsley's sisters, who "didn't dance," undertook to supply the music, on the piano. Little Joe, who heard in the kitchen the beating of the merry feet overhead, expressed a

strong desire to witness the dance, and by the contrivance of one of the servants was smuggled behind a large Indian screen that had been placed in front of a glass door at the upper end of the room communicating with the conservatory. Mounted on a flower-stand, and hidden from observation by the screen, Joe Gimber peeped through the evergreens with which it was decorated, and beheld a scene that completely bewildered him. As the light and graceful forms of the children flitted before him in the dance, their cheeks glowing with health and happiness, and their eyes sparkling with enjoyment; he fancied himself transported to some fairy land: his heart beat violently, and his eyes dazzled with the light; he vainly tried to follow the waltzers in their mazy round; his head became giddy, and, forgetting for the moment where he was, he clapped his hands in uncontrolled delight; and leaning forward with too little caution to get a nearer view of a pretty little sylphide in a pale blue frock, who had more than any of the others attracted his admiration, the screen was thrown down, and Joe Gimber, falling with it, rolled suddenly into the midst of the dancers. A general scream greeted the unexpected appearance of this strange guest, who, hastily picking himself up, would have made a precipitate retreat had not Mr. Maudsley come forward and called to him to remain. The matter was shortly explained, and Joe, instead of being ignominiously expelled from the room, became an object of curiosity to the company, by whom his pockets were filled with sweetmeats and fruit, intermixed with a few bits of silver, the little Sylphide who had been the cause of his mischance bestowing upon him an illustrated box of bonbons with a smile that made the offering doubly sweet. This was Joe Gimber's first introduction to polite society. That night he slept in a little bed made up for him in the harness-room by the jolly coachman and his cosy wife. While undressing he had time to admire his improved appearance, to survey his comfortable lodging, to produce his store of sweetmeats and pick out the glittering coins from a heap of raisins and burnt almonds. Full of the most agreeable reflections, he fell asleep, to dream that he was transformed into a gigantic snowball, rolled by the pretty sylphide over heaps of sixpences and sugar-plums which stuck to him on every side. Joe had made the first roll in life.

A few days after the events just narrated Joe was taken into the establishment of Messrs. Maudsley and Wotherspoon, solicitors, of Bedford-row, where his duties consisted in sweeping out the offices and dusting the desks before the arrival of the clerks in the morning, and in carrying messages and parcels for a few hours during the day. Mr. Maudsley did not, however, stop here with his kindness; for he permitted Joe to attend an evening school, where, true to the maxim which he had made the rule of his life, he gathered learning with incredible rapidity. In the house where he lodged there also resided a Frenchman, who had come to prosecute a claim for a legacy which had been left him in this country. With this person Joe formed an intimacy; and, for some acts of civility rendered to him by the boy, he undertook to teach him the French tongue. This was what he ardently desired; and a few months' instruction made him so proficient in the language that he could not only write it with ease, but converse fluently in it.

Three years had passed away, during which time Joe, by his assiduity and good temper, had become a prime favourite in the office; the elderly chief clerk and the heads of the establishment liked him for his punctuality and integrity, and the young men for the readiness with which he always executed their little commissions—but more, perhaps, for the confidence they had that he was neither a "spy" or "sneak," and that their harmless "larks" and venial breaches of discipline would never be brought to the ears of the "governors" through Joe Gimber's instrumentality. He was therefore pronounced by common consent "a brick," "a bean," and "a trump;" and when, at the end of three years, he was promoted to a seat at a desk in their office, he received the warm and sincere congratulations of his fellow clerks. As Joe jerked himself for the first time on to the tall stool which he was thenceforth to occupy in the office, he thought of the snowball, and felt that he was then a much greater person than the evening he rolled amongst the company in Mr. Maudsley's drawing-room.

It was some months after Joe's elevation that a case came into the office which required that a confidential agent should be sent to Paris; none of the second clerks, however, spoke French, and the business was on the point of being confided to a stranger, when it was recollected by the managing clerk that Joe Gimber had been seen reading a French book. He was immediately questioned, and, being found competent for the duty, he was sent to Paris, where he not only brought the affair to a satisfactory issue, but laid the foundation of a very lucrative business for the office, which was recognised by the partners giving him a considerable increase of salary and an advance in his position in the establishment. Thus, by his roll to Paris, Joe Gimber, true to his rule of life, gathered much and lost nothing.

He was now a person of some consequence, and, being placed at the head of one of the legal departments in the office, was invited as a guest to Mr. Maudsley's house. The little sylphide in blue had grown into a beautiful girl; and as Joe—we beg his pardon—Mr. Joseph Gimber—was by no means a bad-looking fellow, it was not surprising that Kate Maudsley should look with favourable eyes upon him. An incident which I am obliged to confess was singularly unromantic, led to what in affairs of the heart is called "an interesting discovery." It happened in this way:—Kate was one evening busily engaged at a table near a window in the drawing-room when Joseph entered. "Oh! Mr. Gimber," she cried, "I'm so glad you are come, for you can help me to string these beads: they have nearly tired me out of patience."

The young man was delighted, and immediately set about his task, but, whether from awkwardness or his thoughts being otherwise occupied, he repeatedly pricked his fingers with the needle, and at length let the box containing the beads fall on the floor. Gimber, in great confusion, begged pardon for his awkwardness, and stooped to gather the beads which rolled about the carpet at the same instant that Kate had bent forward with the same intention. I can't pretend to say how it occurred, but their cheeks accidentally touched in the attempt; both drew back, blushed, and mutually apologised; again they stooped, and again the lady's curls lightly brushed the gentleman's whiskers; this time, however, the blush was accompanied by a smile. The smile was the preface to certain disclosures which I do not feel myself at liberty to repeat. I may, however, state that, although the beads remained scattered on the carpet, Joe had succeeded in obtaining from the lips of the fair Kate the rapturous confession that he was not wholly indifferent to her. In this way did Mr. Joseph Gimber gather to himself the affections of a lovely girl.

My readers must now leap with me over several years, and imagine that we have reached the fifteenth anniversary of the Christmas on which Joe Gimber learnt his great lesson of life from the rolling snowball. It is night; but a rich, ruddy radiance streams from the crimson-curtained windows of Mr. Maudsley's house upon the cold white snow without. Let us enter, and see what changes time has wrought beneath that roof. Mr. Maudsley having run an honourable and prosperous career, has retired from active life, and transferred his

interest in the Bedford-row business to his son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Gimber, now the second partner in the firm of Wotherspoon, Gimber, and Co. Age has, it is true, taken from the old man much of his elasticity of mind and body; but he can still calmly enjoy the pleasures of existence, and mingle in the festivities of Christmas, which are kept up with much genial hospitality by his children, in whom he lives again. Of my hero it is enough to say that prosperity has not rendered him unmindful of the claims of the poor; for, although, as he says, the wise man gathers like the snowball as he goes, 'tis the good man who dispenses of his abundance to those who need it:—

Kind hearts can make December blithe as May,

And in each morrow find a Christmas-day.

J. STIRLING COYNE.

CHRISTMAS IN THE KITCHEN.

It is Christmas-eve in the kitchen of Harkaway Hall, Herts. Twelve o'clock is striking, yet the fire still roars and crackles up the chimney as though it had only just begun to spend the evening. Round it, or, to speak accurately, half round it, sits a semicircle of about a score of persons, varying in age and size from my Lady's "Buttons" of some four feet in altitude and five in circumference, to the squire's old nurse of ninety—years that is, not feet. From their exertions in dancing, flirting, romping, laughing, singing, talking, blind-man's-buffing, kissing under the mistletoe, and last—by no means least though,—eating and drinking, the company are all of them pretty well exhausted, and so, too, from the silence that prevails, would seem their stock of conversation.

"Now Mister Jeems," cries the jolly, fat-voiced butler, coming in from his pantry with a jug of hot spiced elderberry-wine, which from time immemorial the butlers of the Hall have been accustomed upon Christmas-eve to mix by way of nightcap—"Now Mister Jeems, the turn's with you t'year. You're the greatest stranger 'ere, and you knows the rule—sing a song, tell a tale, or topple!"

"Lorblessie! Mr. Jorkins, Sir," returns the gentleman addressed, who looks like a Lablache stuck into plush tights, "Reelly I'm so short o' breath I haint got no voice for singin'. I finds as talkin' is a'times a'most too much for me. And as for topplin' why, a man o' my figger might as well engage hisself as tightrope dancer, or undertaker to do the jumpin' through them oops at Hushley's. But, though I don't pretend to be a story-teller, I thinks as I can pawisibly enuse the company with a bit o' resitashun. You recklets peraps, ladies, that pertickler friend o' mine from Lunding, as was a stayin' at the All last summer?"

"What, that Mister John Thomas—him as ad them beautiful legs and whiskies?" says, or rather sighs, the sentimental housemaid.

"Percisely, Miss. Ah! peraps you mightn't think it, but my legs was as beautiful as 'is is once. But one loses in figger as one gains in 'perience. Well, as I was agoin to re-mark, I appens to ave a letter in my pocket wach I ad from that ere genelman on is return from Parris, wich you may have eard p eraps e went there on the 'casion of Er Majesty's state visit: and I'll do my endayvours to read it hout aloud to you."

This proposition being carried *nem. con.*, with a pause now and then to "take breath," as he expressed it, but which means in reality, to take a sip or two of the butler's mixture, the fat footman reads—or, more correctly, spells—as follows:—

"LUNDING, Horgust the thutty fust, hating fifty five.

"Since leevink hof yure ouse, deer Jeems, to Parris hi ave been To sea the sites in compny with Prince Hallbut and the Kween: Wich the yew'll find em dored to life in the hillustrated news, Some sketchink by jon Tommus hof belgravy may anewa.

"Hon satterdy the hayteenth hinst from Hlobin put to sea The Halbert and Victory with er majisty and me: For the fammily as hi lives with a beelink hof the sweet, Hin coarse i ad a passidge two along of the helect. Wereeched Bowlong at arf past wan amid the cannings raw, And a reggelar french roll of drums a beetink hon the shaw: Then down at wunst the Hemprur came to greet is royal sister, Hland in token of fraterinity hon both er cheeks e kist er; So I too umbly hemulatink such a igh eggssample, Hupon my natral moddystry took french leave there to trample: And the hanglo-french balliance more closely still to nit, O, Hi ketched our French maid round the waste, and dewly did the ditto!

"A startink hof hexpress we ony stopped at Hamyens, whare The Queen received a booky from the dawter of the Mare: And, mid the hacclimashuns of a most serprisink crowd, By arf parst hate, or so, we reeched the Pallis hof Sent Clowd: The cheers was most wosiphurs; but I reelly carnt hexplane, Hon sich a nice fine hevening, why they called out "W'e'e la rain!"

"We spent the Sundy hindors, and ad dinner on fumael— I mite say on the kviet, hony tuther's more genteel; And heven in Bellgravy, I must own, i've seldom seen A nicer spred than that from the Hlimperiall queezeen. Hlit's trew that in their servents' all there aint no tap o' beer, But wen wun gets shampane hinsted there aint no call to sneer: And tho rumpstake and hinyuns is kvite hunnown theer at present, Them patties de four grass and them sweet homlets aint unplesent.

"Next mornink hof we set at ten to see wot we coud see, Beginink with the picturs, wich I hown don't hintrest me; But there was wun as sertyngly to notice shoob be brort— The Hempress Ujeny with hall the bewties hof er cort; For tho to connysewers hi seam heggstrawny in my vews, I haint a taist for french bese llt's so much as french bese U's."

"We wisited Wersail next day, and sor the famed Grand O's, Wich grander O's at Sidnum we shall ave they say than those; Then harfter to the Hopperer we went figged out in state,

* Mr. John Thomas's orthography is at times a little puzzling. We understand him, however, to avow less admiration for the *beaux arts* of Paris than for the *beaux yeux* of the Parisiennes.—Ed.

Weer I trembled for my figger, for the eat it was so grate:
The ouse looked like a garding, and jast phiansy wot they'd spent
On hoder de Colono—for hall the guards, they sed, wer Cent!

"On wensly hof we set amost befaw I'd time to shave,
But this hannoyance daly hi soon found I was to ave:
And hanned as i ham to sich howdayshus herly risink,
The way I ave survived it, Jeems, is really quite serprisink!
We sor the Xposishun, and then took our bred and cheese
(In coarse hi'm speakink figgratively) hat the Tweelerees;
And harfter a grand bankwet, which we'd bankwets hevry day,
We finished hup our hevvening's work by seein hof a play.
Next nite I ad to show my calves at the hotel da Weal,
Weer the hemprur and her majjisty led hof the fust quadreel:
The rooms wos like a hoven, and hi reely thort next morning
My legs was so much thinner that my missus ud give warning.

"Hi feer I'm gattin tejas, but hive yet to tell yew ow
On frydy at the Hopperer Comeek we maid our bow;
Retiring rayther herly, for weed spent a longish day,
Hiindeed I halmost feared the work ud waste my carves away:
To the Pallis hof Hindustry befaw lunch we ad been,
And harfter it a sham site on the sham de Mars ad seen.
As yew takes in the Lustrated, on satterdy yew'll sea
We finished up at Wersails with a gorjus fate de nwee:
And hol to see the fountings hand the fireworks as were there,
They halmost beat the Surrey gardings and trapthalger sware;
Hand reely, Jeems, such dresses seace in Regent street one sees,
I ardly no wich looked the best, the grand o's hor grandees.

"Hour time bein hup on Mundy, we to Parris bade ajew,
And hony stopped at Boollong, weer there was a grand reew:
The troops looked seace so igh as hours, but it must be confest
Not even the milisher R at present better drest.
And so our wisit ended, and i bleeve that it did mav
To strengthen the halliance, than 'most hennythink befaw.
Hand reely, Jeems, heen now it makes my buzzum eave with pride
To think such trumps of fellers is a fitink hat our side!
Wich now that and in and they've been and took Sebasterpool,
There aint no fear hour millinktairy harder soon will cool;
Vich to ear the Rooshan Hlaughtycrat a singink hof peccavy
Is the hardest hasperashun of Jon Tommus hof Belgravey!"

"Brayvo!" cries the butler, waking up at the finish,—"does your
friend credit. Ere's is ealth, Mister Jeems; ladies, I looks tewards
yer! Werry good letter, and werry well read: hand now, as it's lateish,
we'd best get to bed."

A CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY EDMUND H. YATES.

THE adventure which I am about to relate is the only one that I really
ever had. Some people are perpetually having adventures; they never
go anywhere or do anything without being placed in most peculiar
positions by wonderful combinations of circumstances. My friend
Vavasour Pelham rejoices principally in amatory adventures, and his
experiences are full of raven tresses, flashing eyes, exchange of love-
tokens, dark nights, stolen meetings, with concluding hints of
sharp poniards and yawning sacks; whereas little Griggs
never returns to the Draft and Docket Office after his month's
ramble on the Continent without having been crushed by
avalanches in Switzerland, seized and carried away to the mountains
by brigands in Italy, and, in the back slums of Paris, put into wonder-
ful beds which sink through the floor, and deposit him in some blood-
stained cellar, whence he is only rescued by his own personal valour
and acquaintance with the noble art of self-defence. But to me
these things have never happened: I have never seen an avalanche,
except from a safe distance, never met a brigand except Mr. James
Wallack, and never found anything in the beds of Paris worse than—
you know what!—and yet I have had one adventure in my life, and
this is how it occurred:—

A few years since (no matter how many, suffice it to say that at the
time I was unacquainted with rates and taxes and the price of babies'
shoes!), finding that, owing to there having been a death in the family
where I usually dined on Christmas-day, our annual gathering would
not take place, and being rather knocked up and over-fatigued I deter-
mined to take a holiday and spend the Christmas out of town. The
resolution once made, the difficulty was to decide upon a desti-
nation, and with a blank face I looked through the list
of invitations I had received. First and foremost I found
the noble name of Dunsinane—his Grace the Duke of
Dunsinane, who is now keeping open house at his magnificent castle,
"The Haggis," Renfrewshire. I was acquainted with his Grace's
younger brother, the Hon. Malcolm Macbeth, and was sure of a polite
reception. Should I go down to these noble people? Should I put up
with a bachelor's bed-room on the fourth story of the Castle?—a bed-
room bell-less and uncomfortable, into which the wind whistles and the
Scottish mist penetrates; in which I should have to climb on to
the bed when there was occasion to open the door, and where the
domestic rat would hold his nightly revels. Should I consort with
the company there assembled making up my mind to bear old General
Banquo's blunt vulgarity, and young Captain Fleance's lisping
imperinence? Could I endure Sir Hercules M'Nab's ancestry and
Lady Cawdor's rheumatism? Should I, surrounded by all the Dun-
sinane males, and followed by all their gillies, stamp and struggle over
barren moors? or should I, extended on my stomach, in the words of
the lyric poet, "follow the stag from his slippery crag, and chase the
bounding roe, ho, ho, ho, ho"? Finally, while this noble company
was fuddling itself over claret and toddy after its hard day's sport,
should I make mirth for it?—should I be funny, sharp, smart, and
witty, in my usual agreeable manner?—N.B. This being expected of
me, as payment for my board and lodging, I being regarded by all
present as a rather superior Jack-pudding!—No! that last thought
decided me—to the Haggis I would not go!

Where, then? Should I spend my Christmas with Diball—Tom
Diball, of the Stock Exchange, who married my cousin Barbara?
Tom is a good fellow, with a nice house in Hertfordshire, good horses,
pleasant grounds, and an exco-lent wine. There is the bed-room first rate,
there could I do as I chose—eat, drink, smoke, read. No! not read;
there's the rub. There was not a book in Tom's house except
"McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary" and a list of Lord Brightham's
foxhounds. I spent two wet days there once, and was driven nearly
mad. Besides, Tom's conversation, though pleasant at first,

bored after ten minutes. I do not deny that the ages and
pieces of a man's stud are interesting subjects to him, though
perhaps they possess not such attraction to the world at large;
and although the rates of Consols and Snares deservedly occupy
a large share of public attention; yet, when you happen to press
neither the one nor the other, you don't much care what they were
"done at." Tom's friends are all alike, and no one dines there but
the curate of the parish—an unwholesome young man, who wears a
wonderful waistcoat and no shirt-collar; who believes in auricular con-
fession; and who sometimes looks at Barbara in such a way that it
were Tom I should forget my respect for the cloth, and commit an
assault upon his clerical person. Worse than all, Tom has inoculated
Barbara with his City notions; and she bores me with such Stock-
Exchange jokes, Mark-lane on dits, and rumours of Threadneedle-
street that, at the recollection of them, I gave up Diball's in despair,
and blotted him out of my list.

Where, then? One more invitation I found, without reckoning the
"Mind you come to us at Christmas, old fellow" (which never means
anything beyond meals, such houses being invariably full when you
arrive). "But you can have a very nice bed at the Pig and Whistle."
Very nice! Bed-room situated either over the stable, where the horses
champ and kick all night; or above the taproom, where convivial
rustics persist in loudly explaining what may happen to be their
delight on a shiny night, until the small hours in the morning.
No: this was a regular specific invitation to Trumpington Hall, a
glorious old specimen of Elizabethan architecture, situated in the heart
of Kent, with a magnificent garden—fine lawn sloping down to the
lake, fine cornfields all round, and the best shooting in the county.
Inside of the house there are fine old family pictures, splendid oak
paneling, queer little mullioned windows, and, above all, a right down
hearty welcome. Old Sir Max Trumpington is a gentleman of the old
school—open hand, warm heart; won't hear of your going away when
once he gets you there. The house is always full of pleasant com-
pany—good fellows and delightful girls. Were there any drawbacks?
Yes, confound it, always something! I was going for rest and health, and
none but seasoned vessels could find those at Trumpington. I re-
membered old Sir Max being very particular that each man should
take his regular allowance of wine, which regular allowance (about
two bottles) it was impossible to shirk, and the "next morning"
headache was unavoidable; besides, I had a tolerably vivid recollec-
tion that the previous autumn, as Laura Ashton and I were strolling
through the Home Copse, Fanny and Nelly Trumpington, who are
always up to some mischief, saw me blow a fly—I repeat distinctly,
blow a fly—off Laura's face. They would not believe it was a fly,
chaffed me about it before the assembled company at dinner, and would
infallibly recur to the subject. Being fearfully susceptible of ridicule,
I dared not go to Trumpington Hall.

The sea is a good place at Christmas. Should I go to Brighton? I
asked myself. No; I always hated Brighton as the stronghold of
monotony. Day after day the same people. Same old gentlemen, with
mouths and nostrils wide open, gasping and inhaling the sea air—same
officers, with tight girths and lacquered moustache, galloping up and
down, and dealing destruction to the female population—same female
population nodding and riding and flirting—same valetudinarians in
same Bath chairs—same tarry-trousered man shouting, "Sail, sir!"
and pointing to same boat—same look-out man at the Custom-house
looking through same telescope—same noise, and galloping, and driving,
and flirting, and blue sky and red pavement, day after day.

No; I was utterly at a loss, and was going to give up any ex-
pedition in despair and decide upon remaining in town, when a sudden
thought flashed upon me—I would go to Germany, to that old town
on the banks of the Rhine where I had passed my student days, and
pass the Christmas in the society of the University students and the
artists who there do congregate. There I should get a cordial welcome;
there I should be allowed to do as I like, and the change of language
and manners would brighten me up and restore me for the winter
campaign. My determination was scarcely complete when I began
to act upon it, obtained a passport, and started off.

I will pass over my journey to Düsseldorf, and my reception there
on Christmas morning, by my old comrades. Suffice it to say that of
twenty invitations I accepted two—one to dinner at one o'clock, at a
great meeting of artists and students held in the Bokhalle, their prin-
cipal knipe or drinking-house; the other to supper at the house of an
Englishman named Woodbridge, who had come to reside at Düsseldorf
since my time, and to whom this was my first introduction.

"You must come to Woodbridge's supper," said O'Scardon, a six-foot
Irishman in the Austrian service, and an old friend of mine—"you
must come to Woodbridge's supper, for of all the devils you ever
saw, he tops 'em all! We can't make out what he is! He's
heaps of money, but no one knows how he gets it or who he is. He
collects a wonderful lot of people round him, some of the fastest and
most riotous of the students here, and he's always got a Polish Count
with him—a good looking, impertinent scoundrel who is so dreadfully
offensive that my longing to kick him is growing into a positive dis-
ease. Woodbridge, though he has only been domesticated here a few
months, has already had several rows with the police and the Govern-
ment, and, as they say to-night's supper is to be the boldest thing he
has yet attempted, I advise you by all means to come."

After having been talked to in this strain I need scarcely say that
I looked forward to my supper at Woodbridge's with much curiosity.
The remainder of the day was spent in lounging about and in a very
noisy dinner with the students; and at about eight in the evening I
found myself at Woodbridge's lodgings.

He occupied handsome apartments over the shop of the principal
saddler of the town; and when I arrived there were some ten or a
dozen young men seated about, some of whom I knew. Scarcely,
however, had my name been announced before a tall, elegant-look-
ing man of about thirty years of age stepped forward, and, addressing
me, apologised for Woodbridge's temporary absence, introduced himself
as Count Zintorski, and begged me to take a cigar and make myself at
home. There was a frankness in the fellow's address which cor-
responded but badly with a look of subdued distrust and shiftiness in
his eyes, and I felt I could not reciprocate his apparent warmth. Our
host soon after arrived, and the party being very shortly completed,
we sat down to a game of vingt-et-un to pass the time
until supper arrived. Now, hating cards with all my heart,
and never playing except when politeness compels me, I
happen always to enjoy wonderful luck; and accordingly, on this occa-
sion, when I was dealing I doubled the stakes at every hand, and won
a considerable sum. My greatest opponent, and consequently the
largest loser, was Count Zintorski; and, though he tried every manoeuvre
of which the game is susceptible, my luck still stood by me, and I rose
from the table, having cleaned him out of his last *Friedrich d'or*. He
was perfectly calm, congratulated me on my luck, and took the foot
of the supper table, opposite to Woodbridge, with the air of a man who
felt himself thoroughly at home.

Reader, were you ever present at a German students' supper party?
If not, you have no idea of noise—of wild, mad fun—of practical jests

pushed to their utmost extent. My experience in these scenes has not
been small, but never was I present at such a scene of riot as was
enacted at Woodbridge's that night. Englishmen and Germans tried to
outdo each other in noise; song followed song; the health of each
member of the party was drunk in rapid succession, and each member
of the party was drunk himself. My ill-health prevented me from
joining to much extent in the dissipation, and I sat looking on and
wondering whether I had ever found real amusement in such a pe-
demonium. At last, while O'Scardon was telling a wonderful
story of a run with the Ballybotherum hounds, half in English
and half in German, the landlord entered the room and declared
that if the noise was persisted in he should be compelled to call
in the gendarmes. This announcement was received with yells; he
was told to fetch whom he liked. Woodbridge muttered some vague
sentence about "English's house's castle," and the landlord retired
amidst a storm of groans. The uproar was renewed, but five minutes
after we heard the heavy tramp of the gendarmes ascending the
staircase, and all of us determined to resist this invasion by force.
Some seized sticks, some laid hold of pieces of furniture to hurl at the
intruders, and I grasped an empty champagne bottle by the neck and
slipped it into my coat-pocket, keeping my hand upon it the while.
The door was flung open and the chief of the police entered, leaving two
of his men outside the door.

"Gentlemen!" said he, in an authoritative voice, "in the name of
his Majesty I command you to quit this house at once."

A roar of derision was the reply.

"Suppose we don't intend to go?" said a student with a long red
beard, tastefully decorated with scraps of salad, shreds of tobacco, &c.

"Then I shall proceed to execute my duties and turn you at once
into the street."

A second derisive roar, much louder than the first.

"By the holy Malone!" said O'Scardon, rising slowly before the
astonished gendarme, and pulling himself up to his full height, "I've
a mind to fling you out of this window. And I'll do it, too, before you
can say 'knife.'" He made two steps forward and seemed about to
execute his threat, when Zintorski interposed.

"One minute!" he said. "Gendarme, where is your permit?"

The gendarme looked astonished, but did not reply.

"Your permit?" repeated Zintorski. "You are aware that after
midnight no gendarme can enter a private residence without a special
permit from the burgomaster?"

"Herr Graf!" stammered the wretched functionary, edging towards
the door. "I—I regret that!"

His courage failed him, he said no more, but rushed down the stairs
followed by his men, and in a minute we heard the door close behind
them.

Immediately upon their departure fresh wine was brought in, and the
orgies continued until about two o'clock, when the party broke up. I
had secured a bed at a house where I had lodged in my student days,
and it so happened that my way lay in a different direction from that
of my companions; I therefore bade them good night and started off
alone. It was a dull, murky night, with a sharp sleet
driving from the north; the only light shed upon the wretched
streets was from the oil-lamps swung at intervals across the road.
On I hastened, wrapping myself up in my large coat; and meeting no
one. Not a sound did I hear until, just as I was reaching the street
where my lodging was situated, which turned up out of one of the prin-
cipal *allies* of the town, I thought I distinguished the sound of advancing
footsteps. I listened, and was convinced that my surmise was correct;
but, thinking nothing of it, I proceeded up the street. I had reached
my door, and was endeavouring to turn the rusty piece of German
mechanism supposed to be a key, and mentally contrasting it with my
own neat Chubb at home, when two men advanced towards me,
followed at some distance by a third. This I could just distinguish
by the light of a neighbouring lamp. As the two men came
up to me, one of them said, "Good night!" "Good night!" I replied;
"or rather Good morning! for it must be almost that by this time." The
words had scarcely escaped my lips, when the foremost man hit me a
tremendous blow between the eyes, which lit up a thousand candles be-
ore me, and knocked me violently backward. As my back dashed against
the door I heard something crash! In a second I recollected myself: it
was the champagne bottle I had placed in my pocket when the gendarmes
entered! In a second I grasped it by the neck, with drew it from my
pocket, and, whirling it in the air, brought it down with my full force on
the head of my assailant. He gave one groan and fell heavily to the
ground, while the blood spouted from the wound like a fountain. His
companion turned and fled, while the third man, who all this time
had remained at a distance, also immediately made off. My state
of horror can scarcely be imagined, I knelt down by the man's
side, I bathed his head with water, which I fetched from the kitchen in
my cap, I strove to stanch the blood which was pouring from the
wound. I spoke to him—I offered him all my money if he would only
look up. I was in momentary dread of the arrival of the gendarmes,
and of being conveyed to prison as a murderer. For more than an
hour did I remain in this fearful state. The man never opened his
eyes, but lay apparently in a lethargic stupor. No one came near me,
and my excitement was at its height, when by the dawning light I per-
ceived a figure approaching. It neared me, and in it I thought I
recognised the companion of the robber. Not a word was spoken,
and, with my assistance, he raised his friend, twined his arms around
him, and half carried, half dragged him out of sight.

I need scarcely say that I did not go to bed that night. I went in,
struck a light, collected the few things I had unpacked from my carpet
bag, and, heedless of my friends and intended pleasure, hurried off by
the first train, and returned at once to England; so apprehensive was I
of the consequences.

Two years passed and I heard no more of my nocturnal adventure.
I had letters from O'Scardon, and from some German friends, full of
wonder at my sudden departure, but giving no hint as to its cause, and
the circumstance had almost faded from my recollection. Last autumn,
however, I was again in Germany, and, hearing that an old tutor of
mine had become Protestant chaplain at the gaul of Verden—a place a
few miles from Düsseldorf—I went over to see him. He acted as my
cicerone round the prison, and, while going through one of the wards, I
caught sight of a face that turned me faint sick. This face belonged
to a convict—a short, thick-set man, who was sitting apart from the
rest. I recognised him in an instant as the man whom I had nearly
murdered. I approached; he raised his head, started, and then
grinned calmly.

"Do you know me?" I asked.

"Verstehts ich!" (I believe you) he answered. "I only saw you
once, as you came out of the saddler's door; but you saw me after that,
and gave me this."

He raised his matted hair as he spoke, and showed me a red scar on
his temple about three inches long. I shuddered at the recollection.

"And why did you attack me?"

"Why?" he replied; "because I was paid for it, as I had been for
many more. That Polish Count was my master and partner; we were
one firm all that winter, and shared alike. He pointed you out to us,
told us you had won immensely at cards, and had the money about you.
He was close behind us at the time, and if it hadn't been for that in-
fernal bottle!"

"What then?"

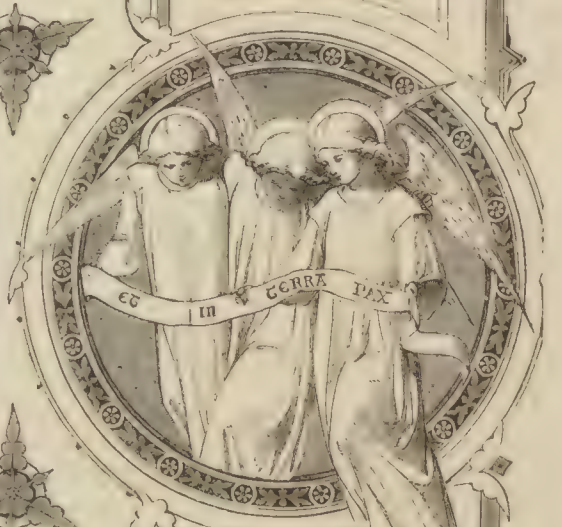
"Why, if you'd given much trouble, we should have pitched you into
the canal!"

And this was the explanation of my Christmas Night's Adventure.



JOSEPH ALSO WENT UNTO
BETHLEHEM TO BE TAXED
WITH MARY HIS ESPOUSED WIFE

THERE WAS NO ROOM
FOR THEM
IN THE INN.



THEY HAD SAID

TO ANOTHER LET US

NOT GO EVEN INTO BETHLEHEM

AND THEY CAME WITH HASTE

AND FOUND MARY AND JOSEPH

AND THE BABE LYING IN A MANGER



CHRISTMAS - EVE AND CHRISTMAS - DAY.

THE
LEGEND OF
CHRISTMAS



THE
LEGEND OF
CHRISTMAS

SWEET is the Christmas! In our childhood pleasures,
In youth, in age, still is the main chime
A sound that echoes from the heart's fond treasures
How well beloved is the Christmas time!

Yet midst its sunshine there is one strange story
That seems unwelcome in such hours of joy!
As though it bore away its crown of glory,
And cast a shadow of most sad alloy!
It breathe of DEATH! that still so dreaded name;
As though it sought amidst those scenes of gladness,

To still remind us of our Sin and Shame,
And cast a shade around of gloom and sadness.

Ye may be, if we read it with true faith,
Its dark cloud may be lined with light so golden,
That we may each forget its tale of death,
As an unheeded legend quaint and olden.

Thus may we wear a mystic crown of flowers
That mortals well may wear in sorrow's time;
For, though it tell of dark and weary hours,
Peace reigneth in this legendary rhyme!

THIS is the legend, that a mystic mother
Of Angel-visitors on this our earth,
Wakes each an infant from its first sweet slumber
And bears away the gem of priceless worth!
In mystic honor of the CHILD-CHRIST JESUS,
To chant a new-born lay with harp of gold,
Of HIM whose blood from Sin and Sorrow frees us;
Of HIM who leads us to His Heavenly fold!

NOW in a homestead where the poor are dwelling
An infant sleepeth on its mother's breast:
One little spark of life! a wave once swelling
Has borne it safely to eternal rest!

For as the first soft ray steals thro' the casement,
And shines with golden light upon its head;
A bitter cry of grief and wild amazement
Tells that it shines so fair upon the dead!

And voices sweet seem dying in the distance
As swift the Angel-child is borne away!
While one scarce seen yet spirit-felt existence
Seems lingering still upon that golden ray!

And whispering of the SIN-DESTROYED Creation
"Of Pain - and Sin - and Sorrow - all passed by!"
"Of Toil and Poverty, and dread Temptation!"
"O fierce tempestuous waves, and darkening sky!"

"THIS FOR THE LIVING! - This each weary morrow!"
"Who then shall mourn for those who find their rest?"
"At once from Sin, and Shame, and earth's unrest!"
"To flee for refuge to the SAVIOUR'S breast!"

GAIN the Angels with their heavenly mission
Are visitants of Earth with noiseless tread;
Again the radiance of the mystic vision
Shines with its golden light upon the dead!

AND yet once more, where in the lonely castle
The child of wealth & pomp first tastes of life
There, tho' unrecognized by Lord or Vassal;
They bear the Spirit from its mortal strife.

THUS in each home is left this hope celestial:
That borne from evil is each well-loved child;
That still the roars around the storm terrestrial!
They are safe anchored from the treacherous wild.

YET as each mortal weeps with pain expiring
They fail this glorious truth to recognize
Three Angels clad in robes so fair and shining
Find entrance at the gates of PARADISE

And three dark Spirits of Earth's dread temptation
Are thus defiled by those Angels' bright light
No power to turn the poisoned of Creation
They see despairing to the realm of Night!

O HAPPY CHRISTMAS! If upon thy day,
Thou canst reveal to man so sweet a story
That Spirits cast their earthly bonds away
And soar unfettered to celestial glory!
O GLORIOUS LEGEND! Tho' the infant dying
Leaveth but sorrow in the Mother's breast,
One peaceful slumber in those fond arms lying,
And then - borne upwards to eternal rest!

THE ARABESQUE FORGET-ME-NOT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV VON PUTLITZ.

NEAR a fresh meadow-stream, on a soft cushion made by the mossy covering of a stone, two little spirits sat together, and looked at the waves splashing and glittering at their feet. One was a comical little man, somewhat broad-shouldered, with a short neck and stooping figure, which evil-disposed persons might have called humpbacked. What at first made him appear so strange was his slender legs, which he had carefully drawn up, fearing the contact with the water, which rose up good-naturedly towards him. His features were brown, and not at all graceful. On his head he wore a brown leather hat or cap, which hung strangely over the ugly, pale, yet benevolent face. The other spirit was an elegant slim female form. Her fair hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders and arms; her lovely but roguish face was mirrored by the glittering water in which she splashed her naked foot; and, when her neighbour was not looking, she slyly spattered a little in his face. She wore a robe of flower-leaves joined together, with an auricula-blossom pressed on her curls as a hat.

"O Heinzelmann," said the amiable beauty, "are you always afraid of the water?"

"I have shoes on," replied he.

That was not false; but it was not precisely the ground of his dread of the water.

"But," continued he, to give the conversation another turn, "do not call me Heinzelmann. My great family name sounds so strange. Say, rather, Kappchen, or Kitchchen, as people call me when they love me."

"Good!" said the Elf, for such was the neighbour. "You call me Lilli, and we will be friends."

This was, at first, a bathing acquaintance, which had become a friendship, progressing at the bath, though it was only preserved during the bathing season. Afterwards, they never wrote to each other, and probably never so much as thought of one another.

This evening, they had given each other a rendezvous on the same stream as for many past years—Kappchen, hard and pedantic, to commence his water cure, which must refresh him after the dusty work on which he had spent the whole year; Lilli, for amusement, and for the sake of the acquaintances whom she found congregated at the stream, and to greet the beautiful flowers she found there—although, it is true, Kappchen showed her that she found the same species and genera in a thousand other places. Kappchen had wandered on foot, and with difficulty. Lilli had her four-in-band of butterflies, dragon-flies, or grasshoppers (I do not know which would seem the most elegant this season) harnessed, and flew by through the air. They arrived almost at the same time. Kappchen bathed and drank his prescribed dew-drops, which he stripped from a healthy flower. Lilli paid visits, chattered and gossiped, and studied whether any other little Fairy had discovered any new fantastic fashion of sewing petals into dresses. In the evening, the friends assembled to relate the little events of the day, the occurrences of the past year, and the dreams for the future. We will watch them for once.

"You look pale Kitchchen," said the Elf, after a pause, her roguish face assuming for the moment a sympathising expression. "Have you worn yourself out again in the close dusty atmosphere of your room?"

"There was really a great deal to do," replied the little man. "The dust has stirred again amongst the books, and between the fatal political pamphlets which it threatened to overwhelm as it rises hither and thither on fresh poetical images, or his thick on stately scientific fables. I am now the printers' Heinzelmann, and I have had much work this year. Letters and written characters came to light which had long lain dormant in their chests. Then there was a great deal of dust raised, and it fell on my breast, so the journey to the bath was very necessary."

Lilli laughed aloud. "Shall I console with you? What do books, pamphlets, letters, signify to you, or even men?"

"You do not understand the reason, my beautiful friend. Every one must work in that place to which he is assigned by destiny. The wasp must build her cell, the ant must drag her hid together, and if you destroy it she commences again. I must help and work like them, and that is my happiness. Do not you work?"

"No; I dance in the moonlight, I chatter with the flowers, I watch the glowworms, I live and enjoy."

"You are like a butterfly—that is your nature—enjoyment is your work. See, amongst the men with whom I so frequently come in contact there are different natures. Some are industrious, like me, and give themselves trouble; others resemble you, and live in Nature and listen to her—they are of poetical dispositions; their work is loitering, and loitering is their work. People chide the dreamer and laugh at him; what he builds up no one knows. But if he devote himself to opening this world to other men's eyes—be it through words, tones, colours or what not—then he is called a poet or artist. Your occupation is to weave the poetry of Nature, to poetise the graceful form of the universe in your heart and being. Be content with your lot, but do not jest at mine as humble."

Did the Fairy understand him? No matter, she felt herself flattered. "It is very possible you must toil," said she; "I believe it, but you, poor fellow, it is hard sometimes, very tiresome?"

"Not in the least," cried Kappchen, proudly drawing himself up. "You cannot believe how satisfactory it is. There lie the black letters each arranged, according to custom, in their little dwellings. It is my business to watch over them that they do not fall together. In the next place, when I sit on the chest, I hear here and there a buzz. That is disorder. Or a poor little letter complains that he has fallen into strange company. Very soon the poor little 'A' will be laughed at and mocked. Soon a vowel will be exposed to the teasing of the consonants amongst whom he has fallen, turned upside down, for every one imagines himself somebody when apart and amongst many of the same they have to support. I arrange them all in order, and when the compositor comes in the morning he does not at all imagine what trouble I took during the night. The compositor now seizes some here and there in the chest, and throws the letters together, and who saw it would fancy it made horrible disorder; yet he forms them all after the ideas which other men dictate, and, when the letters are printed on paper, they speak so wisely and beautifully that they rejoice mankind. I read all the proofs, it is my recreation."

"Charming recreation!" scoffed Lilli.

Heinzelmann, wishing to be more earnest, cleansed his throat, as if he had taken a great resolution, and said, "We are friends, Lilli; that gives me the right to be sincere. You are clever, and have mother wit."

"Indeed!"

"Do not interrupt me. You want coolness, you despise literature and science, because you do not know them, and that is not right."

"Heinzelmann," cried little Lilli, turning sulkily away, "you are ungallant."

"That may be," said the little man, rubbing his hands together. "You know very well I do not mean any offence: you are so clever now, what would you only be if you would read! In the winter you have charming leisure for it."

"In the winter," replied the Elf, still a little provoked, "in the winter I have just the very least time. Then, I visit my dear flowers, where they sleep in their small, hard brown seed-beds in the bosom of the earth. I go to them and tell them of the delights of Spring and the joy of Summer, in order that they may, in their season, willingly awake and come forth to a new life of colour and perfume. I listen to the souls of withered flowers as they hover around, and they teach the others how they must bud, blossom, and glitter."

"The souls of the flowers?" said Kappchen, incredulously.

"Do you not know about them? Oh, the book-learned!" cried Lilli, "what should they know about flowers; what have they to do with them?"

"You must tell me," said Kappchen, trying to gain her confidence. "Formerly, in books, one read something about the souls of the deceased, but it has ceased in later time. Do tell me."

"When the flowers wither," began Lilli, "their souls rise clothed in the garb of their last perfume, for scent is properly their soul, as thought is the soul of man. Long they hang over the dead form, and then go further. Indeed, you may remark them, if you think of them, for the perfume is wafted through the air from flowers which grow far away—from plants no one knows. The dead flower falls off—the seed grows till it sinks and falls upon the earth. Therefore they care for the souls of the flowers, and consider themselves faithful nurses around the cradle of their faithful sisters. What they experienced in the fleeting course of their lives, what they learnt from intercourse with nature and mankind, they sing in lovely cradle songs, and fold up in the heart of the slumbering germ. Thus the coming life grows and strives in the bosom of the silent earth, so the flowers forebode whether they will be loved or despised by men."

"You talk poetry," said Kappchen.

"Will you have proof?" asked Lilli, bending herself back and gathering a Forget-me-not from the wall of flowers which concealed and shadowed their seat. Look at this flower; you know what signification men give it. It is the Forget-me-not."

"*Myosotis pratensis*, or mouse-ear," corrected Kappchen.

"What does your learned name signify to me?" replied Lilli. "Man's heart and the fairies gave the name Forget-me-not, for it is the flower of friendship and truth. That it knows, when growing on its green stalk, although it is still ignorant, and mistakes the feelings. The bud will open red, clothed in the garment of love, and putting on its appearance. At the right time it thinks on what the soul of the flower predicted, and colours itself blue around a deep yellow chalice, round which the petals range themselves as a request for fidelity, as a greeting at the parting hour. How would this be possible if it did not know its name?"

Kappchen, who had studied all the botanical literature of the world, had nothing to reply in spite of all his learning.

"And, because I do not read, you reproach me," continued Lilli. "Probably you think there are no other books than those formed by your black letters. Poor Kappchen! your dumb black printed characters appear the whole world to you. In creation there are thousands of modes of writing, only you cannot read them. I understand many. Look at this Forget-me-not. Look at the tender blue velvet, and, when I hold it up towards the sun, the tender veins now cross each other, now separate and entwine. Do you believe that they grow without design and thought; that the flowers open without reflection? Do you believe that nature writes with as little spirit as the hand of your compositor seizes the letter-box, which you keep in order? Every touch is feeling; each fibre, plan; every breath, thought. On every little leaf something is written in clear writing. I can read it, and if you were a poet instead of a printer you could read it too."

Heinzelmann wavered between curiosity and conviction at what the Elf had shown him. He would not beg for the reading, because the request might be confession that he gave credence, and yet he was anxious to know what was on the leaf. He conjectured a sort of classification of flowers, a catalogue which each would carry. He blinked slyly with his eye, as if he knew the answer, and hinted at more as he asked, "But is the same on all leaves?"

"Not at all," said Lilli; "the rich power of creation never repeats itself. Because you possess understanding and a cultivated mind," added she ironically, "I will tell you the reason. I have already related how the souls of flowers relate their histories to the germ, and, when the flower grows, every leaf writes its story. For those who know how to read it, a flower is a book with many leaves. I read them in my leisure hours, and you reproach me because I do not try to form my mind by reading. What could I know of men, with whom I never hold intercourse, if the flowers did not tell me about them?"

"Do read me what is written on the Forget-me-not," cried Kappchen.

"Of course, something very simple; what can happen to a Forget-me-not?" said Lilli.

"Oh, only what stands on the five leaves which you hold in your hand. Do begin, my beautiful, witty friend."

Lilli looked long and silently on the leaves. Kappchen hoped she would not decipher anything.

"It is not like your books, in which one begins at the beginning," said Lilli; "here we seek the thread, and then the rest follows."

"In the same way as the soothsayer reads the destiny of man in the lines of his hand?"

"Exactly," answered she, "only my art is the surest. Listen then. On this first leaf is the history of a Forget-me-not's soul."

She began.

On the meadow in which I bloomed, romped and played two lovely children—a maiden with fair flowing locks, and a boy a few years older. They chased after butterflies—at least the maiden did. The boy looked more at her than at the gay butterfly: they were neighbours' children.

"Oh, dear!" cried the maiden, "it is wet here, and there is a wide ditch. The beautiful peacock's eye is down away, and I cannot get over."

She stood sadly by the ditch, looking as if a great happiness had vanished. Who knows if she will ever possess it?

"No further," said the boy; "I will carry you over the ditch."

"No, no; you will let me fall," cried she.

But, just then, the peacock's eye fluttered close on the edge of the ditch, and she could almost reach it with her net. The boy was turning away offended; but the fair child, ever looking after the butterfly, beckoned him back.

"Quickly!" exclaimed she. "Here it is again."

And the boy took her in his arms and stepped into the ditch. There he stood with his dear lovely burden.

"What will you give me for this service?" asked he.

"Nothing; but make haste. I am too heavy."

"Nothing! Then I will remain standing."

"Naughty boy, you will sink still deeper. What will you have?"

"A kiss."

"Foolish!" said she, casting her eyes down and turning away her head.

"Oh, what beautiful Forget-me-nots!" cried she, forgetting her anger and her bearer's demand. "You must pick them for me;" and she quickly bounded from his arms to the other bank. The boy remained standing in the ditch.

"The Forget-me-nots?" asked he.

"Yes, the Forget-me-nots."

He stooped to gather them, and she clapped her hands joyously. "I will put them in a cup with water, lay a stone on their stems, and place them in my mother's room: then they will grow and flower."

A little while after they both sat together on the bank. The maiden gathered up the flowers he had picked, and collected a regular little bundle in her lap. The boy looked quite happy, and had already forgotten that she had refused him a kiss.

"Give me a flower as a remembrance," he entreated.

"No; why did you try to force a kiss from me?" She took hold of both corners of her apron and skipped home. The boy frowned, and shook his fist at her. Then he went his way as if nothing had happened. A few days after, the frivolous little creature had forgotten the butterfly, the refused kiss, and the denied Forget-me-not. But we had grown up high, had unfolded our buds, and bent our heads together to chatter over the stone which separated us, and ask after the boy whom we had not seen so long. Then he happened to enter. He had a commission from his mother to his playfellow's mother; and, as he delivered it, his eyes fell on the cup with the Forget-me-nots. The blood mounted into his cheeks; and, as the mother turned away, he approached and picked the stem on which I bloomed, and stuck it in the button-hole of his waistcoat. "What are you doing?" asked the mother. "Nothing," replied he; but he became still redder, and held his cap before the Forget-me-not. Shortly after, I faded between the pages of his Latin grammar. I remained there a long time till it was winter, and snow lay on the ground. The boys snowballed each other for the first time in the court of the school; the books were put down hastily on a heap of wood, and therefore I fell out, and was afterwards carried away with the wood, and almost burnt in the oven of the school; and then the boy was rebuked because he had turned over the pages of his grammar for an hour without being able to say what he was seeking. I have never learnt even so much as why he blushed when he picked me out of the cup.

"That is the history of the first leaf," said Lilli, whilst she picked it off, and let it fall into the stream which carried it away. Four leaves remained standing round the chalice. Kitchchen did not know what to say to the story, and sat during the whole time in painful impatience. He partly waited for the point, partly thought of a criticism which would annoy his friend as little as possible. "Very pretty," said he, "but for all that you must read my books. There is more incident in them—from them you would learn what happened afterwards, what wonderful circumstances occurred before the children became a pair; for I have always been waiting to learn this."

"I know as little about that as my Forget-me-not," replied the Elf. "It is no book, only a page, and my poor Forget-me-not has no more to relate, only to observe what Fate permits. Shall I read more?"

"It will be the same end," said Kappchen, "for that is all that happens to Forget-me-nots."

"Let us see!" She held the second leaf against the light, studied it awhile, let it fly, and without interruption related what the other had told. It was this:—

I sprang up on the banks of a friendly river. The waves prevented my immediately seeing a little meadow kept moist by the drops of water which the cheerful rolling waves left behind them on the banks, and which penetrated through sand and small stones to where the soil was which bore me and many sisters. On one side I heard the river rushing, yet could not see it, perhaps because I was not grown up, and my flowers had only been unfolded one way. On the other side I saw the high mountain wall of the valley. On the mountain slopes were throned three ruined castles, around which the first sunset I had ever seen cast a wonderful glow. The sun had gone down, and I remained in the quiet splendour of the evening. Soon I heard a perplexing noise of many men's voices, the tramping of horses' hoofs, intermingled with the splashing of oars on the river. I turned with all my power from the castles, to which I had longingly raised my flower eyes. I felt how my curiosity increased. I thrust my head between my sisters; it was open to my eyes, and I could see what occurred on the bank. A long train of young figures galloped on horseback and rode in carriages. Then came a number of six-horsed carriages, with riders alike. A row of four-horsed followed by two-horsed coaches concluded the procession. They were ordered to halt on the bank. Two youths, with little students' caps on their waving hair, stepped out of the carriages. Horses and carriages, in disordered throng, turned round and returned the same way. A boat lay by the bank, with a pennon at the mast, the colour of the scarfs and caps. It was decked with crowns, garlands, and oak-branches. Music greeted their arrival. Most entered the boat; some wandered with light steps along the bank. The boat pushed off, the band struck up the melody of a student's song. The youthful voices began:—

On the cool shores of the Neckar
Stand mountains bold and high.

It resounded through the air; the oars struck regularly on the waves; and I again turned my eyes unwillingly to the castles, which, in the sunshine, and in the glory which the song threw over them, in spite of their dark stone, looked proudly down on the restive troop. Suddenly I was torn from my wondering meditation. The students, who had gone down on the bank, had picked, on the way, a tuft of flowers, or a green branch, and stuck it in their caps. One cap wanted an ornament just as its owner stepped over me—he stooped, and with a wench I was gathered, with many others. A thick Forget-me-not tuft decorated the cap; and I rejoiced, for I should now share in the festival, and help to ornament the students. Every one had left the boat, and dispersed themselves in small and great parties over mountain and valley, or along the shore, where they had pleasure, frolic, and adventure. I waved on the brow of my bearer up to the castle, to which I had so long looked lovingly in the distance. Through ivy and brambles I was carried to the highest battlements of the old ruined walls. I saw the wide, wide world before me, and looked down (to my shame I must confess it) almost with contempt on the little place from whence I sprang. The students who had followed us went further on: my friend climbed up the mossy tower; I was quite giddy. A yellow wallflower, which I touched in ascending, whispered to me, "What do you do up here, valley flower?" I looked at her with a proud smile; but, before I could reply, we were above. My friend sat astride on the wall; swung his arm round the trunk of a tree which had firmly fixed its roots in the moist stones: we both looked down on the broad earth spread out beneath us. He had become warm in climbing: he took off his cap, in which I waved, and placed it on a great stone by his side. After my first astonishment was over, I felt such an undefined melancholy, yet poetical frame of mind, that I longed to make a poem which the gloomy tone of the surrounding ruin had suggested. The same desire must have occurred to my student; he drew out his pocket-book, laid it on the stone; by so doing he pushed the cap aside, and wrote some

verses with his pencil. I might otherwise have read it so easily, for I was convinced that he had taken away the poem that had not been commenced, and of which I already felt proud; but both the cap and I were thrust away. The sun shone on the paper; the student wished to turn; but the space was too confined. He reflected for a short time; then he laid the cap so near the pocket-book that the shadow of the tuft was thrown on the paper, and I could read all he had written. It was not the poem I thought of. No tears for the past, no hope for the future, quite content with the joy of the present. Truly he who had poetised was a student. Student! there lies the answer.

"What are you doing up there?" some one cried out.

"Nothing," answered my student, shutting up his book; and blushing, pressed his cap on his brow, and swung himself nimbly down from the bower, from whose side the mosses came rolling after him. He went quickly down the mountain to the inn by the river, where the whole joyful company was assembled in a large room. A long table was covered; bottles stood on it; at both ends were two naked rapiers crossed. The musicians had arranged themselves in the orchestra, opposite, the student's coat of arms burnt in a variegated transparency. Festoons decked the room and table; the coats were cast off lightly; the tricolor band of the corps slid from the shoulder to the breast; signs were given with the rapiers; each took his place, and the meal began. All was cheerfulness, overflowing gaiety, youthful courage, fun, and happiness. The glasses were filled and emptied over and over again; they drank to each other, then sounded again the music of some song. The rapiers rattled down on the tables. "Silentium" sounded from the president's mouth. The conversation ceased, and all joined in the solemn melody. The first song was of friendship, and I, the flower of friendship moved softly to the waving melody as it sung—

Does not joy the beaker fill?
Does not the heart with joy o'erflow?
To every gallant quaffer still
Our breast with friendship true will glow.

I blinked proudly to the other flowers in the cap, to the table, the walls, as if they paid me this homage. As the song was finished all stood up and clashed their glasses together, their hands clasped; and it seemed to me as if a tear of joyful sadness welled up out of my deep chalice. I am now a sentimental flower. So it continued till late in the night. It grew ever louder and louder, and more joyous; but many cordial words were whispered. My student sometimes went out on the balcony, and slung his arm round the neck of a friend. Over us was the starry heaven in its eternal silence; at our feet the rushing Neckar; behind, darker than the dark night, the seam of mountains formed the horizon. Near us rose the clash of glasses that excited the voices. My student pressed his friend's hand; I knew what that meant, for I had read his poetry. Again the rapiers rattled down, and Silentium sounded imperiously through the room. The voices were silenced, the coats taken again, each ordered to his place. To the gay confusion followed solemn, earnest, silence. The "Fatherland" was called for, and the wonderful melody began. The first verse was sung as the first song only. Then each president arose at the ends of the table on his chair, and kept time to the melody with his sword:—

See how flashes in his hand
This blade unsullied by stain!
I pierce the hat and swear—

and, as if for an oath, they laid their fingers on the crossed swords which had bored through the caps, and sang on:—

Honour shall be my guide,
Brave youths for evermore.

The sword was handed to his neighbour, the verse repeated, one cap placed over the other on the blade, and the swords met at each end. We poor flowers were badly off; and, as our neighbour's cap pressed on the cap which bore me, I felt as if the stem bent and loosened. I had thrust myself between the edges of the cap, and could see the sword turned over the table; and now the presidents sang:—

So let it be; thy head I now will sever,
Stretch forth the blade,
Long life to our new brother!

Then they stretched over the caps and laid the naked sword on his head as if blessing him, till all stood up with covered heads. The president's representative lives put on their caps; the swords rattled down: "Exist commercium initium fidelitatis!" sounded, and through the solemn song, long-restrained rejoicing brought forth tears. How are we off? As the cap was taken off which pressed on the bouquet, all we, Forget-me-nots, fell out and were all strewn over the table, and he who had plucked me heeded it not. My neighbour fell so that she remained hanging on the edge of his glass, and as he put it to his lips she kissed him, and then fell dying at his feet. I envied her. Although scattered and crushed, we did not remain unnoticed. My friend's neighbour looked down on me, and, as if seized by a sudden recollection, he took me up.

"A Forget-me-not!" whispered he; "a Forget-me-not, like the one she denied me. Now she is grown up beautiful, I wonder if she would refuse it me again? As if she had ever given it to me," said he, and then laid me between the leaves of his book, just on the side where these words stand:—

And Love shall follow him—lend him her hand,
Make him a happy home in every land:

There I breathed forth my soul. Some day, after years are passed, if the student opens the book again, the poor dried Forget-me-not will tell of the maiden at home, or of the joyous —

Heinzelmänn had listened quietly, whether from interest, resignation, or gallantry, is not known. He only said, "Men make wonderful feasts, especially when they are students."

"Our Forget-me-not's soul appears quite captivated with it," replied Lilli. "The feast affected her to tears."

"Yes," interrupted he, "at what does not a Forget-me-not weep? Everything appears solemn."

"Poor Forget-me-not," continued Kappchen; "and yet it is pure nonsense—so many carriages, the drinking, and piercing the caps."

"It may be. I have not to answer for my story," said Lilli, and let the two leaves fall into the book.

As if to restore them, Kappchen stooped as if he would hold them back; but the stream had already borne them far away. "Shame!" said he. "I will write out the student's history."

"Wherefore?" asked the Elf. "There are stories on a thousand leaves more beautiful than this."

"I might probably be able to make use of it, if a page on a printing sheet were blank," said Kappchen. "It is good enough for that. We let the book be prettily and gracefully bound, and ornamented with gilt edges and gold vignettes. The little book now supplants art, the other plays things which formerly adorned the table. People rejoice at the outside, and turn over the pages, but do not ask about the contents."

"Comical beings, men," mocked Lilli, "and that you call taste for reading."

In the meanwhile the sun had gone down, twilight lay over the plain, mist rose out of the damp ground which extended to the little place on which our pair sat. The broad damp veil increased, and

waved gently in the evening breeze. Kappchen drew down the brim of his cap, the Elf gathered some of the white flowers which grew in the meadow, and spread them on her seat. Then she set about reading the third leaf of her flowers.

"You will injure your eyes," said Kappchen, trying to take the flower out of her hand.

Lilli laughed. She rose up, and called with clear voice over the meadow, "You, glow-worms, wake up and shine." And over the meadow they began to shine in the dewy grass. Here and there a spark that became clearer and clearer, then the lights began to glitter and whizz hither and thither in the grey fog; first slowly, and then more lively.

"Come to me!" commanded the Elf, "and whoever keeps still and lights me well may hear what I read."

The glow-worms set themselves down on the moss which covered the stone, or hung on the flowers that overshadowed her, so that their friend sat in clear light. The water shone as the flowers were reflected which bent over the waves.

Kappchen was delighted: "How it shines, just like a ball-room!"

"I will conduct you to a ball-room," said Lilli, who had found the threat of the story written on the third leaf. She read:—

I was not born in the free air of nature. I grew up in a large hall with glass windows—it was very pretty there, but I always severely missed the fresh, blowing rain. We were a great society of flowers, come from all parts under heaven. There, waved the proud palm, the wonderful butterfly, flowers of the orchid hovered and climbed down from the ceiling. The coquettish camellia let her flowers come out from her shining wall of leaves, while the pomegranate increased the glow. What were they called, and who may tell again the cries for home from all the plants and flowers! It is true I had not been deprived of home, but listening to them confessed the seasons to me, they deceived me about spring and summer. The sunbeam told me that, as it visited us, when the matting was taken away from the windows, and we could look out into the world full of ice and glittering snow, why not also on us? I often complained to a party of violets which grew near me. Why are we people, who care so little for it, by the side of these bright foreign plants? There was not a long time to think over the answer, for the gardener, our guardian and waterer, appeared one day, and cut flowers and branches from all, and carried us away together. Neat hands bound us in little bouquets, placed us in a crystal vase, and carried us together, well protected against the winter.

The icy blast half-froze me. I half longed for the free blowing of the pure air, and so I considered, and occupied myself with the cold re-signation with which a dark camellia braved the winter air, and rarely at all with the gentle lament of the orange blossom, which sorrowfully closed, and concealed itself under the leaves vainly comforted by a hardy cry. Suddenly a warmer-scented air rushed towards us. A brilliant beam of light penetrated through the crystal vase in which we were laid; the covering was taken away. Astonished, I gazed on the never-seen wonder of a ball-room; lights streamed down from a brilliant chandelier in the centre; lights streamed from the walls. A gaily-dressed crowd were assembled; melody sounded from the orchestra in the saloon, and the couples rushed thither, struck by the electric blow of the sound. It seemed to us as if the festival had come to an end; and a sprig of myrtle, which had fallen out of the bouquet of some fair lady, was thrown carelessly into the vase, and, happening to come near me, enlightened and explained all the wonders to me, which, displayed at once, almost turned my head. We flowers were put aside in a modest place, and people did not appear to care for us. We were placed in a window-niche behind a fluttering curtain, but so that I could overlook everything. I was at first intoxicated with the splendour of the lights, the dance-music, the glitter of the ornaments, the beauty of the forms. When I had quiet to observe, my friendly myrtle-twig was always ready to answer my questions. What wonderful goings on! how quickly the dancers step up to the fair ones; how earnestly they bow, and how formally is the presented hand taken! A few seconds after, a pair rushed past us, the eyes lit up, and the slender form of the lady trembled in the arms which surrounded her. But, when they returned to their places, the same quiet bow, the same formal greeting. A longer pause occurred. The instruments were tuned, people walked up and down the room, seats were placed together, then the orchestra began; the dancers led the ladies to their places, the chairs were taken away. Now the first couple presented themselves. The lady was of the most brilliant appearance—the Queen of the festival—a tall, slender figure; light locks waved down her shoulders; round her proudly-carried head fluttered the purple bells of the fuschia; her eyes beamed through the room, sure of conquest and conscious of it, more brilliant than the diamonds that sparkled on her breast; the beautiful arm, with its heavy bracelet, leant lightly on her partner's.

The myrtle remarked the object of my attention. "That is the daughter of the house, whose betrothal is now celebrating; her partner is the bridegroom; I know that, for I fell out of the bouquet she holds. Before the party, he presented both bouquet and jewels." "How happy they must be!" sighed I. An old lady and her daughter sat near the window-niche, probably undiscovered by my dancer. She whispered to a gentleman standing near, "The mother has caught him, and that was not difficult, for he is no great light." "The bride is my most intimate school friend," added the daughter; "she told me in confidence, eight days ago, that she found him tiresome in the highest degree. She is such a coquette, and"—"It is a brilliant party," said the gentleman. "Two young officers happened to be near me. 'Is she not beautiful?' asked one. 'But she has no heart,' replied the other." Opposite me, by the door, stood a young man dressed in black; he did not dance, spoke little, but his dark eyes were fixed on the bright apparition who was the talk of the evening, the object of all attention. I sympathised with him, and knew not why. I believed that we poor flowers were forgotten, when some one took up the vase in which we rested and placed us on a little table in the middle of the room. One dancer after another stepped up and selected a bouquet to present to his lady—and a dance, a look, was recompense for the gift. The vase was quickly emptied, the last dancer came up, the bouquet in which I lay was unselected. I saw the young man, who, unmoved, still followed the beautiful bride with his eyes, now, for the first time, leave his place. He went firmly towards the vase: "A Forget-me-not," whispered he, seizing the bouquet which he brought to the daughter of the house. As he bent before her, his dark eyes were fixed questioning on her features. She could not meet his glance, she looked down on the bouquet which she received, and just as if she would conceal her emotion said, "A Forget-me-not! Do you not remember the time when we were children, and gathered Forget-me-nots in the meadow?" "And later," added he, "but no recollections for to-day." He offered her his arm, and they danced through the room. Some minutes afterwards I looked around me: he had not returned to his place, but vanished. The dance was ended, the company dispersed, and the hall was empty. The beautiful bride had laid aside all her bouquets, except mine, which she pressed in her hands. She left the room—stepped through the illuminated room, passed indifferently by all its brilliancy, carelessly treading on the flowers which lay on the ground. Her tread was sure, her eyes clear, her head lofty as before. She seized a silver lamp and entered her chamber, where her maids awaited her. The wreath was taken from her hair, the diamonds unfastened, the bracelets stripped from her arm. She turned to the table without further consideration. When she was undressed, and the maids had left her, she stood thoughtfully in the middle of the room. She did not turn to the bed, but to the table where the jewels lay. Would she look again with delight on the ornaments in which she had glittered? No; she grasped the bouquet; her fingers trembled; she sought amongst flowers and leaves. I guessed it—she sought me. Then she drew out the drawer of her toilet-table. A costly brooch which lay before it rolled on the floor; she heeded it not; took the scissors out of the toilette, cut the string that held the bouquet together, threw the rest of the flowers aside, and drew me out. She bent down to me. I was faded, her head sank, I felt a warm tear fall in my chalice; and as I once looked up—what a change in those proud, cold features! The head was bent, tears rolled over her cheeks, her whole form heaved. "Is she not happy?" I asked myself. "Had she no heart?" She had sunk in the chair and supported her head with her hands. How long she sat thus I know not. The lights were burnt down—daylight appeared through the curtains. It seemed as if I saw a dark shadow spread over the window. She started up, took a box from the toilet, and pressed on the spring. A lock of hair fell out. She pressed me into the box as she put it to her lips—I felt it, and died in her kiss.

THE BACHELOR'S PERSONAL ECONOMIST.

BY AN EPICUREAN STOIC.

CHRISTMAS is a time of much enjoyment and little bills. An almost primary object with nearly everybody is to increase enjoyment and to render little bills less. A few hints and suggestions towards the attainment of that object may not be unseasonable at this season of general festivity and disbursement.

Economy, in the primitive sense of the word, is the regulation of a household. It should not be confounded with parsimony, as it commonly is. Its object is judicious expenditure rather than saving. Personal economy is the art of spending money to the greatest advantage; that is, so as to purchase as much happiness as can be had for the amount. We are informed by divers heroes and heroines, in sundry melodramas, that money is not happiness. True; and money is not mutton: but no money no mutton, without sponging or swindling. Money will simply buy all the happiness that the world has to sell, and in so far as happiness is the same thing as enjoyment, the quantity of that is pretty considerable.

It is perfectly consistent with the most rigid economy to distribute nearly the whole of one's income among decrepit and unblebbed paupers, if one takes pleasure in relieving them, whether from the hope of being rewarded for so doing some other day, or from the exercise of constitutional benevolence. But the great majority of economists prefer the distribution of their money among their own ordinary and inferior wants, even at Christmas.

Economy, under certain circumstances, is a pleasing employment. When one has to consider how much, out of ample means, one had better allot to house-rent, how much to hospitality, how much to carriages, how much to travelling, how much to the stud and the stable, how much to the cellar, and so on, the labour of economising is one that we delight in—which physics pain. But when the question necessary to be decided is, which of these or any other good things we can least inconveniently do without, economy becomes a bore, endured only for the sake of averting judgment and execution—a greater bore. The alleviation of the economical bore is our present object; we have nothing to say about the nobler and pleasant species of economy, because we have no experience of it; having been conversant only with the baser and disagreeable.

By far the least painful economy that a man can practise is economy in dress. Stint yourself in those wants of which you can most easily divest yourself. You cannot divest yourself of the love of beef or the love of port or claret, nay, not even of the love of venison and turtle, of Johannisberg and Chamartin. Self-denial in any of these particulars is attended with an aching void. In respect of dress you cannot repudiate, nor stifle, nor subdue your want of warmth and comfort; but you can at least subdue and stifle, if not absolutely banish, all care whatever and concern for appearances, whereby you will effect a great saving. You can, by a resolute effort of the mind, refuse to think about the look of your clothes, or you can bring yourself to a disregard for it by exerting your reason. Reflection will show you that the only importance of other people's opinion of you lies in the confirmation which it gives to your own opinion of yourself. If you feel quite satisfied that your own taste is good, that if you were sufficiently well off you would keep a tailor instead of going to a slop-shop, what signifies it to you that your acquaintance suppose that you are insensible of the difference between a good coat and a bad one?

Of course if your livelihood depends upon your costume, that is another matter. Your respectable exterior is a part of your investment. Many rational persons—medical practitioners, for instance—are unfortunately precluded from economising in apparel by the prejudice of society, which will not believe that pills and draughts can be judiciously prescribed or administered by the wearer of a shooting-jacket and a pair of strong boots.

What is true of economy in dress applies, also, in a less degree, to economy in furniture. In a less degree, because your eye is pleased or displeased by the objects surrounding you, which you cannot help seeing, whereas you need not look in the looking-glass unless you please.

It is astonishing how many years a coat will wear, even as a dress-coat, worn at evening parties, which take place by candle-light, when the threadbare state of the garment is imperceptible. An old coat, however, should be ironed out for occasions of that sort, and the collar, if necessary, scoured; moreover, if the seams are visibly white, it should be washed with the black and blue revival; for you have no right to go to a man's house and partake of his hospitality if the shabbiness of your attire gives your host annoyance, however unseasonable.

The time for which a pair of thick shoes, especially if nailed, will last, with occasional repairs, would scarcely be believed by a gentleman of the class denominated "swells." The shoes will bear fore-piecing and heel-piecing several times, with intervals of many weeks between each, and soleting altogether for as many more, the upper-leathers in the meanwhile remaining perfectly sound. Then, after the latter have begun to give way, the existence of the chausseure may be protracted for an indefinite period by a series of patches.

One is sometimes obliged to dress more splendidly than one can afford by the taunts and jeers of one's friends, because they, by these remarks and observations of theirs, pester one in the same way that a little boy does at the beginning of the oyster-season, by getting in one's way and importuning one to "remember the grotto" whilst one is meditating upon electricity, perhaps, or about the essential nature of mind as contradistinguished from matter, or on things in general. You can abstract your thought from the consideration of the sentiments which other people entertain respecting you as long as they keep them to themselves; but when they express them aloud they disturb the current of your thoughts, which is very vexatious; and it is much to be wished that those who consider a man's dress seedy or ill made would refrain from ridiculing it before his face.

Where you are unknown you can have no difficulty in wearing what suits your circumstances, consulting only comfort and cleanliness. Nobody will take any notice of you unless you choose to attract it; and what then, if a person, whom you neither know nor care for, and who neither knows nor cares for you, takes you for a working-man because you have a fustian jacket and a pair of corduroys? Suppose you ask him the way, and he answers you in a contemptuous tone, under the impression that you are a snob? You smile to think how greatly he is mistaken, and pass on.

Whenever, then, you are called upon to retrench to any amount, you will, if a sensible man, consider in what particular you may screw that amount out of your dress. The necessity for deterioration of meals may be obviated by wearing cloth gloves instead of kid, if you wear gloves at all. A silk hat may be exchanged for an oil-skin, rather than Havannah cigars for Cubas; or a deficiency which might be supplied by a reduction of wine or grog, might be met, instead, by ceasing to dress with conventional respectability, adopting the fustian jacket and corduroys already alluded to, and substituting the strong walking lace-up for patent leather boots; though these last are economical if your poverty is not abject, and you have to dine out often, for you can walk in goloshes with them without tarnishing them, which is not the case with blacked boots, and you save the blacking into the bargain.

Appropos de bottles, it is a great pity that the bonnets of ladies cannot be made of leather, or some equally durable substance; which is impossible, not on account of the nature of leather, but by reason of the nature of ladies, to whom durability, even if combined with elegance, would be an objectionable quality in a bonnet. Abstraction of ideas is, in general, almost impossible to the female mind; and the abstraction of thought from externals is quite so; unhappily, therefore, for family men, the principle of economy above recommended can be carried out only by bachelors who mean to persevere in single blessedness, and by widowers who intend to persist in enduring the privation of conjugal felicity.



"COLD WITHOUT."—DRAWN BY S. READ

"COLD WITHOUT"—THE PASSER-BY.

My coat is worn threadbare and thin,
 My shoes are very old,
 The wind and snow alike creep in,
 And bite me with their cold.
 I've not a penny in my purse,
 Nor friend to give,—not I;
 And yet my fortunes might be worse.
 Here are the reasons why.

I might have been, perhaps, fool enough
 To give my heart away,
 And met with coldness or rebuff,
 As men do every day.

A wayward woman is a curse,
 You'll find so if you try;
 My state you see might still be worse,—
 And there's a reason why.

I might have found a faithless friend,
 To change my sweetheart's mind;
 Falsehood like this you may depend
 Is worse than "wintry wind."
 Though to good cheer I'm not averse,
 Yet I can pass it by,
 And feel my state might still be worse,—
 You've heard the reasons why.

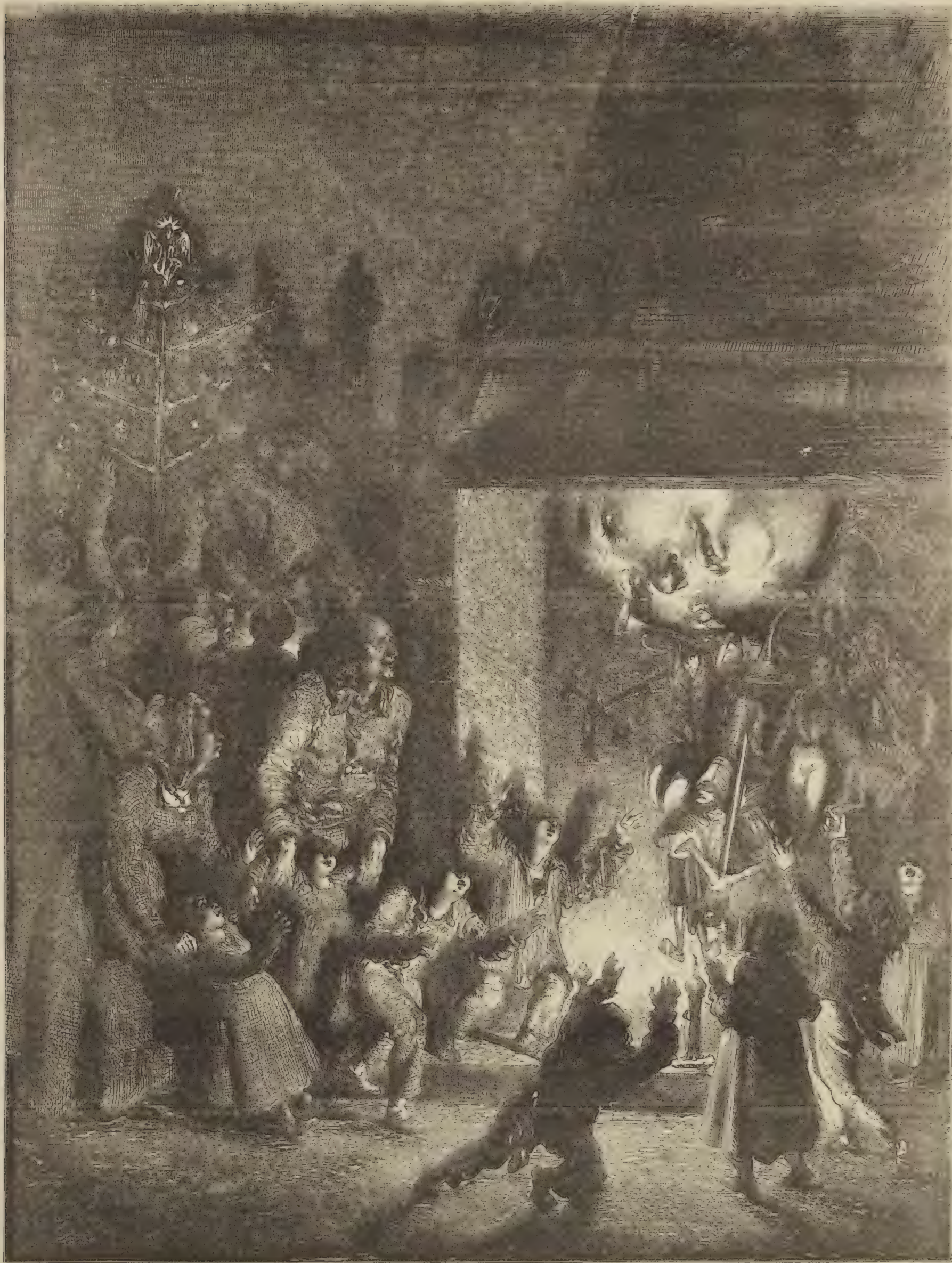
M. L.

WAYFARER IN THE SNOW.

Cheerily the firelight plays
 All about the little room,
 How the dancing, glancing blaze
 Doth from nook and corner chase
 Like a ghost—the gloom!

Here the world is wan and white;
 Lonely is the way I go;
 Only stars with trembling light
 Look down on the Christmas night,
 On the Christmas snow.

So, the starlight for the fire,—
 Forth I pass upon my road;
 And remember, if I tire,
 Earthly darkness brings us nigher
 To the light of God.—M. J. J.



CHILDREN'S PARTIES: THE SHOWER OF TOYS AT CHRISTMAS.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

WITH SOME HINTS FOR GIVING THE SAME.

Of late years a pleasant custom has grown up in England—introduced, if I mistake not, with the Christmas-tree from Germany. I mean the practice of giving children's parties—not hobbled-hoy balls, where some are too old to be childish, and not old enough to be manly or womanly, as the case may be—but downright children's parties, where after the first ten minutes Formality calls her coach and retires for the evening. As a *Paterfamilias*, I contrive now and then to gain admission to some of those delightful gatherings, and, sitting down quietly in a corner, participate in the enjoyment of the scene, without disturbing it. In such assemblages there are smiling faces worth looking at, for the sunshine upon those dimpled cheeks and rosy lips and in those

sparkling eyes is real and honest, and not the sham that too often hides aching hearts and envious thoughts, or blighted hopes. You never doubt the truthfulness of the mirth which makes the welkin ring, nor question the existence of the innocent jollity whose exuberance escapes from the twinkling feet of the happy dancers. We are sure that it cannot always be so, that change will come, and it would be a sorry sight indeed to look upon a gathering of the same beings when twenty years have passed, and to know and see all that time has done. Enough for the present to be certain that the little revellers we are now observing are innocent and happy, and to feel assured that those joyous eyes have never wept a tear which flowed from the heart, but that their "hottest drops" have been shed over the fractured nose of a wax doll, and to be comforted by the thought that those curly-headed gallants dividing plum-cake with blondes and

brunettes are quite as unconscious of their powers of fascination as they will be thirty years hence, when their curly pates are bald, and their little noses are crowned with spectacles.

It is wise and good to mark the season of the advent of our gracious Saviour by acts of gentleness and good will, and to impress lessons of kindness and sober cheerfulness upon the infant mind by examples which will be remembered long after formal precepts would have been forgotten. In thoughtful Germany the amusements of children are largely considered, and our Illustration gives a representation of a pleasant hoax played off upon Christmas-eve. A fire is made of chips of the yule-log under a large chimney, and, as the smoke curls upward, in honour of St. Nicholas, a ponderous head, but merry withal, descends, and bears in a pair of huge arms "a shower of toys" to reward the happy group assembled to watch the result of the invoca-

tion. When the welcome apparition has been safely landed, its laughing mouth is used as a sort of target, at which bills are thrown, and those who contrive to enter the ponderous and pasteboard jaws are rewarded by a ticket for the Christmas-tree. There were no Christmas-trees when you and I, Mr. Fifty, were boys; but do you not remember many a joyous game of Snap-dragon, Hunt the Slipper, and Hot Cakes, that even now make some of your wrinkles look like smiles? Take my advice, Fifty: give a child's party, and make sure of passing one happy night this merry Christmas time. You should not know how to set about such a thing? Pshaw, man! it's as easy as lying, and a great deal more honest. Come with me to-night, and be instructed; for I am off to my first party this season, and will ensure you a hearty welcome: it is only next door. Can you hear those peals of laughter, ringing out into the street like the sounds of silver bells and hesitate? No!—that's right, Fifty. And did I not tell you that your welcome should be a hearty one? We are rather late—half-past eight.

The first dance, you see, is over, and I will sit here, in this corner, whilst you join the desperate chase about to be made on the refreshment-room.

Who can doubt that Julia Lowther thoroughly enjoys that large piece of orange which she devours with a zest that cannot be questioned? I wonder if she will, in five years' time, "mince" over an ice and a wafer.

Rosa Gould—rude, unaffected Rosa—has actually asked Charley Crowder to give her a glass of ginger-wine! If she remembers doing so when Charley shows in his regimentals at the County Ball in 1861, and asks Miss Gould to dance with him—won't she blush? O, won't she?

I am driven from my corner, having confessed myself too old to join in the picnic; but, nevertheless, I have consented to be the reader. You don't know the game, I dare say? It is a paraphrase of a pleasant American romp called "The Family Coach;" but perhaps you are not much wiser now? As I am appointed narrator of the story, and have taken my place in the middle of the room whilst our merry little friends secure possession of the rout-stools, listen!

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

We are about to play the highly-exciting and moderately-gymnastic game of the picnic, and, as you all have to take a part in it, be kind enough to bear in mind the characters you represent. The following are the persons and things to be embodied:—

Mr. Brown.	Pigeon-pie.	Tablecloth.	Water.	Salt.
Mr. Jones.	Mrs. Brown.	Knives.	Hamper.	Mustard.
Mr. Briggs.	Mrs. Jones.	Lamb.	Vinegar.	Paper.
Mr. Smith.	Mrs. Briggs.	Salad.	Forks.	Cups.
Mr. Briggs' Baby.	Mrs. Smith.	Rolls.	Spoon.	Wasps.

Rosa Gould, you represent Mr. Brown. Eh! O, very well, Mrs. Brown, if you prefer it. Charley Crowder is Mr. Brown, Rosa Gould is Mrs. Brown. Tom Webster is Mr. Jones, Julia Lowther is Mrs. Jones, Fanny Joyce is Mr. Briggs' Baby, Johnny Herbert is Pigeon-pie, those six little girls are Knives and Forks, Mary Turner is Lamb. You understand now. So, Kate Diamond, distribute the rest of the characters, whilst I run over the story. Well, are the characters all given out? They are. Then, ladies and gentlemen, pay attention to me. Whenever your names are mentioned you must rise from your seats, turn round once, and sit down again; and, failing to do so, or rising when you are not named, you stand with your face to the wall until you are again mentioned; and whenever the word picnic is said, you all change places with your opposite neighbours. Now, then, to begin.

THE PICNIC.

Why, I told you to change places whenever the picnic was mentioned! That's right; but don't seize the tails of my coat, or you'll leave me only a jacket. Attention!

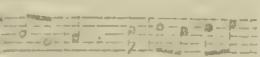
"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said Mrs. Brown (quite right, Rosa; turn once!) "I'm sure I shall be delighted," said Mrs. Jones. "And I! and I!" said Mr. Smith, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Briggs. "And so will ducky," said Mrs. Briggs (meaning of course Mr. Briggs' baby); for I do so love a picnic. It was agreed, therefore, that on the 4th of June, in spite of the cows (you should moo!) and the wasps (you should buzz!), which Mrs. Jones (Ha! Julia did not turn round. Face to the wall!) said were her only objection, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Briggs' baby should all start for Epping Forest, and regularly enjoy a picnic. The day was very hot; but what is a picnic without sunshine? It is like tea without boiling water, good for nothing. Well, they arrived safely, though Briggs' baby was stung by a wasp which had been attracted by the sugar-stick Briggs' baby was sucking (Fanny turned only once—face to the wall!). When they arrived at the forest, all helped to unpack the hamper (Hamper! Hamper! Bessie Brown, face to the wall!). Mr. Jones brought pigeon-pie, Mr. Smith brought pigeon-pie, Mr. Briggs brought pigeon pie (very good, Johnny Herbert!), Mr. Brown brought some lamb and a salad (Salad, to the wall! Too quick, am I? That's the run of the game), besides the hamper.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Smith, "I was quite alarmed in case everybody had brought pigeon pie to the picnic." They sat down on the grass, and spread their tablecloth, and laid out the knives and forks, the spoons, and the salt, and the mustard, and the pepper, and the pigeon pie, and the lamb, the rolls, the water, and the salad, and began regularly to enjoy the picnic. Glass of wine, Mr. Smith? Thank you, Mr. Brown. The same to you, Mr. Jones. Trouble you for a knife, Mr. Smith, and a fork. Ah! cried Mrs. Briggs, here's a wasp as big as the pigeons in the pigeon-pie. Up jumped Mr. Jones with a spoon, and, trying to drive away the wasp, put his foot in the salad bowl, and tumbled over Mr. Smith, who declared he had never seen such a picnic.

When order had been restored nobody could discover what had become of Briggs' baby; Mr. Jones thought the wasps had carried it away; Mrs. Brown thought it might have tumbled into one of the pigeon pies; but Mr. Briggs, directed by his paternal instinct, found it in the hamper, where it was sneezing its head off, having snuffed up a quantity of loose pepper. As nobody can be comfortable lying upon knives and forks, Briggs' baby was taken out of the hamper and laid on the tablecloth by the side of the lamb and salad. Poor Mrs. Briggs had fainted (not pleasant at a picnic); and Mrs. Jones, in her desire to revive Mrs. Briggs, gave Mrs. Briggs the mustard to smell instead of a vinaigrette. To make matters worse, two tricky cows jumped over the hedge; and Mrs. Smith, having tucked the tablecloth into her bosom, sprang up and overthrew mustard, salt, pepper, rolls, knives, forks, spoons, pigeon-pies, lamb, salad, Mr. Briggs' baby—in short, everything they had brought for the picnic. You can fancy about the wasps buzzed. Mr. Jones, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Briggs, Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Briggs' baby, declared they would never come again to a picnic.

There—and now, John, a glass of cherry! Hallo, hallo! I am nearly borne away by the rush to the refreshment-room, where the consumption of lemonade, orangeade, and negus is really quite alarming. Another quadrille, a polka, and then the Dunkirk Chimes. That is the dance for me—to look at I mean! Oh! I am to be fiddleman, am I? Well, take your places, join hands and form a circle—the larger the better. You have to keep time with the tune, and obey the word of command. Now begin—

THE DUNKIRK CHIMES.



Half round and back again (8 bars), set to partners (4 bars), and turn ditto (4 bars). Cup hands three times (3 bars), stamp your feet

three times (3 bars), turn partners half round and back again, and repeat the figures until you are tired. Twenty minutes I declare of Capital exercise to prepare you all for supper.

What is there for supper? Brbe me with a kiss and I will tell you: Cold chickens, turkey, ham, cold beef, to-gue, sandwiches, jellies, custards, cheese cakes, pound-cake, blanc-mange, grapes, oranges, and plenty of bonbons! With proper caution you may make merry, little people, and have no fear of the doctor and his nasty draughts to-morrow.

"Supper is ready, if you please!"

But the party is too large to be seated altogether. Suppose some of you remain with me, and play at Cupid's Concoct. Capital game, and one which will tax your knowledge of participles.

Now, Louisa, Cupid's coming! Ask how he is coming.

How is he coming?

Acting.

Now ask Arthur. Cupid's coming!

How is he coming?

Attesting.

Now go on until you have exhausted the participles, beginning with A, and then proceed with B, whilst I go down stairs and carve the turkey.

I have the honour to be received with a salute of bonbons, and one gentleman in all rounders, a Mr. Chairman in embryo, has proposed my health in a glass of ginger-wine, and requested the thanks of the party for my conduct as director of the Picnic and the Dunkirk Chimes. I return thanks in an appropriate speech, very short, but remarkably expressive, as it has the effect of clearing the supper-room, and making way for the hungry detachment in the drawing-room. At last supper is at end, and the great event of the evening is about to come off. Nothing less than drawing the prizes of

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

I am old enough, and so are you, Mr. Fifty, to remember the days of the lotteries, when Cooper's Hall was crowded by men and women of all sorts and condition, watching with feverish anxiety the declaration of the many prizes, and the still more numerous blanks, each one envious of the other's success. Here is the same excitement without the envy, for the prizes are (or should be) all of equal value, and the fortunate holder of a gold watch made by Mr. Gunter, the confectioner, and jewelled with a hundred sugar-drops, is not a whit the richer than the recipient of two chocolate cigars and a box of confits. Dear me! to think how very few shillings have purchased all this merriment, and then to remember how many pounds we guzzle and waste on dinnaes, which first produce dyspepsia, and then all the evil humours which go to the making of a gouty toe.

The Dunkirk Chimes once more, to assist the digestive organs after supper! Round and round, my merry lads and lasses, for Christmas comes but once a year, and not always then with its cheerfulness and kindly feelings, but it is here to-night; so welcome it heartily, and dance away till the holly winks upon the walls as though it were conscious of the mirth, and felt it in every scarlet berry and shining leaf. Now a game at Who? When? and Where? or some other time-honoured verbal pastime; and when you are all cool enough to go home give a kiss to the old man, and pack yourselves up in your snug furs and warm cloaks, shawls, and coats. And as you kneel beside your beds, to address, in the words of the great founder of Christmas-tide, the Giver of all good, pray also that we may remember that there are the poor and needy to keep Christmas too.

Dear little people! if you hear some of your older and graver friends pooh-pooh this article upon children's parties, ask them to bear with it for your sakes, for it was written to give you pleasure.

M. L.

GRACE BENSON'S LITTLE PLOT.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM."

CHAPTER I.

HOW FARMER BENSON'S HOUSE WAS HAUNTED BY A FAIRY.

I WONDER whether the Sun, that greatest of sight-seers, ever looked in upon a prettier picture than he beheld one morning in September 1854, through the frame of a quaint old-fashioned window in the homestead of Farmer Benson? It was not the cluster of roses, still dripping with the morning dew of the garden, that delicate hands had arranged so exquisitely in the tall vase on the window-sill; nor the cheery fire, blazing and bubbling with a kind of glad life of its own on the wide hearth; nor the genial, healthful faces that clustered round the pleasant warmth, where the farmer, while waiting for his breakfast, had taken a couple of chubby, flaxen-haired little fellows—twins—on his knee, and felt his cares (and, alas! he had had many) smiled away, one by one, as he played with his spoiled favourites;—no, it was none of these things that made—though they might help—the picture. Look again! Do you not see a sort of glory in the atmosphere of the place, investing everything with a strange interest and beauty? You think it is the sunshine, perhaps. Nay, let me rather whisper in your ear, there is a fairy in the place. There! She passed even now: a true fairy, notwithstanding her flesh-and-blood aspect; little, somewhat plump (for a fairy), but quick, agile, graceful; seen now here, now there, like a wandering sunbeam, making everything she touches laugh as it were in the joy of her presence. Lucky Farmer Benson! How his little fairy has tidied and brightened up for this morning the somewhat dingy home! What a spirit of life, like an embodied April, has she not infused into all around her, as they catch the contagion of enjoyment that is revelling in her low, sweet, silvery tones, and in the not infrequent outbursts of her irresistible laughter.

But if she be a true fairy in some respects, she is a truer woman in all. Could you stay her in her rapid flittings to and fro, and make her for one moment pause while you looked in her fair face and upon those strangely soft, as well as wondrously bright, brown eyes, whose tender darkness suggests a new shade in nature; could you then tell her some story of a neighbour's misfortune, you would see how deep and loving a woman's heart lay beneath the airy and dazzling exterior; or, should some one then narrate to her the particulars of a gallant exploit, you would startle to see those soft eyes flash out and expand as though the soul cried through them—"Ah, noble! noble! to do and to hear of such things is, indeed, life!"

But it must be owned our little fairy is somewhat more selfishly occupied this morning, though no one seems to know exactly what inward thought it is that so pre-engages her, and yet that makes her so full of outward manifestation. The day seems set apart as a holiday, and Grace Benson loves holidays. What then? She has certainly never welcomed any holiday as she welcomes this one. Always scrupulously neat in her person, she could not well improve that; but as to the house, she has perfectly worried the poor mother, by her incessant labours to beautify it, by calling forth from their secret keeping places whatever remains of patrimonial wealth has been preserved through the pecuniary difficulties of the family. An old silver dragon, and two or three smaller articles of plate, gleam resplendently on the polished, almost black, mahogany sideboard; the circular mirror, whose gilded frame has long been tarnished, is now wreathed completely round by a long branch of the flexible trumpet honeysuckle in full and brilliant flower; richly-coloured antique covers, of somewhat hand some material, made to wear rather than to sell, hide the sharp seats of the chairs; lastly, snowy white muslin curtains hang within the bow window shutting off the recess, like a little alcove, from the rest of the room.

A mother's eyes could not but look inquiringly on all these signs of unwonted preparation; which, in truth, did not, for good reasons, altogether please Dame Benson. She seemed almost growing angry, as

she noticed Grace again and again pause to look through the window across the common, now purpled over with the blossoming heath, and towards a road, the end of which alone could be seen from the farm.

"Grace!" at last exclaimed the mother, as with a sudden determination.

"Yes, mother," was the reply. Then there was an inquisitive look up; a recognition, half-fearful, half-comic, of a something in the parent face, inconvenient to deal with just now; and so, while Dame Benson planned her opening attack, she suddenly found herself clasped in those saucy arms, and a kiss upon her lips sealing them up so closely, that it seemed doubtful whether they would ever be allowed to open again.

"Nay, nay, Grace—I will speak."

"Oh, very well;" and therewith the demure maiden placed an arm-chair, then a foot-stool, took her mother's hand with an air of great ceremony, and seated her. She next sat herself down on the stool, and looked up as innocently expectant as though she had not the smallest idea what it was that was likely to be said, after so much preparation.

"Grace, when your father invited your cousin, Sergeant Cole, to spend to-day with us, I don't think he anticipated you would be so much interested in his visit."

"Why, is he not a hero? Nay, a hero-maker? You saw by his letter what a number of recruits for the Crimea he boasted he had picked up. I admire heroes. Don't you, mother?"

"Come, be serious. I am growing anxious about you."

"About me, mother!" and the eyes opened—oh, so wide!

"What means this sudden change? To look at you now, who would think that you have of late lost all appetite—taken no interest, or very little, in our affairs—kept aloof from us all? Why, it was but the day before yesterday the tears sprang into your eyes, when I found you sitting alone in the garden, and asked you what ailed you. But instead of answering me, you ran away."

"Dear mother! you know that Phil and I had met that afternoon."

"Oh, then to meet one's lover is a good reason for being miserable!"

"Now, mother, will you be serious. I doubt if Phil does love me—I doubt if he can love. I don't think it is in his nature."

"I know he is one of those men who can do—and feel—but cannot speak; but I didn't think my own little Grace, who has known him so many years, would have found out that fault—if it be one—just now."

"Mother, I dare say—nay, I am sure—mine is a foolish desire and fancy; but—but it seems to me that out of the fulness of the heart of Love speech must come; and as with Phil it does not come—why—why?"

"You will give him up, and look in some other direction. Very well. As he can only, it seems, give you the substance without the show, suppose we try whether this young sergeant can be persuaded to favour us with the show, without the substance."

"Mother, can you think so meanly of me?"

"Do you love Phil Gordon?"

A roseate glow escaped as it were from the soul's innermost recesses in answer, but was suddenly drawn back, as by a stern effort, and succeeded by a marked paleness; there was then a dead pause, and the only sign of feeling or movement was the dropping of a few tears.

"Come, come; I know you love him. That is no secret. Every one knows it."

Here there was a flash from the maiden's eye that seemed to ask proudly—"Does he know it?"

"Your recent discomfort spoke too plainly; but if so, what means this sudden change yesterday and to-day, called forth, so far as I know, merely by the coming of your father's nephew—this young soldier?"

"Dear mother, ask me to-morrow."

"Well, may I guess to-day?"

The little head turned away in silence.

"You think to make Phil jealous—to rouse what you suppose to be his sluggish nature—sting him into eloquence and love. Ah, my child, there are tricks to which you should not stoop."

"Mother, I will do no wrong."

"You will mean none. But will you succeed? If I rightly read Phil's character, you will only thus repel him whom you should try to invite. You will wound his personal dignity, and"—

"Ah, yes—his personal dignity. He cares for that—not for me. Mother, I cannot, will not, marry him while this weight hangs upon my heart. But do not spoil my little plot, if I must own to one. It is hard work to jest and laugh when one wants to weep, and wouldn't much care to die."

"Nay, my own darling, I wish but to warn you. Have your own way. And see, here comes Phil, across the fields."

At once the conference broke up, the last tear was dashed away, and presently the little maiden might have been seen in the adjoining half-underground dairy trying the impossible task of making cleaner the milk vessels, and heard singing with a brave semblance of lightheartedness an old May-day song. Nor, as Phil follows her, does she cast one look aside in consciousness of his presence. But she was in fancy, plainly enough, the tall, majestic figure moving like a tower, and, it must be owned, at about as slow and methodical a pace as we might imagine a tower would move were it inclined for a walk. But it is an attractive as well as a commanding figure. A profusion of short brown curls fringe the under edge of the felt wide-awake; the face is ruddy with health, and remarkable for the placidity of its expression; the eye is gentle, yet with a certain occasional severity in it that stops at once any advances its owner may not choose to permit. He wears a tight-fitting, dark velvet shooting coat, with long leather overalls coming high up the leg; and his hands are cased in thick leather gauntlets, which, with the sharp pruning-hook in the hand, betoken the early morning's occupation—trimming the ledges of his farm.

A sudden darkness causes Grace to look up. It is Phil's head peering through the little window. Ah! could he but know with what a tumultuous rush of the blood the maiden beheld him, notwithstanding all her self-tutoring to meet him calmly, he would perhaps have spared her and himself much sorrow. As it was, what he did know and feel was the obvious indifference of her manner as she answered his frank cordial greeting. This suddenly froze him, even while, with his usual outward calmness, he passed it by, as if unnoticed, and so increased the evil.

"Who is the stranger, Grace, expected to-day?"

"Why, don't you know? My cousin, Sergeant Cole, who is recruiting in this neighbourhood for the Crimea. Why, Phil, perhaps he would take you."

"I thank him and you."

"He was a neighbour of ours in our former residence, and a great favourite with us all before he enlisted; and as soon as my father heard of his coming our way, he invited him to spend some hours with us. You will see, in the house, how busy we have been preparing to give the hero a fitting reception. We mean to keep holiday."

"I hear from the children you have been very busy."

"I? I? Nay, Phil, you must let me laugh at this gravity of your face as you announce to me the astonishing fact."

"Will you now hear me say a few words?"

"Yes—he does not call me away."

"Grace, I can bear no longer your strange treatment. I do not think I deserve it. One day a smile, the next a frown; and then the third a something that may be either, or both, for aught I can make out."

"Well?"

"It is not well; and you must explain to me!"

"Must!"

"Nay, you shall answer me!"

"Let me pass, Phil."

"I will not. If I am not worthy of you, say so; but if"—

"And you think I am to be forced into what you please to call love, do you? Fool! There!" So saying, the little figure gave two rapid bounds—one on to the stone table below the window, and the other through the lattice on to the greensward outside, where she alighted unharmed, burst into mocking laughter, and was gone before Phil could recover from his astonishment and alarm.

All was bustle in the house ere Grace entered. The Sergeant had arrived, and was already on the best terms with every one, from the farmer himself down to the black cat at the fireside, that was already purring away on his knee, as though she had known him these twenty years. Even Phil, who having gone home to change his dress, presently followed his wayward mistress, could not resist the good-humoured frankness of the soldier's manner, which evidently sprang from a genial temperament. Though every inch a soldier, Sergeant Cole had neither Phil's bulk nor measured dignity. Slight, round, and wiry, his every gesture revealed superabundant activity, that never allowed him to be still. His mobile face, too, was full of wandering and, for the most part, pleasant expression—a very mirror, as it were, of all that was passing around. It did not require the proverbial penetration of a lover's eyes to see reflected in that face very soon a great and growing sense of the beauty and fascinations of Grace Benson; who, on her part, found an unexpected support in the young soldier's buoyant liveliness and unflinching animal spirits, and was thus enabled to play out to perfection her little comedy. While keeping within certain maidenly limits, which she would have found it as impossible to pass as a true coquette would have found it difficult to avoid passing, she managed to keep the Sergeant and herself in such close companionship through the day, that Phil could only stand by, and watch. Now some tale of their youth was revived; now they went abroad to look at the farm; as evening came on there was a dance, and they led off. When tired she went to rest in the bow window behind the partially looped-up curtains, and then he leaned over her chair, and occasionally whispered words that made her laugh; though once Phil thought they produced a different effect, and that she rose suddenly, with a heightened colour—whether of pleasure or offence he could not guess, until he saw them once more dancing together, and he doubted no longer.

But, thoroughly wearied at last, Grace announced her determination to dance no more; and while she stood by the open window, cooling her inflamed cheek, and putting back the rose that, borne in by the wind on the top of its long stalk, gently tapped against her face, glanced half sideways towards Phil, with a feeling of pleasure and expectation that the end—after a scene (she expected—nay desired—that to begin with)—would come soon, and reward her for her weary, false day. He had risen to come towards her, for the first time for some hours, and there was in his face an expression less stern—she thought even more tender—than had been recently visible there. Oh! how handsomely she would acknowledge her misdeeds, if he but—

He came, slowly as usual, towards her, took her hand, looked in her face with a kind of earnest pity, then she felt the grasp quiver a little, heard the words "Good night!" and—was it possible? Yes, he was gone!

Some hours later, at midnight, but with one of the loveliest of autumnal moons shedding its soft radiance upon—as if to soothe—her agitated face, Grace sat by the casement of her bedchamber, looking toward the adjoining farm. She saw that lights were moving about past the different windows, though usually the household were all in bed long before that time. What could the lights mean? A door opened—Phil (there was no mistaking him, even at that distance) came forth with his younger brother (and partner) in the management of the farm. They went from barn to outhouse, outhouse to stable, making apparently the round of the whole place; but stopping every now and then, as if engaged in deep talk. A horse was brought to the door. Grace could remain quiet no longer. She hardly knew yet what she feared; still less could she interpret her own wishes and resolves if she had any. All was chaos in her mind. But she put on her bonnet, drew a shawl over her, and ran down the stairs. No one heard her. She went forth, shivering under the chill and heavy dews. Quick as she was, before she could reach the high road that led past both farms, she heard the feet of a horse clattering along past the opening into the green lane that concealed her from the rider; an instant more, and she saw the well-known riding-cloak blown out stretched towards her, as Phil, striking his spurs into the animal's sides, galloped desperately away.

And then, as Grace dropped on the grassy slope of a hedge, and said to herself "He leaves me!" she felt all that sickness of heart, all that sense of utter desolation and hopeless misery, which comes but seldom in a lifetime to any of us, and which, when felt, never passes away to leave us what we were before.

CHAPTER II. BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL!—and on a day that will send a wail of sadness or a shout of exultation through half Europe, and the echoes of which will scarcely die before they have touched the farthest limits of human habitation. Before Sebastopol!—and with only a few minutes of time dividing us from the event so long worked for, and on which such stupendous issues hang—the grand assault! The cannon have done their work on the walls, as cannon never did work before. Week after week that horrible rain of shot and shell has fallen upon the devoted city almost unceasingly; to be changed during the last three days of the bombardment for a storm of the same elements so utterly beyond human experience that we need not wonder to find even official language describe it as a "fire of hell." But, nevertheless, if we glance along the lines of closely-packed men, who fill to overflowing every yard of the trenches nearest to the enemy, we may see in their set, stern, terribly earnest faces no overweening confidence in the result of the coming battle. They have learned, by painful experience, the strength of these rude-looking irregular walls and mounds; the self-sacrificing devotion of the Russian soldiery; the skill, courage, chivalry of the Russian officers. They will do it, if it can be done, all think. Many, doubtless, add, "it shall be done!" and it is they who, whether they fall or survive, will be the true conquerors of Sebastopol, if the town is this day taken.

What a moment is that—when men are expecting the signal that calls them to such a battle—one that they know will be famed in the world's history! What a concentration of thought, feeling, hope, ambition, regret, aspiration is crowded into that small space—possibly the last of life! What a light is suddenly thrown inwards into the darkest

recesses of one's being! How clearly—perhaps for the first time—do we know ourselves! How wonderfully the problems of individual life seem all at once to solve themselves in the calm truthfulness of such an hour! Some such thought has possibly crossed the mind of one of two men who are earnestly engaged in conversation together in low tones, a little in advance of the neighbouring masses of soldiery. One is an officer, the other a sergeant. But there is evidently a common understanding between them not usual to persons so divided by social rank.

"I wish, Sergeant, our men had not these two hundred yards to cross before getting to yon angle of the Redan."

"They will do it, Captain."

"If there are but a score of men like you among them I know anything can and will be done. But, Sergeant, one friendly word: do not unnecessarily expose yourself. I own I suspect you of trying to defraud the Queen—God bless her!—of faithful service."

"If I, Captain?"

"You! I have watched you pretty closely, and I believe you want to be killed. That is neither manly nor patriotic. Eh! Sergeant Gordon. Come, come, my good fellow; whatever your secret trouble, depend upon it you can live it down—that is, if these Russians will let you. I take an interest in you: can't spare you, except in the cause of duty. Besides, you are a man to rise—skilful, educated, calm in the most exciting hours of action; excess of bravery your only fault. I wait but for an opportunity to recommend you for a commission, and can promise you a brotherly welcome at the mess-table. We live in a place and at a time when days will do the work of ordinary years—nay, of lifetimes. Hark! By Jove! there's the signal for the French! They are off for the Malakoff!" The Captain ceased—his thoughts, drawn away by the excitement of the first rush on to the batteries; and so he did not notice the changes of expression that had swept over the manly face of our old friend, Phil Gordon, as he listened to the words, at once so kindly and so unexpected, that his superior had uttered; still less chance was there of the Captain's noticing the moisture that bedewed the lashes of the young and stalwart warrior's eye. As usual he could not speak, but that mattered little here; he was understood quite well without words. How could it be otherwise? Since he had carried into effect his long-meditated scheme of enlisting in the army—moved thereto by the double desire, first to escape from the presence of one whom he loved passionately, but believed to be unworthy of his love; and, secondly, to calm the despair of his soul by the thought of serving his country in what he believed to be the most glorious of wars;—since, I say, he had done what he had so long thought of, but hoped to avoid doing, he had so rapidly learned the duties of a soldier, had so decisively manifested, in a thousand ways, the superiority of his mind and character, that the private soon became the corporal, the corporal the sergeant, and the sergeant distinguished among all his brethren of the same rank by service that, while flowing without effort, showed how far he yet was below the position he was fitted to fill.

But he, too, soon turned away his thoughts from his own to his country's interests, and stood, like a gallant bound in the leash, ready to spring when the word was given. It came. The French flag—O glorious bit of bunting!—waved from the tower of the Malakoff, and off went the British towards the Redan. Ah! could little Grace Benson have seen her lover now, she would certainly have thought love for him an inadequate word to express his deserts—she must have worshipped him. Now his hand was upon one of the ladders, helping its bearers—now a word of trust, because most moving eloquence, sent on a knot of panting, half-pausing soldiers with increased speed; now he stands on the other side of the ditch, helping up one after another of his men over a difficult spot, and getting in reward a bayonet prick in his forehead, which he only discovers after the battle. And now at last he sees his men—sadly, alas! reduced in number—forming under the shelter of the parapet before they mount it and come to the bloody hand-to-hand struggle with the enemy. Impatient of delay, he yet sees the propriety of yielding for one moment to the breathless soldiers, who evidently find it necessary to brace up their nerves and strength for the great trial above. "Follow me!" again cries Sergeant Gordon. And like the waves of a blood-red ocean (when lighted by the glory of some magnificently portentous sunset) they burst over the edge, and the battle in the Redan begins. We shall not press upon its details. It is but too well known that, through the absence of reinforcements, the gallant band were sacrificed in their hour of success, and, after a long but useless struggle, were compelled to retreat. In vain then the Captain's kindly warning. Hither and thither raged Sergeant Gordon, rarely striking but there was an enemy left dead behind; again wounded, but only enough to call forth, rather than repress, whatever there was of ruthless heroism in that brave soul; and it was thus his Captain passed him—not without a thrill of admiration for the spectacle.

"Quick, Sergeant! Retreat is inevitable. Save the men as much as you can." And Phil, at once obedient and sagacious, felt his thoughts turned into a new channel, and tried to do what he was requested. But he was borne along by the mass of fugitives, sheltered by the edge of the parapet down towards the ditch; then as filled with serried bayonets as ever was pond with rushes, and into that he leaped, dividing with his arms the points, and so reached the bottom safely. A cry of anguish, and the movement of a limb beneath his feet, arrested the attention of Phil even at that moment and he was passing on with a sigh of pity for the wounded man he had injured in his leap, when to his astonishment he heard his name, followed by a cry for help. The crowd began to open out a little, and Phil looked eagerly round. Whom should his eyes light on but Grace Benson's relative, Sergeant Cole!

What passed in those few seconds of delay through the heart of Phil Gordon it would be difficult to learn. The sight of the man who had, however thoughtlessly, been so mixed up with the causes of his despair, brought forth whatever of evil that naturally kind nature possessed. He turned, and was passing on; half excusing himself to himself by thoughts of duty to his men in the retreat; but the poor wounded man, uncertain whether he had been recognised through all the smoke, and clamour, and excitement, again called to him. Phil could resist no longer, he turned, and, without word or gesture of recognition, took up the sufferer in his arms, and ran up the opposite slope of the ditch, slipping every instant in the gore that almost hid the natural colour of the earth, and so on, and back to quarters, where he arrived in safety. Some comrades advanced to relieve him of his burden, and spoke to him; but he was deadly white in the face—his eye glazed—and, without opening his lips, or uttering the slightest exclamation, he suddenly dropped as if shot through the heart.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS COMING, AT THE FARM.

ANOTHER holiday comes! "It's but a week to Christmas!" cry the delighted children, who have been counting for a long while the slow steps of advancing Time. Already, in these remote country districts one begins to hear everywhere the stir of preparation, to note the daily-growing hum of busy and cheerful-voiced people, to witness the

gathering stores heaped up for the great day's enjoyment. Already there seems everywhere experienced a foretaste of the rejoicings that do for once at least in the year spring up spontaneously in the hearts of our sober countrymen and countrywomen at the sound of "Christmas coming!" everywhere—we should have said, but in the heart of poor Grace Benson, and in the hearts of others like her, labouring under the consciousness of a wrong committed, and misfortunes thereby brought on which no efforts now appear capable of remedying. Not a word from Phil Gordon during all those long months of anguish and depression, cheered only by an occasional gleam of hope that, somehow, a happier future might yet be opened for them. But as nothing occurred to justify even these transient glimpses of relief, the poor girl yielded more and more to the thick gloom that hung around her, and the little fairy seemed to be transformed into some wandering daylight ghost: her eyes had strangely darkened; her cheeks had lost their peach-like roundness; her voice became weak and indistinct, as though the effort of speech was a pain and difficulty.

She was sitting by the fire, looking with eyes that saw not, upon a great branch of mistletoe, that the twins had brought home in triumph, and who were now clapping their hands as they watched the farmer nail it up to the beam that projected from the ceiling; when, to the surprise of her mother, who was watching her with an aching heart, the maiden's eyes suddenly expanded and flashed in the old way. She stood erect, pale and trembling, staring on the doorway, where stood—no, dear reader, not her lover, Sergeant Gordon, but—her relative, Sergeant Cole, looking with eager interest and curiosity on the inmates, and full as ever of spirit and joyousness, notwithstanding the loss of an arm. Did Grace continue to gaze at the doorway with a vague instinct that another was about to enter? If she did she could only turn away and smother once more the bitter, humiliating sense of disappointment, for her lover appeared not.

All welcomed the maimed warrior; and scarcely had the first excitement of his presence subsided, than they were all listening to his story of the taking of Sebastopol; and need we say with what breathless interest his hearers hung upon the narration of his own position in the ditch of the Redan on the eventful day of the assault, of his preservation, and of the heroism of the man to whom he owed his life. Every one cried out for his name. The relation looked at Grace and was silent. But that look was enough. Her face was illumined as by a sudden flash of lightning, her breast heaved, she half rose, and then again in agitation seated herself before she could say, with some appearance of calmness—

"It was Phil Gordon!"

"It was."

Poor Grace! She could only bury her face in her hands, and run away to hide the tumult of emotion that shook her little frame, and threatened to make her heart burst with she knew not what torrents of love, remorse, shame, exultation! But, to the surprise of all, she returned in a few minutes, and expressed her wish to speak to her cousin alone. She was now perfectly quiet and collected. The mother drew away the rest of the family, and Grace found herself alone with the Sergeant.

"Tell me all about him," were her first words. "I am prepared for the worst, whatever it be. Did he recover? Does he live?"

"Yes. We nursed each other in the hospital, and no two brothers I believe, ever loved each other better than we now do. We came to England together, invalided."

"Why did he not come with you—I mean to his home?"

"I asked him, but he refused."

"Yes, I understand. That is enough. Thank you, dear cousin." And with that Grace was going, but the soldier now quietly slipped between her and the door, and said—

"Not so fast, fair cousin; I have something to say also. What if I were to tell you I loved you?"

"I should say—but no—you are incapable of mocking one so—so"—here her voice failed her for an instant, but she resumed—"one in my position."

"And yet Grace, when I last saw you on that holiday"—

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, be silent about that!" Grace cried with a shiver.

"Was I altogether deceived in thinking you paid more attention to me than to him who had been, and as I supposed falsely, called your lover?"

"No, you were not deceived. I did so."

"And why?"

"Do you wish to put me to all this torture? Forgive my fault to you. I have suffered for it, believe me."

"Still, I must ask why did you do this?"

Grace then bitterly and passionately answered him, "Oh, cousin must you force a woman to speak? Can you not guess how I loved him—how doubtful I was of his love—how pride made me demand that which I might have found was already given? In a word, I know him now; know how he loved me, by the sacrifices he has made; and, cruel that you are, I know, and you know, that he thinks me, perhaps rightly, unworthy of him. He will not forgive me?"

"No! but he asks forgiveness from you, Grace! Grace—my own—my heart's darling!"

Merciful heavens! what words are these? Who is it that has rushed suddenly forward, and now kneels before the half-incruded maiden, who dashes her long hair aside, and gazes wildly on that beloved face—manlier than ever—full of new life, and energy, and joy—waiting at her knees, to receive from her all the happiness that earth can have in store for him. A loud hysterical cry brings in the alarmed farmer and his wife, who stare with open mouths on the group before them—Grace, weeping away her very soul as it seems, on the neck of Phil Gordon; while Sergeant Cole alternately laughs and cries at the success of his little plot—one so much wiser, he thinks, with pardonable egotism, than the little maiden's had been.

As the lovers calmed a little, Grace asked Sergeant Cole, with a reproving eye, "You said he refused to come?"

But Phil answered, "I did so, doubting your love and earnestness; but he seemed to learn so well through our long conversations in the hospital the exact state of affairs between you and me that I yielded at last to his truer and better faith. How much have you not to forgive me?"

"And you me?"

"And what do we not owe to our friend here? He has promised to join my brother in the farm (he was bred a farmer, you know) and help to take care of our affairs, while I fight my country's battles."

"What?" faintly asked the little lips, "do you not leave the army?"

"Can I, dearest? I bear her Majesty's commission. My little Grace shall have no reason to be ashamed of her husband, Ensign Gordon."

"Ah, I shall be but too proud of him."

Here Sergeant Cole suddenly broke up the dialogue: he had collected the whole household, given the word for Fun and Frolic, and now proposed to propitiate those sprites by a short walk with Grace under a certain tree that, he said, had taken the way to grow from the air downwards. Grace looked a moment at her cousin and her lover, took the hand of the former, and—

to his surprise, which he showed whimsically enough—leading him rather than waiting to be led, there imprinted upon his bronzed cheek a warm, sisterly kiss. And then, while the glow yet burned in her own face, she took the hands of both, and said—

"Bear witness to Grace Benson's last act of coquetry!"



THE KING AND THE MILLER OF THE DEE.—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

NOTE ON THE MELODY BY SIR H. R. BISHOP.—The fine tune, "There was a jolly Miller," which, prior to the Reformation, appears to have been used in the Cathedral Services of the Church, became popular in consequence of its introduction into the ballad-ops of "Love in a Village," with Bickerstaffe's words, in 1762. The original words to it were probably those of the old "harvest-home" song beginning—

Here's a health unto our measter,
Th' vounder o' the yeast!

and which have lately been printed, with the tune, in Mr. John Yonge Akerman's "Wiltshire Tales," This

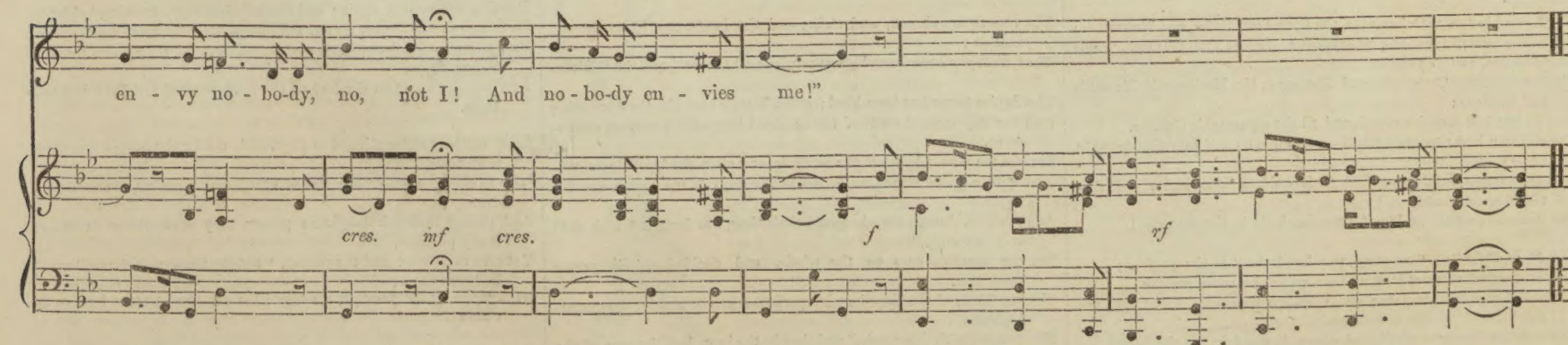
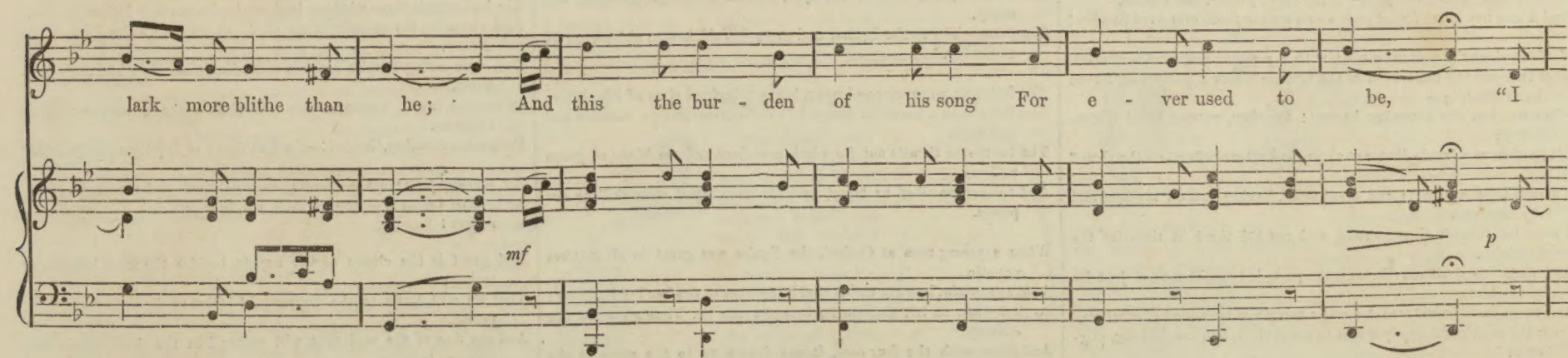
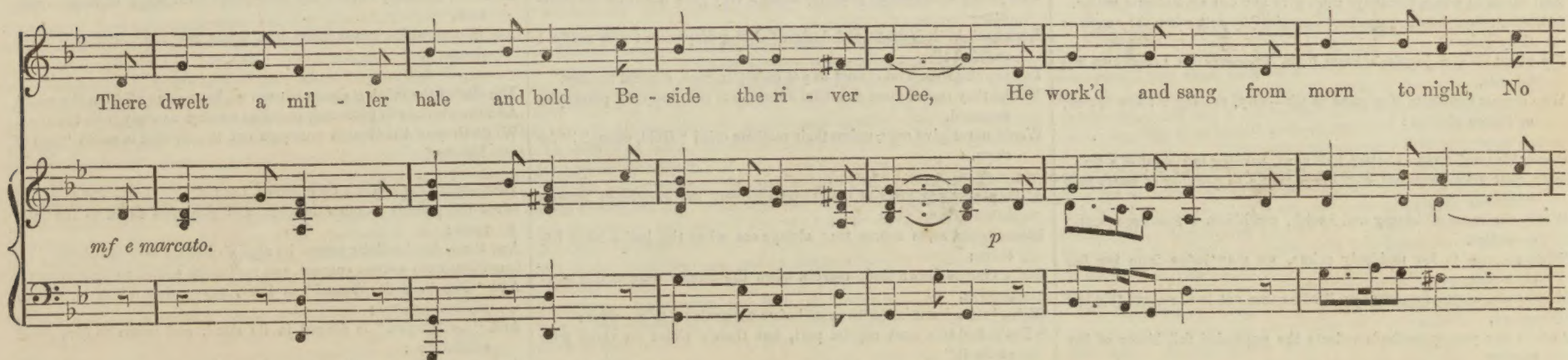
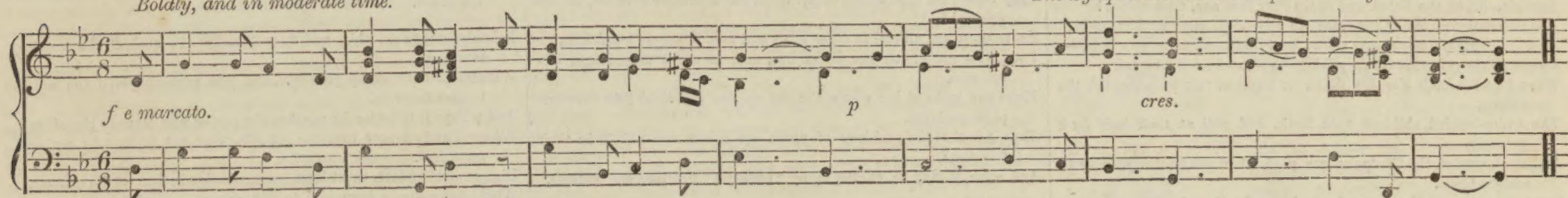
song, however, besides being sung in Wiltshire, is commonly sung at "harvest homes" in Leicestershire, and, I believe, in numerous parts of the country. It will be perceived that in the present version the notation in the first bar of the tune differs from that which is printed in "Love in a Village," the seventh of the scale being *minor* instead of *major*. This is certainly the proper notation, according to the system on which melodies in a minor key were formerly composed: and I have no doubt of its having invariably been so sung by the country people, who, after all, seem the most *honestly* to have preserved the integrity of our old tunes. The first verse of the present song is by Bickerstaffe, with the exception of the first and last lines, which Mr. Mackay has altered to suit the sentiment of the three new verses which he has so judiciously added.



POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Boldly, and in moderate time.

AIR, "THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER."

The Symphonies and Accompaniment by SIR H. R. BISHOP.

I.
THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee,
He work'd and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
"I envy nobody, no, not I!
And nobody envies me!"

II.
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal;
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

III.
The miller smiled, and doff'd his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three:
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

IV.
"Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O Miller of the Dee!"

A SMALL WATER-PARTY.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF "VEDANT GREEN," "SYRINGALINE," ETC., ETC.

PERHAPS you don't know Norman Grange?—and if so, you've a loss, I assure you.

'Tis the prettiest spot you could find in the beautiful county of Blankshire, and of all county families there, the palm is borne off by the Mortons.

Comes the Paterfamilias first: tall, smiling, complacent, and courtly; With his face finely colour'd with health, and perchance by some magnums of claret;

With his coat of the bluest of blue, and its buttons the brightest of brass;

And the whole of his costume, as far as his wife and the fashion allow him,

Partaking of that remote cut, assigned by unanimous counsel To old English gentlemen, when there were pig-tails, and powder, and Tories.

Well rides he up to the bounds, on one of his thorough-bred hunters,—A study for Landseer or Grant, as he sits there compact on the pig-skin,—

A model for Leech, who would masterly sketch him as nobody else could,—

Manfully facing a bullfinch, and flying o'er raspers, and five-bars, While the woods echo back his rich voice as he cheerily yocks his hark-ferrud!

A dead shot is he with the birds, and the terror of partridge and pheasant, Keeping up all the sports of the field, as an old English gentleman should do.

A Solon is he on the Bench—at all the Board-meetings a Draco; Terrible, too, on the Rates, and at Quarter Sessions, tremendous!

As Commissioner, too, of the roads, an authority, great as MacAdam; As a Magistrate, upright and stern; as a Guardian, fierce as a lion;—

But in all the relations of life, affable, frank, and good-hearted.

When he rides forth o'er his fields, or walks at foot-pace through the village,

The white-headed children rush forth, and pull at their hair for a greeting.

And the hearts of the Clodpoles are glad, when the Squire pulls up to address them.

Great is he then on the crops; learned on subsoil, and compost; Knowing on Meehi, and Pusey; and quotes Mr. Huxtable's porkers;

Draining, and short-horns, and lime, and oil-cake, and Leicesters, and fallows,

And words to which Cockneys can't give any due agricultural notion, (Although they once got up the "Georgics" by rote when they went to Grey Friars.)

Fly about like a juggler's brass balls, whenever he talks with his tenants,

Who respect "Squire Morton as much—why, as dang it! the Queen, or Prince Holbut!"

Comes his good-natured better-half next, rustling in richest of satin; With that well-preserved comeliness that's so peculiar to matrons of England,

Where the roses of beauty and health, can bloom without rouge and cosmetics.

What she was in her maidenly prime, we may judge from her fair eldest daughter,

Miss Lizzie, of "sweet seventeen," who came out to the world this last season,

And in her young rosebuds reflects the expanded full bloom of her mother.

Such a friend to "the young folks," ne'er lived, as good Mrs. Morton of Blankshire!

To chaperone motherless girls—to giving of parties, and picnics, And filling her house full of guests—no woman there ever lived like her!

Not long since she sent me a note, with a pressing and kind invitation, That I'd come the next week to the Grange where a party would then be assembled;—

"But come on the Thursday, be sure! for then, we've a small Water-party;

We shall have a lunch-dinner at three, and afterwards go on the river."

I accepted (of course!); and next week, having sent on my bag and my baggage,

I over to Norman Grange rode, and reach'd there in time for the luncheon.

As I took the short cut through the park, it brought me out just by the stables,

And there, in the courtyard, I found a sample of each kind of carriage, From the stately old family-coach to the stylish, but fast-looking, dog-cart;

Beok'ning our party that day was one of the largest dimensions. And so I soon found that it was a regular county assembly,

Among whom, as the newspapers say, "we noticed the Earl of Trinorben;"

Her Ladyship too, with her sons, the little Lord Gules, and his brother; With the Broughtons, the Dalrymples, Hayes; the Gurdons, Saint Quintins, and Watts;

The Darnells, and Campbells, and Thorneys; the Haslewoods, Howards and Clintons;

And all the best families round, and all the presentable Curates. The children had also been asked—and all who had juveniles brought them;

And since many could boast that their quivers were pretty well furnished with arrows,

The infantile prattle and laugh were decidedly in the ascendant.

We all, until feeding-time came, wandered about in the gardens; And a beautiful prospect it was to see all the beautiful women

In their many-hued muslins and silks, go gleaming about mid the flow'rs,

The loveliest bouquets of all, and where all was fair, yet the fairest, Promenading the terrace in groups, while their children played gaily around them;

Strolling about through the park, and flashing, like wandering sunbeams,

Down the broad avenue where the elms threw their quivering shadows.

In a spacious marquee in the park, close by the Italian garden, There was the luncheon laid out—comprising, of course, every dainty

That French cooks had ever devised, or confectioners ever invented, A *déjeuner* ample and varied—and not like to some I could mention

That are more ornamental than useful, and made up of garnish and flowers—

But a good and substantial repast, to which a great gong boomed the summons.

I was delightfully placed! On one side I'd Miss Lizzie Morton; On the other, the fair Mrs. Hayes, with her two olive-branches beside her—

Their little cheeks rosy and soft as the peaches they then were devouring.

She was one of those capital people that shine with full force when they're married;

And few can enchant us so much as a nice, little, well married woman, Who has passed Hymen's rubicon long, and the honeymoon's billing and cooing,

And has settled down into the stern and practical duties of marriage, With little, live, miniature shapes of her husband and self to hang round her,

And invest her with motherly cares, and the dignity too of a matron. How delightful is she to converse with! so unreserved, easy, and piquant;

With that free confidential discourse denied to the maidens of England, Whom the laws of "society" bind in conventional stays, and strait-waistcoats,

And, denying them freedom of speech, thus cripple their natural feelings,

Quite as much as in China their feet would be pinch'd, and distorted, by Fashion;

So that Miss on my right, may not say what Mamma, on my left, says so freely;

For Etiquette then would step in and say, "You are sinning against me, Thus to talk with that gentleman, whom you treat as a man and a brother!

Pray remember that others might think our affections were his, for the asking!"

So, to quite put an end to these gross and very improper suspicions, Poor Miss puckers up her sweet lips, and, to use a most vulgar expression,

Picks and looks at her words, e'er she speaks, and sinks into commonplace parlance.

Thus it is that the gushings of youth are frozen and chill'd in their fountains,

And often, it may be, choked up by "society's" heartless conventions.

But whilst Mrs. Hayes and her talk are thus my attention engrossing, The luncheon has greatly progressed, and the champagne as greatly diminished;

And young ladies—who probably made a very good luncheon ere starting—

Lean back in their seats, and declare "Not a drop more! now really I couldn't!"

But the children, who cannot as yet entertain such ethereal notions, Whilst they see all those beautiful sweets, and the tempting pineapples untasted,

Would never give over, unless their mothers cried "Hold, enough!" for them.

At length—away sail the ladies and children, the gentlemen leaving behind them

Disconsolate, as, of course, men always are when the ladies have left them;

But trying to drown their regrets, when the Squire puts in this suggestion,

"We've just a few minutes to spare before we go down to the river: 'You'll find this most capital port, but there's claret for those who prefer it.'"

So, when one or two hobbledehoyes, who are secretly shaving for whiskers,

Look vacant, and wild in the eyes, and in language are foggy and misty,

Some one winks to the Squire, and says, "We'd better, p'raps, go to the ladies."

The Swinney, as every one knows, is the principal river of Blankshire And flows with a beautiful sweep by the Norman-grange mansion and meadows.

The boathouse thrusts out its black nose from under a fringe of green willows,

And thither we all of us troop, and are marshalled with skill to our places.

When a young man at Oxford, the Squire was great in all matters aquatic

And, as captain, had got up his boat by degrees to the head of the river; So that when he left College he brought the St. Vitus's boat to the country.

And there, with the four oars, it was drawn up to the steps at the landing—

An eight-oar cut down to a six, with the stern fitted up for the ladies; No cranky and modern outrigger, but a good, patent-safety flat-bottom.

The rowers are chosen, and strip; and the boats, one by one, are in motion;

Then, a snugly-caparisoned barge receives all the rest, and the children—

The Squire to me has been kind; of St. Vitus's boat I'm the coxswain; And the gay tassell'd cords of the rudder I tug with a nervous excitement,

For the ten chosen belles of the party depend upon me for their safety. The Squire pulls stroke, as he did in the days of his youth and his vigour;

And the rest, though they keep not their time, nor feather "with skill and dexterity,"

Yet are passable oars on the whole, and decidedly jolly young watermen.

Charley Grey, of the Guards, who performs pretty well on the cornet—a piston,

Has "come with his music," and lies in the bow, lest the ears of the ladies

Should be pierced with the sharp, ringing notes, which the distance will mellow to sweetness.

The St. Vitus's boat takes the lead; and we sweep, with a spurt, up the river,

And our pennon streams out in the breeze, as Grey blows a blast of defiance;

While I, who am single, and flirting with ten flirting, single young ladies,

Have lost all my presence of mind in a pleasing delirium-tremens, And steer the St. Vitus's boat slap into a bed of tall rushes!

The blast of defiance is hush'd, and mild oburgations succeed it, And the oars are all rapidly shipp'd, while the ten bonnets duck to the rushes;

And I with the reeds and confusion am covered as though with a garment.

We drift out at length; and, of course, I promise amendment of steering; And we soon leave the shouts of derision the four-oars and barge have sent to us;

Then, in a soft, green, floating shade, underneath the cool droop of the willows,

We lay-to awhile, and look out for the rest from our watery harbour; And the ladies bend over the side, and pluck at the white water-lilies,

Or the more sentimental forget-me-nots, fringing the banks of the river With their flowery masses, that seem as though bath'd in the bright blue of heaven.

'Tis pleasant to look up the stream, as the four-oars come dropping down to us,

While the heavier barge lags behind, with its freight of mammas and their cherubs.

The breeze bears their musical laughter, the water reflects their fair figures;

The oars cleave the stream into ripples that break up the many-hued shadows;

The silvery willows are fring'd with a brightness that seems like a halo; The pastures are dappled with kine, cud-chewing, lazily lying;

The haymakers, ruddy and brown, are at work in the sweet-smelling meadow;

The bean-fields throw out their perfume, and the reeds pipe their Pandæan music;

And the sun, sinking low in the west, lights up all with his own golden splendour.

It is pleasant to see this, and float through the cool of the evening shadows

With ten pretty girls by your side, and you wishing you'd ten hearts to give them.

And p'raps it is better for me that the people who manage the office Where I'm just now insuring my life, were not present to see, and report me.

Disease of the heart, or at least some affection in that tender quarter, Would have surely been laid to my charge, and my bachelor's life prov'd in danger,

And the risk I was running, of course, would have raised the expense of insuring.

However, I craftily cover'd my love-germs with heaps of loose small-talk,

And, Spartan-like, never cried out, while my heart was thus being devour'd.

The star of the ev'ning comes out ere we have come off from the water, And the twilight is gathering round as we turn us away from the river,

While Grey of the Guards trumpets out the air that is called "Isle of Beauty."

Then—when the coffee's been served, the tuning of harps and of fiddles Gives the prelude to other delights, and summons us all to the ball-room;

And there, demi-toilette asserts its *negligée* charms over full-dress. Quadrilles unto waltzes succeed, and polkas are polked to distraction;

And "Pop Goes the Weazel" is tried, but condemned to be thence shelved for ever;

And "La Tempête" is danced in its stead, and seems to give great satisfaction;

And the juveniles vanish with speed, and leave the room free for their elders.

The ball-room's three windows lead out to the terraced Italian garden, And there by the moonlight we stroll, to cool from the heat of the dances.

And some loving couples are seen extending their walk and their converse,

Down the broad avenue where the elms make a cheque-work of shadows.

Dangerous strolling, indeed!—the first figure of Pop Goes the Question.

But ethereal joys must succumb to material needs and necessities; And, while Lubin is piping his love, his thoughts may be busy with—supper!

And great is the charm of the supper, besides the mere business of eating;

That we will leave to the gourmand! Give us the light feasting of reason,

And the flow of the soul that will spring like the champagne's own brilliant bubbles,

And burst into sparkles of wit, whose grave is the pleasures they rose from!

Dancing commences again; and the hobbledehoyes, growing bolder, No longer as wallflowers stand, nor sheepishly lurk up in doorways,

But, primed with champagne, rush to polkas, and madly e'en think of a *deux-temps*,

And flounder about on the toes of the good-natured girls who will take them.

Lady-mothers at length get to gape, and, unlike the song's "winking may-buds,

'Gin to close," not to "ope sleepy eyes," and look most unnaturally drowsy;

And, though their fair daughters protest they must throw overboard many partners,

Yet all's to no use! and the prayer, "but just one more dance," won't be heard more;

And, "you know your papa never likes for the horses so long to be waiting."

So the hens take their chickens away; and wraps are in great requisition;

And the steps and the doors of the carriages bang with a loud demonstration;

And the rattle of wheels on the gravel dies faintly away in the distance; And the last "Sturm Marsche Galop" is whirl'd, and the last "good night" wish'd to the hostess;

And the last ringing laughter of girlhood floats lightly its heavenly music;

Till 'tis drown'd by the cornet-à-pistons on which Charley Grey is expressing

That till morning we do not go home, to end this, our SMALL WATER-PARTY.

EASTERN COUNTIES STATION—THE MORNING BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS MARKET.

THE time is four a.m.; the scene, the great Cattle Station of the Eastern Counties Railway; a procession, apparently endless, is composed of oxen, cows, calves, sheep, and pigs—all fat—all doomed to form part of the great Christmas sacrifices to the meat-eating propensities of Britons; the scene-shifters and prompters are E. C. R. porters, badged Islington drovers, and a few natives of rural dialect and costume—the only unprofessional spectator is our artist. A lowing, a bleating, a squeaking form at once the chorus and the band of sacrificial music, loud enough for a grand military quadrille. The priests are whetting their knives and dressing the altars out of sight—in the distance. If an agricultural audience could be secured, the subject might become the plot of a pantomime. The opening scene—Views of the Highland mountains, the Devon hills, the Yorkshire and Herefordshire valleys, the rich grass plains of Ireland and of Holstein, where the cattle, black and dun, long-horned and polled, dappled, and pure white, short-horns, blood-red Devons, and white-faced Herefords, graze peacefully in their tender youth. Then might follow the long land journeys, the tossing sea voyages, by which the future beef-makers are transferred to the fairs, whence the Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Cambridge farmers draw the tenants of their fold-yards. The third change would show not the lion lying down with the lamb, but the wild Highlander and Devonian from the hills of Quantock peacefully chewing the cud of cake and roots beside the mild short-horn and sober pale-faced Hereford. In the distance ships might be sailing to the tune of "Rule Britannia," laden with bones of the Pampas or soda of Chili, or taking in cargoes of turnip-producing guano shovelled out by perspiring Chinese labourers. If transformation were the order of the day, the British farmer, in his now abandoned costume of top-boots, might appear distributing a magic powder from his waistcoat-pocket, and growing turnips as the Clown used at one time to grow a deal box into a hair trunk with a dose of kalydor. Then if Harlequin would condescend to be a shepherd we might have a fine moorland scene, all gorse, broom, and sweet grass—solitary, picturesque, and barren,—with here and there an active long-horned Norfolk sheep—a sort of pastoral Cossack. To them should come presently Harlequin Shepherd driving a regular army of grey-faced, round-bodied Southdowns, backed up by a train of agricultural artillery in iron ploughs, harrows, cultivators, drills, and guarded by Sappers and Miners, with formidable draining tools. Then should follow a grand battle: the Cossacks—Norfolk sheep—headed by the giant Prejudice, assisted by his aids-de-camp, the Sir Wisdom of our Ancestors and General Routine. Triumph of Harlequin Cultivator; and, hey, presto! the moor becomes a well-ploughed farm, dotted with sheep, a cairn of rocks, a snug farmhouse, with well-stocked foldyards. The curtain before the next scene must draw up to the tune of the "Roast Beef of Old England," which at present includes mutton, and be strongly underlined as *departure of the stock for the Christmas market*. The farmer prepares to accompany them, and there is room for some fine dumb show when he pacifies his wife by promising a new bonnet and silk gown. Clown and Pantaloon produce their goods—gallygaskins and other preparations for a long journey—but the Harlequin Farmer gives the conventional signal; and the railway train appearing receives in its capacious vans the stall-fed oxen, flock after flock of sheep, and all the turkeys, geese, ducks, and pullets that a Norfolk Columbine can supply. The procession with which we began we would make the last scene but one, extending from the Tottenham station to the New Market, Islington; while a grand close would be given to this agricultural performance in the transmutation of the market into a general Christmas banquet, with barons, sirloins, rounds of beef, saddles numberless of mutton, under the auspices of genial British agriculture and commerce—commencing at Windsor Castle, and extending down to Whittington's Almshouses, or as far as the Artist chose to carry it. In the course of the fun a turnip might with great propriety be turned into a fat sheep, and a dry lump of oilcake into a serious bullock; smock-frocked Hodge of the stall into a fustian-garbed, smutty stoker firing up the farm steam-engine.

At least these are our notions; but we must confess we are more at home in a foldyard than among the flies of a theatre, and our notions may be quite wrong as to the possibilities of pantomime. The sober truth far exceeds any stage transformation. More than half the cargo of the Christmas live stock is fed on land that was barren moor, or poor sour grass, within the memory of farmers who are still stout enough to make their annual Christmas visit to what is no longer Smithfield market. In that time the capacity of farms to support live stock has been doubled, trebled, and quadrupled. There are among the horned and woolly passengers of the Eastern Counties some that will have made three rail journeys before finally arriving at the spit or pot. First, when carried from their early grazing-grounds to—say, for example—the Norfolk farmer, to be fatted up on roots (which, the year after the peace of Waterloo, were almost unknown as a regular crop in that county), with cake or corn. Secondly, when fat, and travelling in full-blown state to the central market. Thirdly, when dead, and dispersed—the steaks, perhaps, remaining in the great metropolis; the other cheaper joints going to suitable manufacturing markets, where price is of more importance than quality.

We must not pass without notice, amid the crowd of native breeds, the utilitarian Durham and aristocratic westland Scot, the large contributions which the Eastern Counties Rail—the greatest live-stock line in the kingdom—brings, by way of Grimsby and Lowestoft, from Denmark and Holland; especially from the Holstein provinces of the former kingdom. These in four months amount to some eight thousand horned head—light and leggy at present, but destined to be soon improved up to a British-beef standard.

Yes! it is impossible any longer to conceal the fact, however mortifying to the respectable brown-coated baronet school, who don't believe in superphosphate and guano; but it is true that we, descendants of the Britons of whom Caesar wrote, *lacte et carne vivunt* (they live on milk and meat)—we, countrymen of Hogarth, who sing "The Roast Beef of Old England," are now dependent on the foreigner for beef at less than 1s. a pound; and more, if it had not been the chemical discovery of the German professor (Liebig), who taught us how to dispense with winter hay by making the root crop secure, we must have long since been put on half-rations of both beef and mutton.

Here we pause, much afraid of growing too dry and technical, and conclude by begging our jovial town friends not to conclude that because our corn and meat manufacturers are not quite so fluent or so well up in the books or news of the day as those who live within a stone's-throw of libraries and reading-rooms, that farming enterprise has lagged behind the rest of this active British world. If they will only go north and east, to where their bullocks and sheep are fattened, they will find old English hospitality not extinct, and the farming-man up, alive, and doing his part to feed the nation. S. S.

CONJURING FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

HAD it been my lot to have lived in England a couple of centuries ago, it is very probable that I should have been burnt for a witch, or, more properly, a wizard; and that, instead of illuminating Wellington-street with the refulgence of the electric light from the summit of the Lyceum Theatre, I should have been myself illuminated by a warm but uncomfortable blaze of faggots and tar-barrels. Even within my own experience there have been places, especially those in which the Holy Inquisition has influence, where I should not much like to trust myself. The martyrs of science are quite numerous enough, I think, without the addition of a "Professor," sacrificed by popular prejudice and superstition for his addition to the "black art."

The "Black Art"! Black it was, indeed, in those worst of days, for they were full of folly, ignorance, cruelty, and superstition, which we misname the "good old times." In the good old times the magician was looked upon as a being in direct connection and alliance with the Evil One. The more learned was he, the more certain was he of perdition. The scientific researches of such men as Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, and Cornelius Agrippa, were regarded only as so many diabolical spells and infernal enchantments. The imagination pictured to itself the magician as a gloomy, long-bearded man in a robe, embroidered with grim cabalistic characters. A staff encircled by serpents was in his hand, spectacles of magic crystal perched on his nose. He sat on a tripod in the centre of a circle of zodiacal signs traced in blood. He studied out of books of weird and mysterious lore. Skulls, phials of poisons, dried toads and snakes, were on his table; hideous stuffed monsters hung from the ceiling. He was waited upon by a demon dwarf. Shrieks and groans were heard from his dwelling; hideous bats and gigantic spiders flitted about him. He passed all his time weaving maleficent spells, sticking corking-pins into wax figures of persons he wished to injure; distilling love-philters, watching the simmering of magic cauldrons, and changing men into beasts and beasts into men. He attended witches' sabbaths, whisking through the air on a broomstick; he appeared unbidden at banquets; he dropped through gh roofs and rose through floors; and, some day or other a gentleman in black, and on a black horse with a long tail, left his card on him, and there was a strong smell of sulphur palpable, and the magician was seen no more. The Black Art! *Tempora mutantur*: times have vastly changed since then. The professor of the black art now wears a white waistcoat, pays rates and taxes, has a wife and family; and, instead of mystic adjurations of "hocus pocus" and "abracadabra" and "mumbo jumbo," issues invitations for his friends to come and see him at a theatre or an assembly-room. And yet, believe me, the magician's art has in no way deteriorated. The marvels of magic are as feasible now as they were in the day of the Dioscuri and the magicians of King Pharaoh. Nay, more; we can do even more wonderful things now-a-days, only we are not bold or impious enough to ascribe them to supernatural agency. We are content to hail, shining on our magic works, the pure light of science, chemistry, and natural philosophy.

At this genial season of the year, at this time of merry-making and social unbending, any device that can add to the general enjoyment and amusement, especially of the "younger branches," must be hailed as a boon. I have been bold enough to add my little bag of magic lore to the Christmas-tree, and to suggest for the delectation of the juveniles a short course of parlour magic, consisting of tricks of glamour and legerdemain, simple though sufficient to set "Katterfelto's hair on end, staring at his own wonders." I have, from a pretty vast stock of such magical recipes, taken care to select only those capable of being performed by amateurs, and with no more than ordinary skill and dexterity; and, above all, tricks not requiring expensive and elaborate apparatus. Such simple magical appurtenances as are needed for the performance of the feats I am about to describe can be procured, if desired, from me. I will now proceed *à la Soyser* to give succinct descriptions of the most approved recipes for cooking magical-made dishes, necromantic roasts, and boiled and sibylistic soups.

THE VANISHING PUZZLE.



cap, saying, "This, gentlemen, is his coat." Add, "Now look as steadily at him as ever you can, yet, nevertheless, I will deceive you." Then hold the cap above your face, and take the little man in your



right hand, and put his head through the hole of the cap, as represented in the engraving. Proceed to describe the doll's virtues as eloquently as you like, saying, "Now he's a great traveller. He is ready to go any message I like to send him on—to France, to Spain, to Constantinople, to the Crimea, or to the North or South Pole, wherever and whichever you like; but he must have some money to pay his expenses." Then pull out your right hand from under the cap, and with it the body of the doll privately, put your right hand into your pocket (as if you were feeling for money), and leave the body there. Then take your hand out of your pocket and say, "There is a shilling for you, and now be off on your travels, Sir." Then turn the head and

This famous and historical feat (it has been practised in all ages, and in every country under the sun), and perhaps more familiarly known as the "Doll Trick," is thus performed. You must be provided with the figure of a man made of wood, about the size of a small Dutch doll, the head of which takes off and on by means of a peg in the neck which fits into an aperture in the body. You must also have a cloth cap within for the purpose of concealing the head; but this must be very neatly constructed, in order that it may not be readily perceived. Now show your little man to the assembled company, saying, "Gentlemen, I call this my *bonus genius*." Then show the



then turn the cap about, and, knocking it on the palm of your hand say, "See, he is gone!" Take your cap and hold it up again, drawing the head out of the little bag, and say, "Hei Genius mei velocissimus, ubi," and give a whistle, at the same time thrust the head up through the hole in the cap, and hold the head by the peg, and turn it about. You can thus cause the doll to appear and disappear as many times as you like, to the great amazement and bewilderment of the company.

THE PRESTIDIGITORIAL METAMORPHOSIS; OR CARDS WHICH BECOME ANYTHING.

Having shuffled a pack, select the eight of each suit, and also the deuce of diamonds. Hold the four eights in the left hand, and the deuce in the right; then, having shown them to the company, take in the deuce among the four eights in the left hand, and throw out one of the eights. Give them to be blown upon, when they will be turned into four deuces. You will now exchange one of the deuces for the eight; and, giving them again to be blown upon, they will appear all black cards. Again, take in the deuce and discard the ace; blow upon them again, and they will all turn red. And now, for the last time, take in the eight and throw away a deuce, when they will be found to be four eights and a deuce, as they were at first.

To perform this ingenious deception, you procure five plain cards the size of playing-cards, which you paint to resemble the five cards as under:—



Mixing them with a common pack, you next, under the pretext of selecting the eight of each suit and the deuce of diamonds, take out your false cards (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4), which you hold as under; and, taking No. 5 in your right hand, you show your company that there are four eights and the deuce of diamonds; you should also hold them up to the light to let them

see that they are not double, which you may do without fear of detection, as the lower parts of the cards will be so opaque that the deficiency of the pips or spots will not be perceptible. You now place the deuce of diamonds between Nos. 3 and 4, the latter of which you withdraw and throw on the table; but take care not to do so until you have first taken in No. 5 (the deuce of diamonds), else the deficiency of spots on No. 3 will cause the trick to be discovered; you then close those four cards together, and taking them by the top with the fingers and thumb of the right hand, having the thumb on the face of the cards and the fingers on the back, hold them out, their faces turned towards the floor, and desire some person to blow upon them. When this has been done give your wrist a turn, so that the top part of the cards will now be the bottoms—in fact, you turn the cards upside down; hold them up to your mouth, pretending to breathe upon them, which not only tends to mystify the company, but gives you time to arrange your cards, which you do by opening them out of the right hand, when they will appear to be four deuces in the order represented in the following figure. You may again hold them up to the light to show they are single cards.

The next change, though more difficult to accomplish, is decidedly the best, for the cards are never shut up nor removed for a moment from sight. Having shown them to be four deuces, you take in the deuce of clubs and place it between Nos. 3 and 5, withdraw No. 5, and, holding it up to the light, you desire the company to observe that the cards are not double, and, while all eyes are turned to this card, turn your left hand containing the other four with its back towards the ceiling and the face of the cards towards the door, keeping them in a horizontal position; throw down the deuce of diamonds, and continue your remarks on the cards not being double—by saying, "You perceive any of them will bear examination;" at the same time take care of the card next but one to your right

hand with the finger and thumb of that hand, taking care to have the thumb above and the fingers underneath the card. Take it out still keeping it in a horizontal position; and while making the above observation turn it round with the forefinger of the right hand, until you have got hold of the other end, when, before anybody has taken time to take hold of it, return it to the situation from which you took it, taking care to return it exactly to the same angle.

You now hold these cards out, with the backs upward, to be blown upon. But you have no occasion to shut them up at this change, as, if you turn them over, it will be perceived that they are all black. You now take the deuce of diamonds, as you did at the first change and discard the eight of clubs; close them up, and, taking them by the top, hold them out to be blown upon; give your wrist a turn as before, open them out yourself while pretending to breathe upon them, when, on showing them to the company, they will all be red. You now again take in the eight of clubs, throwing out the deuce of diamonds on the table with its face downwards, and, taking hold of the card next but one to your right hand, throw it down in the same manner, saying, "Oh, I beg pardon, only one of the deuces!" at the same time take up the last card you threw out by the opposite end to that by which you formerly held it, and return it to its own place, taking particular care of the angle; let them be blown upon, when they will be found to be four eights and a deuce, as they were in the first instance.

Should any person now desire to examine the cards, tell them you can only give them one at a time; breathe upon the deuce of diamonds and present it to them. When they have returned it to you, and before they have time to ask for another, hand them the eight of clubs, mentioning that perhaps they would like to look at a black card; and, seeing you so confident, it is not in the chapter of probabilities that they will ask to examine any more.

THE MAGIC OF TERPSICHORE; OR, HOW TO TEACH AN EGG TO DANCE.

Three eggs are brought out, and two of them are put on the table and the third in a hat; a little cane is borrowed from one of the company, and it is shown about, to convince the spectators that there has been no preparation. It is then placed across the hat, the hat falls to the ground, and the egg sticks to it as though it were glued. Then ask some one to play on the pianoforte, and the egg, as though sensible of the harmony, twists about the cane from one end to the other, and

continues its gyrations till the music stops. The egg is fastened to a thread by a pin, which is put in lengthways; and the hole which has been made to introduce the pin is stopped with white wax. The other end of the thread is fastened to the breast of the person who performs the trick, with a pin bent like a hook: the thread passing under the cane near to the egg serves for it to rest upon. When the music begins the performer pushes the cane from right to left, and from left to right. It then appears as if the egg ran along the cane, which it does not: being fastened to the thread, its centre of gravity remains always at the same distance from the hook that holds it; it is the cane which, sliding along, presents its different points to the surface of the egg. To produce the illusion, and persuade the company that it is the egg that moves, the performer should turn a little on his heel. By this means the egg receives a deceptive motion.

THE AFFECTIONATE CARD

This trick, if properly managed, will appear marvellous. Having forced a card upon one of the company, after shuffling it up with one of the pack, you will know the card by feeling. You then take a small piece of wax and place it under the thumbnail of your right hand, and by this wax you fasten one end of a hair to your thumb, and the other to the chosen card. By these means, when you spread your cards on the table, by drawing about your right hand, the chosen card will follow you all round the table, as though attracted by some magic sympathy.

THE PENETRATIVE SHILLING.

To perform this trick you must have a handkerchief with a counter the same size as the shilling, sewed up in one corner of it; take your handkerchief out of your pocket, and ask some person in company to lend you a shilling, which you must seem carefully to wrap up in the handkerchief, but at the same time keep the shilling in the palm of your hand, and in its stead wrap the corner in which the counter is sewed into the middle of the handkerchief, and bid the person who lent you the shilling feel that his money is there. Lay the handkerchief under a hat upon the table, take a glass or teacup in the hand that holds the shilling, place it under the shilling, under which knock three times, saying, "Presto! come quickly!" Then let the shilling drop

from your hand into the glass. Take the handkerchief by the corner that holds the counter and shake it, and the shilling not being there it will appear to have passed through the table into the glass or teacup.

THE MAGICAL WEDDING RING.

This is a feat somewhat akin to the preceding, but far more marvellous in its seeming effects. The trick is, pass a ring from a handkerchief in which it is firmly held on to a cane, the same cane being firmly held at either end. The following is the manner in which the trick is performed:—You must provide yourself with two rings, exactly similar. One ring is suspended by a string, the other end of which is fastened inside the handkerchief. You feign to place the

easy deceptions the most seemingly-marvellous tricks are, the more we shall free the rising generation from the silly and debasing superstitions too often implanted in their minds by foolish and ignorant servants. In bringing my "hocus pocus" into the nursery I am doing, I think, my best to banish "bogey," the "sweep," and the "black man" from it.

And now, wishing my readers a "Happy Christmas!" and that, among the cosmopolitan readers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, there may be found between Boxing-day and Twelfth Night a whole army of youthful wizards both of the north, south, east, and west, I take my leave, and very respectfully subscribe myself,

JOHN HENRY ANDERSON.



JUVENILE CONJURING.

ring which is to appear on the cane into the handkerchief, and desire a person to feel that the ring is really there, he feeling, of course, the suspended ring. You then desire two persons to hold the cane, slipping the ring adroitly over one end of it to the middle, where you keep it clasped in your hand. You desire the two persons holding the cane to hold it as tightly as ever they can. You then hold the handkerchief over the plate, and allow the suspended ring to drop on it, the sound of its fall being distinctly audible. You then remove your grasp from the cane and flourish the handkerchief; there is nothing in the plate and apparently nothing in the handkerchief, and lo and behold the ring is found on the cane, to the utter amazement of the persons who have been holding it so tightly. The result of the trick and its effect upon the astonished juveniles is depicted in the sub-Engraving.

Space will not permit me to describe in *extenso* many other tricks of magical dexterity. Those which I have noticed may perhaps tend to pass a gay half-hour, and provoke a little wonder and much laughter. As my readers will observe, I have purposely excluded tricks requiring mechanical appliances; and the feats I have set down can be performed by the most verdant of novices.

I don't know whether it be good policy for a magician to describe his own "hankypanky," and show people what there really is inside his cups and balls; but I am satisfied that the more "parlour magic" is practised, and the more ample information is given of what simple and



CHRISTMAS CATTLE ARRIVING AT TOTTENHAM STATION, EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.—(SEE PAGE 751.)